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MEXICO IN REVOLUTION



THE AZTEC CALENDAR STONE.

It is claimed to be the greatest treasure of Mexico. From this Calendar the Aztecs computed the correct time and the passing of days, weeks, months, the position of the sun, moon and stars. The stone weighs 27 tons and the hieroglyphs are remarkable.

MEXICO IN REVOLUTION

AN ACCOUNT OF AN ENGLISH WOMAN'S EXPERIENCES &
ADVENTURES IN THE LAND OF REVOLUTION, WITH A
DESCRIPTION OF THE PEOPLE, THE BEAUTIES OF
THE COUNTRY & THE HIGHLY INTERESTING
REMAINS OF AZTEC CIVILISATION

BY

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AUTHOR OF "TWO YEARS IN SOUTHERN SEAS," "A WOMAN'S
WINTER IN SOUTH AMERICA," "100,000 MILES
IN SOUTHERN SEAS," &c., &c.

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS

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DEDICATED
BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION
TO
H.M. THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA
NÉE PRINCESS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

AUTHOR'S NOTE

IN dedicating this book to Her Majesty the Queen of Roumania I desire to express not only my own admiration but that of the world at large for her noble deeds, her diplomatic tact, and the salvation of her country when sorely beset by the enemy during the Great War. Her personal and self-sacrificing service to the wounded earned for her the soldiers' gratitude and the title of "The Angel of Roumania"; and those who have had the honour of knowing Queen Marie proclaim her to be—every inch a Woman : every inch a Queen.

With homage,

C. C.

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Mexico in Revolution

CHAPTER I

My Arrival in Mexico

Vera Cruz—Castillo de San Juan de Ulua—Island of Sacrifices—
En route to Mexico City

MEXICO! Mexico! Whenever I debated in which direction next to turn my steps travelwards, my thoughts seemed to concentrate on Mexico. My inclinations had really wandered to a quiet winter on the Riviera, with comfort, nice clothes, luxurious hotels. Why not, for once in my life? I almost persuaded myself. Why not the South of France, instead of travel in the lesser-known byways, with their swamps, cannibals, wild beasts, hurricanes, and trials without end? Yet Mexico seemed focussed irresistibly on my brain.

Last winter, when I stayed at the Government rest-house at Sandakan, North Borneo, alone and very forlorn, my chief amusement watching numerous lizards disporting on the ceiling, occasionally shedding their tails in the mad rush for the succulent mosquito, I made up my mind, if ever I were destined to see

England again, never again to travel far from luxurious civilization. So much for human plans! "Your fate is bound around your neck," is the ancient Arab saying. And so, for good or ill, I start making arrangements to proceed to Mexico at the end of October. Sailing from that old historic port of Plymouth, rich in its memories of Drake and his famous ship *The Golden Hind*, I likewise embark about three hundred and fifty years later for the Spanish Main. After calling at several ports in the north of Spain, the ship ploughed the Atlantic Ocean, and the next land we beheld was the fair, warm island of Cuba. Passing the ancient fortress of Morro Castle we anchored in the harbour of Havana, where we remained for twenty-four hours. Every one began pointing out the exact spot where the ill-fated *Maine* was sunk by the Spaniards, and probably no one's information was accurate. Havana is beautiful and intensely interesting, the visit making a pleasant break in the three weeks' voyage. Two days later we were steaming slowly along the shores of the Gulf of Mexico.

A soft, warm thick fog had spread over the port of Vera Cruz, practically concealing its outlines from the passengers who stood by the taffrail of the s.s. *Toledo*. Every one was curious to glimpse the low-lying flat town christened by Hernando Cortés, Villa Rica de Vera Cruz—"The rich town of the True Cross." Cortés landed near here on Good Friday, April 21st, 1519.

It might have been London, such was the quality

and the density of the fog. Gradually it lightened, and we could just discern two long low moles of stone and concrete which stretched out into the water to afford protection and form a harbour. The atmosphere was oppressive, stifling and humid. As the ship drew near to her berth, the tall picturesque lighthouse and clock tower came into view. Campaniles, looking like Eastern minarets, were conspicuous objects above the town. And faintly outlined we saw the Fort of San Juan de Ulua.

A huge crowd of Mexicans, negroes, Indians and half-breeds of every shade, from deepest brown to palest cream, appeared on the dock. Each wore a gigantic hat of plaited reeds with curling brims and in a multitude of shapes. Some had their sombreros interwoven with black straw, others favoured designs in red, whilst all were punched in at the crown and perched rakishly on their black locks. They were clothed mostly in rags—old cast-off trousers slit up at the side, Mexican fashion, and undershirts full of holes, which must have been particularly comfortable, considering the humid heat. Screaming, gesticulating, arguing in many dialects, one might imagine them to have escaped from a near-by madhouse as they pestered one to be permitted to handle the smaller baggage. I had, however, been warned never to let my eyes wander from my hand luggage, for it is quite a common experience to lose one's portable belongings at this city of Vera Cruz. The Custom House accommodation and regulations were about as bad as can be

imagined. True, there are spaces alphabetically arranged as in other civilised towns, but as the majority of dock assistants can neither read nor write, such arrangements were superfluous. Consequently everybody's belongings were dumped in a heterogeneous pile, the sorting out of which assumed the dimensions of a herculean job. The heat was intense, the long waiting most tiresome. Had it not been for courteous Consul de R—— and his very pretty bride, who allowed me to keep with them, I should have had great difficulty in passing through the Customs, as I do not speak Spanish. But everything comes to an end if you wait long enough. When we had seen our baggage thrown into wagons—there were thirty pieces all told, eight of them mine—the consul said, “Now remember (*ocho akepacke*), eight pieces.” Those were the first Spanish words I learned, and useful I have found them.

We jogged along the badly-paved streets of Vera Cruz, I on the look out for items of interest. There were no signs of wealth, of beautiful homes. The houses were mostly of two storeys, built of coral limestone in various shades of pink, with green doors and iron gratings before the lower windows. There were balconies and patios quite in the Spanish colonial style, while palm trees and flowering shrubs beautified the flat city. We taxied to the Imperial Hotel, which hardly justifies its name. The rooms had their private bath attached, but the partitions were like cardboard, inasmuch as you could not avoid hearing

the slightest movement of your neighbours. Some of the Spanish-American children who were my fellow-passengers, and who made enough noise to awaken the dead, had already arrived. Their shrill voices echoed from the patio and rang through the galleries. Parents never seem to reprove or quieten their offspring in Mexico; they are allowed to howl and scream as much as they desire. There is another hotel near by, the Diligencias. Both the Imperial and the Diligencias overlook the Plaza and are considered to be first class.

The consul, his bride and myself took our midday repast on the pavement restaurant, under the Portales. Whirling fans overhead kept the air fresh and cool, and it was pleasant and interesting to watch the Mexicans constantly passing and repassing. The new cuisine—what quaint dishes have I sampled in my years of travel!—was a fresh experience. Here were such dishes as mashed black beans (*frijoles*) served with chopped onions and cheese *à l'espagnole*, cold chicken breasts served with sauce *vinaigre*, salad of green peppers, chilled tomatoes and portions of alligator pears, the repast washed down with some excellent Marques del Riscals—Spanish claret. It helped us to regard the city with indulgent eyes and to forget our Customs House experiences. Here one can secure all kinds of beverages, but they are far more expensive than in Europe.

Vera Cruz is absolutely Bolshevic. There pass and repass many poor citizens who look half starved, so thin and haggard are they, and as we sit at table there

is a constant stream of beggars, cripples, *léperos*, who hold out dirty hands for alms. One must give something, if only a roll or a portion of food, otherwise a stone will come hurtling in your direction, or a knife find a place between your shoulder-blades. The Governor is an openly confessed Bolshevich. It is said that President Obregon has repeatedly invited him to attend consultations in Mexico City, but the Governor refuses, with the explanation that he will come if the President sends a special train and ten thousand soldiers!

Our table faces the one Plaza—de la Constitucion—which, figuratively speaking, is scarcely larger than a good-sized handkerchief. It comprises a little array of dusty palms, with a bandstand or kiosk in its centre. This is the rendezvous where all Veracruzanos foregather in the cool of the evening. The band plays, signoritas and foreign sailors appraise each other as they promenade, and overhead in the trees hundreds of black vultures, known as *sopilotes*, carrion lovers, give their peculiar call and shriek at each other. The Cathedral occupies one corner of the Plaza. It is a fine, spacious specimen of Gothic architecture with flying buttresses and ancient gargoyles. It dates back to 1734, and occupies the site of one of the earliest Spanish churches, as Vera Cruz was the first colony in New Spain, as Mexico was then called. The exterior of the Cathedral is more attractive than its interior. During a walk in the afternoon we found the town uninteresting. All the streets need repaving. There

are holes in the pavements in which a twisted ankle awaits the unsuspecting pedestrian. The two-storeyed shops are filled with cheap local necessities. All the rubbish from the capitals of Europe—and this applies specially to articles of feminine wear—seems to have found its last resting-place in Vera Cruz. The balconies of the dingy houses were so rusty and decayed that it seemed as if they needed but little to hurl them into the street below. The largest, newest and most prepossessing edifice is the Bolshevik headquarters, from the roof of which floats an enormous red flag. I notice that ever so many of the houses displayed little red flags over their doorways, thus intimating to all whom it might concern that they refuse to pay their rent! What a clever notion! How I wish I might hang one out in London, indicating my refusal to countenance any longer the demands of the tax collector! We visited two curio shops, but failed to become enthusiastic over some shell boxes which our great-grandfathers of the Navy might have brought home a century ago. They did not display the nice blown ships of glass, encased in glass covers, which my naval ancestors were wont to bring home to their loved ones. I remember my bewilderment as to how those ships, with their fragile spars and rigging, ever were coaxed into the narrow receptacle. Postcards, roughly carved coconut shells, and ornaments of mother-of-pearl failed to charm the money from our purses.

We were invited to visit a brand-new steamer *de*

luxe, the *Cristobal Colon*, which had arrived on her maiden voyage. She is to convey first class passengers to Havana, Vigo, Santander and Corunna in Spain. She was a magnificent ship, replete with every modern luxury and comfort. The lounge was fitted to represent the interior of the famous Alhambra, the Moorish arches, mosaics and furnishings being most fascinating. Never until then had I realized that Spain could build such magnificent vessels. From the high deck of the *Cristobal Colon* we obtained a splendid view of the harbour of Vera Cruz and the Gulf of Mexico. The morning fog had lasted only an hour or so; the remainder of the day was bright and clear, with a pitiless sun that baked our pale skins red.

Now we could see the long flat moles, the harbour works having been constructed by the British firm of S. Pearson & Son, Ltd., whose chairman is the present Viscount Cowdray, a name synonymous with philanthropy in at least two continents. Many warehouses lined the shores, and the residential and bathing resorts of Villa Del Mar basked in the sunshine. About a mile from the mainland the Castillo de San Juan de Ulua looms out of the blue waters. If this venerable fortress could tell its story, what tales of adventure might we not hear, stories that would out-rival fiction and the *Arabian Nights*. The cornerstone of the Castillo was laid in 1528 by Juan de Grijalva, ten years after he first visited the island. Those were the days when human sacrifices were ordained, supposedly by the idols. Many prisoners were confined in the

dungeons, more especially during the terrorist reign of the Inquisitors.

Several of the early British so-called heretics were tortured at San Juan de Ulua before being sent back to Spain and to ultimate death. The cells of the dungeons were mere holes, and at high tide the sea surged in, reaching to the chest of the unfortunate prisoner. Here he lay, cramped, unable to stretch his limbs and at the mercy of the rushing waters. What food he received was lowered to him through a manhole from above; and rats and vermin were his only "comrades." When the sea was rough, the unfortunate was submerged, his head within a few inches of the merciless waters. Three months usually found the prisoner dead or insane. The dungeons can be visited by permit any morning. The island at present is utilized as a fort, dry dock, arsenal, lighthouse and shipyard—a much more practical use than in the old, bad days. A little farther on, some three miles to the south-east of Vera Cruz, lies the Island of Sacrificios (Island of Sacrifices). The first European to land here was the Chaplain of the Fleet of Juan de Grijalva. He describes a stone animal resembling a lion with a hole in its head, presumably as a receptacle for perfume. The protruding tongue of the animal was carved in marble, and near by was a stone vase containing blood, which he judged to have been there some eight days. Not far away he found the bodies of two young Indians wrapped in a painted blanket, and behind them the bodies of two others.

The former appeared to have been dead some three days, the latter about twenty. Meeting an Indian on the way back, the chaplain enquired as to the meaning of the dead bodies scattered around, and the significance of the stone idol and the feather with which its head was adorned. The Indian informed him that the spot he referred to was the place of sacrifice. The victims were beheaded on the large stone, their blood poured into the vase, the heart removed from the victim's breast, burnt, and offered to the feathered idol. The fleshy part of arms and legs was cooked and eaten. This, said the Indian, was only done to enemies.

The island is rich in history and horrors, and many books have been written about its archæological and anthropological associations. Mrs. Zelia Nuttall, a noted archæologist, was the first woman to excavate at the Island of Sacrificios, discovering here the massive walls of former temples painted in red ochre and showing designs of the feathered serpent god, Quetzalcoatl. Her searches were also rewarded with finds of decorated vases and numerous antiquities of wonderful historical information and value. Her books are highly prized by museums and by those who are fascinated by original research work. For those who care to inspect the many wonderful antiquities from the Island of Sacrificios; the British Museum has a fine collection, as has also the National Museum in Mexico City.

Picture the great Cortés and his five hundred

conquistadores sailing past these islands; Drake in *The Golden Hind*; the buccaneers; proud grandees of Spain; pirates from nowhere; warriors and amazons; swashbucklers and jingoes; viceroys and priests—what a wondrous salmagundi of souls, all in quest of gold and spoil! As it was in the past, so it is in the present. Since the days of Porfirio Díaz there does not appear to have arisen a great patriotic lover of Mexico—unless Obregon develops into his country's saviour. *Quién sabe?* It would seem that a Damoclean sword, by name Revolution, is destined ever to hang over the head of this beautiful land of sunshine. With its population of sixteen millions of inhabitants, Mexico could without difficulty support two hundred millions of people. Mexico is composed of twenty-eight states. It has an area of 800,000 square miles, and would have been larger, had not America desired Texas, New Mexico and Arizona to be included in the family of Uncle Sam.

At supper, under the Portales, the moon and the electric light combined to invest the Plaza and its surroundings with an added beauty. Under the mysterious influence of Cynthia, Goddess of Night, the palms donned silver robes, the band played Spanish music, the horrid vulture buzzards ceased their bluster, and in the cooler atmosphere Vera Cruz became delightful. *Señoras* passed, their heads covered in black lace mantillas. *Señoritas* were captivating in white, with high Spanish comb and a scarlet hibiscus

blossom tucked beside a shell-like ear. Coquettishly they flashed glances from dark languorous eyes fringed with long lashes. Each *señorita* is accompanied by her mother or a duenna, it being considered recklessly improper to be out alone. Nor can their *novio* (sweet-heart) even have tea with them without the presence of a third person. Yet how patient is the *novio*! He will wait for hours outside her home—perhaps all day—or the entire night, satisfied if only he just glimpses the beloved one. Finally, if his suit is approved, he is invited to enter the house, and his period of probation is at an end.

In the mystic gloom of the Plaza one can people the place in imagination with Cortés, Alvarado, the Indian girl Marina who interpreted for Cortés, and who accompanied him on all his expeditions, the proud Castilians, the gallant adventurers of Cortés who swaggered about these very streets on gaily caparisoned horses, and clad in richly embroidered doublets of velvet and glistening armour of steel. How they lorded it, these proud adventurers, glorious in helmets adorned with the *panache* of richly coloured plumes that nodded in the breeze, sword scabbards of gold and silver jingling musically as they rode! Heroes indeed, in appearance, at any rate. Here in the Plaza was held the first Spanish Council, and the only gallows the Indians had ever seen were erected on this site. The moon irradiates an old municipal palace erected in 1609, and now used as Government offices. With its Moorish arches and pinnacles it

makes a lovely silhouette against an opal sky. Our party dreads going to bed. We want to dream of the grandeur of Old Spain, of buccaneers, of Aztec gods. But the consul reminds us that we are to be called at a quarter to five on the following morning, as our train for Mexico City leaves at six. So regretfully we hasten away.

A grey-green light heralds the dawn. The loathsome vultures are already awake, and, as usual, quarrelling among themselves. Wearily we join each other in the patio more asleep than awake, the young bride yawning a regretful "Oh! if I could sleep again!" The consul persuades us to take coffee, and Morpheus leaves us forthwith. At the station we again encountered pandemonium—crowds of people and tons of baggage. All our steamer friends were taking this train; and what with the ship's passengers and the local traffic, it was almost impossible to find a seat. The Germans had reserved places in the one Pullman, having wireessed ahead. The only space for our party was ordinary first class carriages, with two on a seat, this accommodation ranking with our own third class as we know it. Women, howling children, men whose complexions ranged in tint from black to white, crowded into any space they could find. There was no room for the innumerable small pieces of baggage, so they piled them up in the over-filled racks, under the seats, in the corridor, pyramids high. Time and again the luggage came tumbling down on people's heads. This discomfort, added to the humid

heat—for the sun had risen—made us look forward with anything but pleasure to an eleven hours' journey under conditions the reverse of comfortable.

The train was twenty minutes late in starting, the consul was still busy with our luggage whilst we guarded his seat most zealously. Eventually he arrived mopping his streaming face, and sank into his seat exhausted. He was always so kind and considerate, although in very poor health at the time. "Whatever is the matter, Consul?" I asked. He smiled, sighed and replied, "I tipped every one and thought all our baggage was on the train. To reassure myself I climbed into the van, counted the pieces and found my wife's and my own luggage there, but not yours, Mrs. Cameron. I made a stand and told the train attendants that as consul I would not have that train to leave the station until *all* my baggage was on board. Well, it looked hopeless at first. Nevertheless, I managed it. See, we are off." He waved his hand airily as the engine snorted, jerking us into each other's arms. Then the Bolshevich city of Vera Cruz faded into the distance. We remarked all along the first few miles the little red flags hanging over the doors of the houses, flinging to the breeze their rebellious message, "We won't pay rent!" Lucky folk! Before leaving the environs of the City of the True Cross, I must explain that the site upon which Cortés landed and founded a town is a short distance to the north of the present Vera Cruz, although some affirm that it was on the outskirts. The location of

the city has changed several times for reasons of convenience and health. The fact is that in 1599 the Viceroy of Mexico, Gaspar de Zuniga, and the Count of Monterey ordered the town to be rebuilt, Vera Cruz thus being removed to the original location which Cortés had selected in 1519.

It may be of interest to British readers to know that in the matter of buccaneers, pirates and sea rovers our nation also had a hand in the game. In the historic words of Sir Francis Drake, when he essayed to "sing the beard of the King of Spain," the sacking and pillaging of towns was a recognized pastime. In 1568 John Hawkins, the English corsair, aided by the then plain Francis Drake, took a hand in the plundering of Vera Cruz, and history records that they reaped much treasure. I wonder how many Britishers know that amongst the crew of the *Santa Maria*, the flagship of Columbus on his first voyage in 1492, two British men formed part of the expedition? According to Sir Clements Markham these men were an Englishman who had been born under the name of Arthur Lawes or Larkins, but who afterwards changed his name to Fallarte de Lajes, and an Irishman, Williams of Galway. How these men happened to be in the *palos*, when the crew was recruited, is not known. But they certainly were included among the forty seamen who were left on the Island of Espanola at La Navidad when Columbus returned to Spain. The natives killed them before the return of Columbus a year later.

My thoughts now turn from those early explorers to the magnificence of the Peak of Orizaba, which Senora de R—— points out to me. It being a clear day we can see the cone-like summit upon which the newly risen sun has cast rays of violet to illumine its snowy whiteness. From its height of 18,225 feet the Pico de Orizaba commands the entire country, a very monarch among mountains. It would indeed surpass every peak of the North American continent had not Mount McKinley in Alaska dared to raise its head to the altitude of over 22,000 feet. Orizaba has been ascended several times, first in 1848 by American officers, who planted a flag on its summit with the date carved on the staff. In 1851, a Frenchman, Alexander Doignon, climbed to the summit and found the American flag still waving, but in a very tattered state. Now an iron cross marks the peak. The Aztecs believed that Quetzalcoatl, their god of the air, was brought after death to the apex of Orizaba, whereupon a divine fire consumed the body, his spirit taking the form of a peacock and ascending to heaven. To the Aztecs, Orizaba was a sacred mountain.

Although we are packed as tightly as fish in a tin, and the uncomfortable children noisily voice their woes, the scenery and the interesting villages through which we pass keep us alert and captivated. We cross rivers and look up to see iridescent falls tumbling from well-wooded mountains. We see fine bridges, one 400 feet long, deep cool gorges; *borros* (donkeys) heavily laden are stepping carefully down the slippery



A PUBLIC LETTER WRITER.

In Mexico eighty per cent. of the people are uneducated, therefore at each town there is a public letter writer. This girl is dictating a letter to her sweetheart.

mountain paths on their way to the market towns. The air is rich with the perfume of flowers, and as we pass through the *tierra caliente* (hot country) the heat is oppressive. Parasite lianes string garlands from tree to tree, and the tropical woods indicate a wealth of orchids. Indian women, with their long hair braided and hanging down their backs, are seen wearing their two-coloured skirts, usually of green and red, and huge straw hats. We have a glimpse of a cock-fight outside a thatched hut of bamboo as we speed by. Never in all my travels have I seen so many queer eatables. Whenever we pull up at a station a procession of women and boys appear with a quaint assortment of comestible wares. Fried chickens there are in plenty, and any number of messy stews, in which the inevitable chilli forms the principal ingredient. Woe be to your tongue if you bite into some of the concoctions! And the penetrating odour of garlic predominates. Here you may have your choice of pyramids of rice and black beans, cut rolls with pickles and ham, sausages and radishes tucked in them, stewed fish in red tomato soup, ears of corn, stuffed green peppers, weird bottles of coloured liquids. All are yours for an outlay of a few pesos. The fruit looks most tempting, and we buy pomegranates, oranges, granaditas, bananas, loquats, gooseberries and strawberries—truly a feast. The fruit is offered in the clean reed baskets plaited by the natives.

I am delighted to be travelling over this route by daylight, for it is a far more interesting journey.

Many take the sleeping cars and pass through this fascinating country by night. Every station is a picture. Mexican women eye the passengers curiously as they puff their *cigaritos*. Many of them have their babies tied in a *rebosos* (shawl) to their back; and every child is eating fruit. *Rancheros* in short gaily embroidered jackets, sit like centaurs on finely ornamented saddles, a-glitter with silver. Their stirrups and spurs glitter in the sun as their horses fretfully paw the earth, anxious to be up and doing. Every station provides an ideal setting for a movie picture or a comic opera ensemble. When we arrived at Orizaba some of our passengers disembarked and we fortunately secured their Pullman seats, thus passing the remainder of the day in comfort. These cars compare favourably with a similar class of car in the United States; and very nice meals are served. This being steamer day the crowd was abnormal, although I am told that generally the Pullman is not crowded and travel is very pleasant. Orizaba looked a most attractive spot, and mentally I decided to pay an extended visit to this floral town, where the most gorgeous blossoms are sold for a few centavos. The consul brings us violets, large beautiful blooms, roses, hibiscus, camellias, and wet, scooped-out stems of banana trees filled with tuberose. The delicious perfume was almost overpowering. We look as if we had been to a fair or a battle of flowers.

The consul tells me that the largest cotton mills in Mexico are at Orizaba. The Compania Industrial

de Orizaba employs 6,000 workers, with 100,000 spindles and 4,000 weaving machines. Here also is the extensive brewery, the Cerveceria Montezuma, the products of which are famous all over Mexico, also the huge factories of La Violeta, La Sin Rival and La Rica Hoja, names treasured by every smoker of cigars. Cordoba and Orizaba are certainly beautiful towns. The scenery continues to be fascinating. We are constantly climbing; we pass tunnel after tunnel and look down into deep chasms and back to the mouth of tunnels from which we had a few moments ago emerged. This Mexican railroad, built by British capital, is justly considered to be a wonderful engineering feat. It was constructed between 1861 and 1870, but was not used by the Mexican travelling public until 1873. The Company was incorporated in England. The journey of 265 miles from Vera Cruz to Mexico City occupies about twelve hours. The fare is something like 19.75 dollars, or pesos, Pullman 13 dollars, and Drawing Room Saloon 50 dollars. The train climbs higher and higher, and the air grows cool. Mountain oak and pine scrub cover the heights; hundreds of waterfalls are passed, and the panorama is unforgettable, inspiring in its austere grandeur as we climb. At Ocotlau siding we have arrived at the highest point on the line, 8,333 feet above Vera Cruz, and 986 feet higher than Mexico City. The scenery changes entirely. We are now in a desert country and cold. The Indians are muffled up to their eyes, all are wearing the thickly woven

sarape, a blanket with a slit in the top through which they push their heads. For miles all that you can see are great expanses of tall prickly cactus—the *Agave Americana*. From these gigantic thick plants comes the *pulque*, the favourite intoxicant of the Mexican peon. This plant is also known as the *maguey* plant, and in other countries as the Century Plant, and has many practical uses. The darkness has now fallen and we can no longer see. Reading is impossible. We have exhausted our fount of admiration of, and praise for Mexico. Every one is tired. After three more hours that pass ever so slowly, lights flash, the engine stops. Mexico City at last !

CHAPTER II

Mexico City. Land of the Aztecs

Life in Mexico City—Mexican Red Cross—Kermesse

I WAS conducted to my suite in the Régis Hotel by a smiling manager. When I enquired the price of the rooms I was told "25 pesos a day, without meals." Mentally I divided this sum in half in order to arrive at the American equivalent, which was 12.50 dollars. The price appeared to me extortionate, all things considered. But then I recalled the tariffs prevailing in the best hotels in the capitals of the world, and did not intend that this extortion should worry me. My long journey had been very tiresome. I had letters to important Ministers of State, leaders of Mexican society and of the Anglo-American colony, and, snob that I was, considered it *comme il faut* to make my stay in the most expensive hotel.

From my sitting-room window was revealed in the moonlight a magnificent view. The City of Mexico sparkled below me like some diamond-spangled net. This city of nearly a million people—or to be quite accurate, between 700 and 800 thousand—covers a vast area. It was about 10 p.m. Lines of cars dashed

by with winking lights, making a very fairyland. There was a queer-looking Aztec building opposite ; and those stately trees down the *aveneda* must be in the famous Alameda, of which I had been told. To the left—Oh, wonder of wonders!—there stand the two guardian angels, the twin volcanoes. There is Popocatepetl (or, as an American lady used to call it, Pop-a-cat-in-the-kettle—a really good pronunciation for this Aztec name). Local wags christen it “Popo” for short. Well, “Popo” is dark and forbidding. But its twin soul, Aztaccihuatl, is radiant in the silver light of the moon, her mantle of snow resembling ermine. I nearly fell out of the window, so entranced was I with my first glimpse of the beauty of the Aztec town by night. There was no rail to this tiny stone balcony ; it would have been easy to have pitched headlong from my sixth-storey window. How glorious to be in Mexico ! I muse. How wonderful a prospect : to travel all over this land of marvels, to study its archæology and read anew its anthropological story. What a winter I shall have ! In looking up and down the *aveneda* in the mystic glamour of the moonlight I fancy I see the men who have influenced Mexican history. Here they come, mounted on splendidly caparisoned horses with saddles ornamented exquisitely. See the glitter on their helmets with their *panaches* of waving plumes. Emeralds hang around their necks, great opals flash from their hands, their steel armour is studded with turquoises. The *conquistadores*, and the Aztec Emperor, Montezuma.

Here is that great commander, Hernando Cortés, who conquered Mexico with a handful of men—five hundred. A born ruler and a Catholic Christian. In this phantom array of mighty men one sees the handsome Pedro Alvarado, the favourite Captain of the great Cortés; Marina, loving helpmate and interpreter to Cortés; Father Olmedo, the confessor, priest and converter of the savage races. And now this tall, dark, handsome figure, Montezuma, King of the Aztecs. Proud and sullen in bearing, he wears his crown of gold with the eagle bearing the snake in its mouth, emblematic of Mexico. The green feathers of royalty wave from his crown, his sword is encased in jade, pearls embroider his tunic, great sparkling gems clasp a fine cloak of delicate feather-work, such cloaks as were made only for the chiefs from the plumage of innumerable humming birds. An impressive personality was Montezuma with his sad, grief-stricken face—sad, because the oracles were dumb. Can you not see them all in imagination? They all came down this very thoroughfare in 1521. Where are they now? Might it not be that they have since come back to earth in another incarnation? Who knows? The oracles are still silent. My brain is already exploring the land of dreams. And so to my first night's rest in Mexico City.

Morning dawns. I awake to find that my luxurious suite has only one window, which is in the sitting-room. In the bath and bedroom I am obliged to

burn electric light day and night. This struck me as ridiculous, for if there is one thing that Mexico is really blessed with, it is glorious sunshine. Why, then, build dark rooms? The maid came in. I imagined she would bring me coffee. But no! I sat up in bed to regard the intruder. She was a real Indian, and nearly black. In her ears were large imitation diamond ear-rings, whilst her hair was adorned with combs a-glitter with Rhinestones. She sort of flopped about the room. I stare at her. She returns the compliment. Obviously we are both aghast at each other's appearance. I break the silence by asking for coffee. She doesn't understand a word of English, but points to the telephone in the corner. The hotel advertises itself as thoroughly up-to-date and with an English-speaking staff. Well—that isn't true. The Indian lady makes her exit. I order by telephone ham and eggs, this being, it occurred to me, the simplest breakfast one might ask for. I waited. Half an hour slipped by. Standing by my one window Mexico City was spread out before me, but not etherealised as by moonlight.

Another half-hour passed—still no breakfast. Taking up the receiver I enquired whether they had forgotten. Then a gruff voice answered in a broad American accent, "'Taint no good your trying to hurry me. I gotta cook, and only two waiters for all the hotel." *He* had his own troubles which seemed to demand sympathy; he had no time to consider *my* annoyance and my wasted time.



A VIEW FROM MEXICO CITY.

Showing the volcano of Popocatepetl in the distance. The Capital is situated on a plateau, 7,500 feet above sea level and is surrounded by high mountains.

A little later an Irish waiter appeared and placed a tray before me. Its contents were anything but tempting—thick cracked cups, and all the dishes nicked. I scraped the dirt and burned bits that had adhered from the frying-pan. Obviously this hotel needs to renew its cooking utensils. This breakfast vividly recalled my camping days on the West Coast of Africa instead of a would-be smart hotel.

A tap at the door which I opened—and there stood a man with the biggest bouquet of white roses I had ever seen—it must have measured three yards in circumference. The card of welcome attached to these superb blossoms bore the name of de R—, the consul and his wife.

The Indians are artists in arranging flowers; they make these huge bouquets of fern and roses, tied together in separate tiny bunches, and when finished the *tout ensemble* is quite beautiful. I implored several of the bell-boys to bring me some kind of a vase or bucket, so that the roses might not perish. I experience physical suffering in seeing flowers die, more so when this is caused by my own negligence.

In the meantime, I put the exquisite roses in the bath tub. I interviewed every one, from the manager downward, in the hope of getting some sort of receptacle for the flowers. Three days later, when the roses had faded, they sent up a great vase!

I posted my letters of introduction, and people began to call. Luncheons and parties were arranged, and I found these new friends most kind. Another

annoyance at this "swagger" Hotel Régis—my sitting-room had a private entrance, but the door was locked and the key lost. Some twenty times I must have complained and have asked for a key, because I did not consider it in the best of taste to be obliged to ask every visitor through the bath and bedroom to the sitting-room. However, nothing was done, so journalists, ladies and statesmen had to promenade through my private rooms—because of the lazy indifference of the manager—or, I should say, mismanager.

I remained for eight days in this uncomfortable hostel—but never saw the key of my sitting-room.

It was splendid to have the sun every day—Old Sol never failed. They say this beautiful weather will prevail until next May. It's now the 17th of November, and we are in the dry season. I have engaged a charming companion-teacher. This lady's great-grandfather was a President of Mexico in 1840. Every morning at ten we take a car and go sight-seeing. In the afternoon there are calls to receive and return, and one's every moment is occupied. Everything was new to me, and I thoroughly enjoyed the life in this ancient Aztec city.

I have just returned from a delightful fête, the international *kermesse* for the Mexican Red Cross—(Cruz Roja) of which Mrs. Benjamin Bonilla is the Hon. Secretary, and who kindly showed me the sights. It had the advantage of being held in an exceedingly spacious building and patio, in which were many glittering bazaars, where beautiful women sold

tempting articles from every land. The menfolk who attended, and were well represented, were considered dauntless indeed, as their pockets were picked, metaphorically speaking, by pretty and merciless *señoritas*, whose dark eyes flashed as they counted the pesos.

I sauntered about amidst tombolas, roulette wheels, Raffles of the Centenarios, "Antojitos Mexicans" and Break the Bank stalls. But no one "broke the bank"! Yet each game of chance cajoled gold and silver from willing victims, whilst the fun waxed gay and exciting. In the patio, under a moonlit sky, where millions of stars twinkled, the Torreblanca Orchestra in "charro" costumes rendered the sweet, sad music of Mexico.

For the benefit of those who do not know the "charro," I would describe this dress as most picturesque. It comprises huge broad-brimmed hats of felt embroidered in gold and silver, red silk neckties tied into flowing bows, and trousers profusely decorated with silver buttons. This is typical Mexican full dress.

As if in jealousy, the jazz band in the dance hall was endeavouring to silence the more beautiful national melodies. The entire building was most artistically decorated, the profusion of huge palms and ferns making it appear as if one were walking through forests. The electric lighting was a gift by Dom G. R. G. Conway. A gigantic cross in red lights gleamed arrestingly, reminding you of the charitable purpose of the function, The green, red

and white colours of Mexico draped immense pillars, flags waved in the gentle breeze, and festoons of vines intertwined with red lights produced a charming effect. For me, it seemed incredibly strange to be simply an onlooker at a Red Cross fête, as I had done strenuous work for this cause in England and in the United States. The Italian booth was a work of art ; from trellises hung innumerable bunches of black and white grapes entwined with leaf and vine. Daughters of Italy dispensed copious glasses of the juice of the vine, while mandolins tinkled, and folk-songs rang out in soft cadences. Each Embassy had its booth, and sold wares of the country it represented.

It was a revelation to me to see the ladies gowned in every period of Spanish, Colonial, Indian and Mexican costumes. I never realized there were so many different ways of adjusting the high Spanish combs, and of draping white and black mantillas about graceful heads ; bunches of roses hid their ears, and wreaths of flowers encircled their brows. Every sartorial device appeared to have been brought into service ; it was an epitome of dress. Some *señoritas* wore the flounced skirts and beautifully embroidered shawls of their great-grandmothers, with the heavy gold jewellery of that period, the long silken fringes of the shawls swaying gracefully with every movement of their young figures. Mexican girls donned their national festive garb, and wore their hair braided in two long braids which hung down their backs and ended in

bows of red, white, and green ribbon. From their ears depended long filigree rings of gold, four or five inches in length. Their full skirts of red and green were thickly embroidered in brilliant colours and glistened with tiny ornaments of mica and gilt sequin fillets, which in the dancing light shone like minute diamonds. One could picture the olden times and these Mexican *señoritas* performing their wild, maddening dances. I think the most popular Bower of Beauty was the Turkish harem, under the capable management of Mrs. George R. G. Conway. She was assisted by a bevy of lovely houris, who were gowned in floating silvery veils over lace and chiffon under-dresses. Mrs. de Rendon, a beautiful woman, with hair of gold and eyes of violet, was especially attractive. She wore a crown of pearls and turquoises and silver draperies, and veil. Undoubtedly she would have been the *pearl* of any harem.

Wonderful tapestry decorations and works of art had been lent by the British Consul—Mr. Norman King—and Mr. Roubeck. With its profusion of red lights and flowers, this harem proved to be a luxuriously beautiful retreat for rest. You might even learn of your past and future, which was foretold for a modest peso by a witch-like seer. Turkish coffee, and delight, marvellous liqueurs and, so they said, Old Scotch, were handed round by the veiled beauties of this mysterious harem. It is not to be wondered at that large gold coins fell into thankful hands, and that the aggregate yielded a large amount

which Mrs. Conway gratefully handed into the treasury for a noble cause.

Gold flowed into every booth, and the Cruz Roja benefited to the extent of many thousands of pesos, besides affording pleasure to a large and notable gathering.

CHAPTER III

Exploring Mexico City

Benito Juarez, a great Patriot—Thieves' Market—Persecution of the first English Explorers—The National Pawn Shop—The Flower Market

IT was very pleasant studying the life and habits of the Mexicans; every morning we would draw up a programme for the day. All business houses close from 12.30 until 3 p.m. The Mexican takes his important meal at midday and enjoys a short siesta afterwards. The evening repast is usually light and simple. In Mexican families, delicious chocolate, made very thick after the recipe of the Spanish grandees, is served instead of tea. In the Anglo-American colony many tea and bridge parties take place in the afternoons. The English and American women have a very good time in Mexico City if they are at all sociable and adaptable. The Americans have introduced their steam heat and labour-saving contrivances, whilst the colony rejoices in plenty of bath-rooms, and therefore all are happy. A well-trained Mexican servant of the better class takes the household cares upon her own shoulders. The cook does the marketing, and it may be that a few centavos slip into her pocket, but that is not a crime; it is quite understood. All that milady has to

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do is to give orders and do a little supervision. She can be shopping, golfing, or otherwise occupied. They require more servants here than in the States or in England. As a rule the menials feed themselves, preferring their hot, spicy national foods. Living is expensive, with the exception of fruit and flowers, which are abundant and cheap. All imported things, such as biscuits and tinned foods, fetch a high price. Nearly every one has a car of some sort, from a Pierce-Arrow to a Ford. It is very agreeable motoring out to the Country Club with its fine golf links, The Chapultepec Heights Club, The American, The British, The Rotary Club, in fact there are clubs here for nearly every nationality. It is affirmed that there are eighty clubs in all.

We will take a stroll down the broad Avenida Juarez (pronounced Warez), named after a great patriot of Mexico, Benito Juarez. We will pause at this fine white marble-and-gold monument erected in his honour. Wherever you go in Mexico you will see the portrait of Juarez ("the man in the black coat" he was called). Juarez was a Zapotec Indian, of pure native blood, and saw the first light of day on March 21st, 1806. His birthplace was a native-built *adobe* hut, situated amidst the mountains of Oaxaca, on the Lake of Laguna Encantadora, or the Enchanted Lagoon. At the age of twelve this bright Indian boy, whom fate decreed should become a hero of Mexico, was apprenticed to a bookbinder.

Starting in this humble manner, he educated him-

self, his fine sterling character meanwhile developing. This noble son of the soil, with his straight black hair, mysterious sad eyes and the face of a Sphinx, had never experienced a day's illness. This asset of robust health he had inherited from the naturally perfect physique of his forefathers. Juarez was destined to reach the greatest heights, and to taste the bitterness of life as well. He fought the Church for the rights of the people, and the Church cast him into prison. Exiled, he became a fruit pedlar in New Orleans, and after many extraordinary vicissitudes became President of the Republic and ruled with justice for the well-being of the people. Strangely enough, when the Star of Destiny shone so brightly on Juarez, he met Porfirio Diaz, who was then quite a young man and entirely unknown. Just as curious, both he and Diaz were born in the same State. There was an affinity between them, and they struck up a hearty friendship. Little did Juarez foresee that young Diaz would develop into the greatest ruler that Mexico has yet produced and maintain the country in peace for thirty years. Unfortunately for Mexico, Benito Juarez without warning succumbed to a heart attack, doubtless due to over-exertion in this high altitude, and expired almost instantly on July 18th, 1872, regretted by all. The Indians, whom he so nobly represented, were heart-broken. He has left a great inheritance of honour, zeal and patriotism which can never die. His life afforded shining proof of what a humble Indian boy can achieve.

This beautiful monument in white marble and gilded bronze stands a silent reminder of a notable career. One cannot fail to note the restful *alameda* with its poplar, eucalyptus and pepper trees, its shady walks and seats, blooming flowers, and fountains that throw up crystal waters to cool the air. In ancient days the *alameda* was the Aztec market. Here at Christmas time many booths are erected, and the Indians sell toys to the little ones of Mexico.

A little farther down the *avenida* one sees the huge Teatro Nacional, a splendid marble structure of beautiful architecture. It was built by the government, and, if completed, would have been one of the finest opera houses in the world. Alas, funds were not forthcoming, and at present it presents a pitiful appearance; the windows are broken, it has sunk quite ten feet, its steel dome stands out naked and black against the sapphire sky, in strong contrast to the shell of white Carrara Italian marble with which the edifice is encased. The building was begun in 1900, and more than fourteen million pesos have been spent on the structure. Probably, after all these years, it will never be completed and prove to be a stupid waste of capital. The idea, of course, was magnificent, had it been possible to carry it out. Every year the building sinks another few feet. The wonderful curtain made by Tiffany of New York is shown by permit, once a month. This famous and artistic curtain is composed of coloured glass, set in an iron frame, and cost 47,000 American dollars.

One cannot but regret that the opera house was never finished, as it would have been such a delight to the eye, where now it is an eyesore. We pass into the principal main street, the Avenida Madero, on either side of which narrow thoroughfare are shops of every kind. All the streets in the city need repaving badly, and one has to be careful lest one stumbles on pavements that are uneven and full of holes. If you care for antique shops, there are many, and should you look about, fine old Spanish colonial furniture may be purchased, pictures, bric-a-brac and objects of art which many years ago were brought from Spain. The old families feel the pinch of hard times, and are disposing of their heirlooms. Imitation Aztec curios, jugs, leather pieces stamped with the Aztec calendar find favour with the tourists. Here also are Indian *sarapes*, which are used as a blanket and robe. Some of the old *sarapes* are finely woven, with good colouring; and rarely will you see an Indian without his *sarape* thrown over his back or shoulder. The women make beautiful lacelike drawn linen for tablecloths, handkerchiefs and other useful articles. There is to be seen much gold and silver Mexican jewellery in filigree, and heavy silver bracelets with turquoises inset. The feather industry of the Indians is unique of its kind, for they excel in clever and artistic work, making panels of birds and even landscapes out of feathers. They also decorate menu and name cards with tiny birds—nice presents to bring home to friends.

Then you can purchase an entire "charro" costume to ride in, heavy with silver and embroidery, as well as old laces and mantillas, but by no means cheaply. Rare old Chinese Ming ware has been found, when least expected, stowed away and forgotten. Mexico produces opals, small pearls, agate, turquoise, amethysts, and garnets. I fancy, however, most of the best stones must be sent abroad, as I have remarked flaws in most of the gems I have seen. For women's gowns and hats there are several French shops, displaying models sent out from Paris, and there are also the large department shops such as you see in any big city. The El Palacio de Hierro (Iron Palace) is one of the most renowned—indeed, you can buy anything in Mexico City. Another important centre for shopping is the Avenida Cinco de Mayo and Ave. 16 de Septiembre. All kinds of unkempt people come up to you in the streets and ask you to buy lottery tickets, and one has to be careful of the *ladrón* (thief), as nothing is safe from him. As my meals have been so unsatisfactory at the Régis Hotel, I have gone with friends to Sanborns, of which I have no complaints to make. Sanborns is a great institution for Mexico City, a general meeting-place, especially for tea, as they excel in American food and cakes.

This is an American firm, with the largest restaurant and drug store in the city. Originally this building was the home of the famous Jockey Club, and frequented by the élite. Fortunes were often won and lost in a night. It is known as Casa de los

Azulejos, meaning "the house of tiles," the outside having been built of rare old blue tiles. Inside is a charming patio, and a very handsome balcony. The Casa is replete with historic interest. There is a very narrow passage on one side of the Casa, wide enough to permit of the passage of one carriage. In the days of the proud Spanish grandees, so the story goes, the coaches of two noblemen accidentally entered this narrow passage at the same moment, one from the Ave. de Mayor and the other from the Ave. Madero. They met in the centre—and they happened to be enemies! Each shouted to the other to back his coach. Neither would do so. After they had exhausted their supply of "compliments," there they sat, neither agreeing to give in. Their servants brought them food and wine, and history says that they sat there for three days and nights! Then the gendarmes moved them away by force. Some pig-headedness! As you go about some of the old streets, you encounter some very curious names. Translated, they are Holy Ghost Street, Blood of Christ Street, Mother of Sorrows Street, Heart of Jesus Street, and I could mention many more in similar strain. Another custom which is rather startling is that associated with the funerals. A body must, by law, be placed underground twenty-four hours after death. They have beautiful cemeteries for all denominations, situated on the outskirts of the city. The ordinary tram-cars have small black open funeral cars, which are attached to the front of the trams, the second car being reserved for the

relatives and mourners. The coffin on the front car will be covered with flowers, and gigantic wreaths, which the Indians make so cleverly, are hung from the top of the funeral car. Thus, in the case of the middle classes and the poor, is a body conducted to the cemetery.

With November opens what they call their winter season. Velvet hats and furs are shown in the shop windows, and by December and January at night and early in the morning you actually need a fur coat. The moment the sun disappears, at this height at all events, the cold winds swoop down from the snow-clad mountains, and you feel the cold acutely, as the air is thin and the temperature many degrees lower than at noon in the hot sunshine. There are tobacco shops of all grades—Mexico City seems to be an Eden for smokers. The cigars and cigarettes, with endless varieties and names, are supposed to be excellent. The ancient Aztecs also indulged in the fragrant weed, and we are told that Montezuma grew, and smoked, his own tobacco. There are two daily morning newspapers, the *El Universal* and *El Excelsior*, both printed in Spanish, but each gives one page in English, which is entirely inadequate. The foreign news is supplied by the Associated Press. A weekly paper, *The Mexican Times*, is published in English. There are several other smaller publications, both comic and pictorial, which are issued in Spanish. My lady companion takes me to all kinds of weird, interesting places. We wandered into the thieves' market (*El*

Volador) which is situated just out of the Plaza Mayor. On this ground once stood Montezuma's palace, which covered acres of space. This was also a historic spot in the barbarously cruel days of the Inquisition, and many so-called "heretics" were burned at the stake, within sight of hundreds of Spaniards. Miles Philips, John Chilton, and Roger Bodenham, according to their records of travel published in *Early English Explorers*, by Richard Hakluyt, were among those who tasted of the terrors of the Inquisition. "In 1564, these martyrs describe how they were thrown into prison. After a time of misery and practical starvation, they were taken out and stripped naked from the waist up. Then they were obliged to march through the streets, the executioners preceding them, holding long whips which they cracked, and calling out to the people who lined the way, 'Behold! these English dogs—Lutherans—enemies to God—Strike!—lay the whips on the backs of these heretics.'"

And the people wild with fanaticism, laid their whips on to such an extent that the backs of the Englishmen were all gore, and swollen with great bumps. When they could endure no more they were again cast into prison, to await transportation to Spain, if they survived, for further martyrdom.

Could the stones of this market speak, what tales would be divulged!

The El Volador covers a large area, and is kept very clean. It is perfectly safe to go there and wander

about. Naturally you must take care of your purse, and also wear no jewellery. Mexicans not infrequently recover there some object which has been stolen from their households. A friend of mine found there a miniature of her grandmother which had been missing for a long time. In talking to a gentleman, a doctor, the other evening, I was told, "I'm always losing things from my car as it waits for me in the streets when I am paying professional visits. Next day, I go to the thieves' market and invariably I find the missing article."

There are numerous booths, and never have I seen such a variety of pistols and firearms, from tiny lady-like pistols inlaid with pearl and chased with gold, to huge bull-dog weapons, which look as if they could blow one's head off. Fascinated, I stood pondering as to how many crimes these revolvers have figured in. Some were doubtless fired in a blind passion of love and jealousy, some in legitimate self-defence, and others simply for robbery and murder. I wondered how, and why, the thieves stole so many firearms.

There were several book booths, at which I bought a Spanish dictionary for about a third of the price asked in the ordinary shops. We passed booths of jewellery, tawdry stuff, old crosses, church vestments of rich brocade—stolen, of course. Cut up, these beautiful pieces of old brocades make charming covers for small tables, bags and other uses. You buy the broad silver and gold galloon to trim the handsome

brocade. An American lady showed me a fine crystal necklace. She had bought them where they break up old chandeliers and sell the crystals. Although most of the goods have been come by dishonestly, there are some booths with entirely unused articles; for instance, at the sombreros shop you see hundreds of Mexican hats, with the high cone-shaped crown and very wide, up-rolling brims. Some sombreros, with gold and silver cords, tassels and embroideries, cost from 200 to 300 pesos each. The Mexican *ranchero* is most particular about his hat. El Mercado del Volador should occasionally be visited by those whose hobby is collecting souvenirs.

My friend said, "As we are so near, we might see another establishment." Therefore we walked along to the national pawnshop (El Monte de Piedad), a renowned institution which every tourist visits. As you enter, you read on a bronze tablet that The Monte de Piedad was founded February 25th, 1775, with a capitalization of \$300,000. The purpose of the institution was to loan money upon the personal property of the poor at a low rate of interest—to free them from the usurious rates of interest charged by private pawnbrokers. The Mexican Monte de Piedad corresponds to the Monti de Pieta of the Italians, an institution established first in Rome under Leo X by charitable persons who wished to rescue the poor and needy from usurious money lenders. Both the name and system were introduced into France and Spain, from which latter country it

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reached Mexico. "Monte" in this sense means a public or state loan, hence also a species of bank.

This State pawnshop was founded by a great philanthropist—Pedro José Romero de Terreros, Conde de Regla, owner of one of the richest silver mines in the world. He began life as a muleteer. The mine yielded him fifteen millions of pesos. He loaned, or gave, the King of Spain a million pesos, and further presented the King with several warships. Thus he became Conde de Regla.

After many vicissitudes of good management and bad, the present syndicate purchased this Eldorado for four million dollars.

It is said that when a christening took place in the family of Conde de Regla, silver coins were laid on the ground, forming a pavement from the Castillo to the church where the baby received its name. Rather an extravagant idea—that the family might walk on silver all the way !

This pawnshop was very crowded. It is a huge place, apparently brimful of everything—a very hodge-podge of articles of every conceivable use. There were long glass cases filled with diamonds, pearls from Baja, gems of every kind, quality and description. The settings were heavy and old-fashioned, consisting of diamond necklaces, long ear-rings, and cumbersome bracelets, and one saw hundreds of watches. Behind the show-cases one caught glimpses of carriages, pianos, sewing machines, saddles, typewriters and all kinds of household

utilities. The smallest loan is 12 centavos, about threepence, the largest \$4,000. Every month there is a sale of these pledged goods, the time and interest having expired. They say that some 50,000 articles are pawned each month, in which case the turnover must be enormous. Mexicans, even of the high-class families, see no disgrace in using the pawnshop. If a Mexican is temporarily short of funds for a "night out," a gamble, or is needing money to entertain his favourite lady at supper at Abel's or the Colon restaurants, he resorts to "Uncle's" for the necessary cash.

From the pawnshop we drove to the flower market, a delicious picture for the artist. Along one side of a small green plaza is a row of flower stalls, where you will see Indian women and girls busily making bouquets and tying up flowers into wreaths, assisted by their menfolk. Every morning they bring freshly cut flowers from the country gardens. Some of these girls are quite pretty, and are ever smiling. The most beautiful blossoms are to be bought for a few pesos. Imagine a great sheaf of white Calla lilies, as many as your arm can hold, for one peso. It is, however, necessary to bargain with the ladies of the flower market. Lovely bunches of the sweetest violets, exotic tuberose, which perfume a room and last a week, bundles of them for two pesos. Even to think of these prices elsewhere in winter, and the loveliness of the blooms, is sufficient to tempt the ice-bound Northerner to make for this land of flowers. Overhead

are numerous tropical birds, who, in their bamboo cages, are singing their happy melodies ; gay-plumaged parrots squawk and scream to the little green peaceful paroquets by their side. These birds are all for sale. The flower market would be an earthly dreamland, if only the authorities would prevent the dirty beggars and *léperos* from coming up close to the visitor, holding out repulsive hands to beg, perhaps communicating a skin disease. We motion these horrible creatures away, for if you give them money, you are surrounded and doubly pestered. Taking my friend's arm we walk through perfumed alleys in which pink and white camellias, roses, deep clove carnations, lilies, gillyflowers, jasmine, marigolds and dahlias delight the eyes and the senses. When I arrived for luncheon at the Régis Hotel—by the way, the grill-room, the *cafeteria*, the bar and the barber's shop are all in one line—I asked the waiter, "Where is the grill?" He pointed to two gas rings! "But the *cafeteria*," I asked, "where is that?" He again pointed to a small space, next the gas rings. I remonstrated, "In America, at a *cafeteria*, they have many different foods cooked and set out; you take your choice." He wearily responded, "We don't do it here." It was not necessary to enquire as to the locality of the bar; the group of men spoke of its adjacency. I ran into a friend as I was taking the lift. "Had I heard the latest?" she enquired. Then she told me of some wealthy Americans who, staying at the Régis, desired to give a smart tea, they having

invited quite a party. They instructed the waiter that this tea must be especially nice. They wished for orange-pekoe tea, several salads, fruit, sandwiches, etc. The guests arrived—the hostess ordered the tea in her sitting-room. The waiter appeared with a huge teapot, a plate heaped with thick slabs of bread and a big glass dish of chicken salad !

The hostess was nonplussed, but laughed and explained to her guests that she must have been misunderstood. But when she began to pour the tea, her astonishment knew no bounds, for instead of the orange-pekoe blend of tea, they had picked some orange leaves from the garden and had poured boiling water on them !

Could anything have been more stupid ? Needless to relate, the tea was not a success.

CHAPTER IV

Hernando Cortés

Customs of the Aztecs—The Palace of the Emperor Montezuma—Cuauptemoc, the last Aztec Prince—Honours for Cortés and his death

IT may be of interest to recall some of the circumstances in the lives of that Great Conqueror, Cortés, Montezuma and Cuauptemoc. Hernando Cortés first opened his eyes at Medellin in Spain in the year 1485. History informs us that he came from an ancient and respectable family.

Every one knows the story of the conquest of Mexico, and how this valiant adventurer, with his small army of 110 mariners, 553 soldiers, 32 cross-bowmen, 13 arquebusiers and 16 horses, invaded a country of millions of natives. His standard was of black velvet, embroidered with gold, and emblazoned with a cross in red. Beneath was the motto in Latin : " Friends, let us follow the Cross," and " If we have Faith, we shall conquer." At this time Cortés was 34 years of age, a devout Catholic. Mass was always said before and after any expedition. Just before he began his invasion, he addressed his men in the following terms : " I hold out to you a glorious prize, but it is won by incessant toil. Great things are achieved

only by great exertions, and glory was never the reward of sloth. If any among you covet riches, be but true to me, and I will be true to you and to the occasion, and I will make you masters of such as our countrymen have never dreamed of. You are few in number, but strong in resolution, and if this does not falter, doubt not but that the Almighty, who has never deserted the Spaniard in his conquest of the infidel, will shield you, though encompassed by a cloud of enemies, for your cause is a just cause, and you are to fight under the banner of the Cross. Go forward with alacrity and confidence and carry to a glorious issue the work so auspiciously begun." His rough eloquence sent a thrill through the hearts of his followers. St. Peter was his patron saint. Upon first encountering the natives they were met with showers of darts, arrows and blazing faggots of wood. Yet they went on, advancing and conquering—giving thanks to Almighty God for each victory and taking possession for the Crown of Castile. The natives called the ships "water houses" and fled in terror when they beheld the horses, as never before had they seen such an animal. They worshipped the unknown God—the Cause of causes—the sun, the moon (as his wife) and the stars (as the sun's sisters). Slave-dealing was considered an honourable occupation. Cortés first found considerable difficulty in understanding so many dialects and languages. Amongst some female slaves given him by the Tlascalán chief was an Indian girl, Marina, who had been given into slavery by her

wicked mother. She had passed through many native tribes and knew their languages. Marina proved a very great help to the commander, became interpreter for Cortés and was ever at his side. She braved battles like a soldier, never complained, and was much beloved.

On they marched into the country, the fire of death often surrounding them. The Spaniards marvelled at this curious people, their customs, and their pagan beliefs. The Indian common soldiers fought practically naked, their bodies were painted in gaudy colours and they wore fantastic helmets with waving plumes of feathers, which hung down their backs. Their chiefs were resplendent in cuirasses of thin gold and silver plate, their sandals trimmed with gold. The Aztecs had a "telegraph" system almost equal in efficiency to that of our postal service. Boys were trained from childhood to run very swiftly, so that Montezuma, the Aztec Emperor, had been kept completely informed of the movements of the Spaniards. Thus, when he heard of the advance of these supermen on horses—"Gods from another country," they told him—he became alarmed. It had been prophesied by his oracles that, as the Aztecs had invaded Anahuac and conquered the Toltecs, so would a nation from across the seas triumph over the Aztecs. Intuitively Montezuma felt that this was the conquering race, the coming of which the oracles and his astronomers had predicted, and he became nervous and depressed.

Montezuma decided to send ambassadors to the strangers to forbid their further invasion of his country, as he feared the fall of his sceptre and the loss of his power.

The Aztec nobles from Montezuma arrived, bearing most polite messages to the effect that the Emperor regretted his inability to receive the Spaniards, and advised their return to their own country, as Anahuac was hard travelling, with lofty mountains and dangerous rivers. The Spaniards were amazed at the wonder of the Emperor's presents, amongst which were two circular plates, one of gold and one of silver, as large as cart wheels, of solid ore and richly carved. One represented the sun. The silver plate alone they valued at £5,000. There were sandals trimmed with gold, *panaches* of brilliant feathers sprinkled with gold, shields of silver, helmets and cuirasses embossed with ornaments of pure gold. Cortés replied to these ambassadors that he was very desirous of a personal interview with the Aztec Emperor; that, in fact, it would be impossible to present himself to his own sovereign, Charles the Fifth, if he did not accomplish his mission after sailing over 2,000 leagues of ocean. The representatives of Montezuma departed, carrying with them from Cortés some paltry presents for the Emperor—a few Holland shirts, a gilt Florentine goblet and some cheap toys. The Spaniards now advanced into Tlascalan, conquering each town. Xicotencatl was the great Lord of Tlascalan. "We fight under the

banner of the Cross—God is stronger than Nature,” declared Cortés to his soldiers, and they continued their victorious march. Here, also, the natives were bewildered when they saw the marvel of a horse and a man moving in unison. They described it as a miracle, a supernatural figure, and the terrible animal as “a *Being*, with his neck clothed in thunder.”

Marina saved them from death several times by threats she overheard and by her keen native intuition.

After the city of Tlascala, the capital, was captured, great celebrations were arranged in honour of the Spaniards. All the soldiers feasted, women threw garlands of flowers over the necks of men and horses. Then Cortés advised them to abandon their idols and embrace Christianity, insisting that human sacrifices were degrading. Several masses were said by Father de Olmedo, who converted these Tlascalas, and furthermore made them his allies.

According to Bernal Diaz, who accompanied Cortés, and whose diary is one of the most precious books in the world, it is affirmed that stored in their thirteen *teocallis* (temples) were a hundred thousand skulls of human victims, piled and arranged in order. He certifies that he actually counted them. It often happened that Indian maids fell in love with the gallant officers of Spain and wished to marry them. But Cortés would not consent unless they were baptized and elected to worship the Christian God and the Cross. No union with heathens was permitted.

A daughter of Xiotencatl, the chief, was given in marriage to Pedro Alvarado, the handsomest cavalier of the *conquistadores*, and also the favourite officer of Cortés. He is described as having a fair complexion and golden locks, a frank and joyous nature, and a personality which caused him to be much beloved. Six beautiful Indian maidens were married to Castilian officers of old families, changing their names from pagan barbarians into those of the Spanish nobility. Dona Luisa became the bride of Alvarado.

Thus Cortés sealed his erstwhile enemies by blood connections to some of the most ancient families of Spain. Sandoval was another favourite of the great commander.

As illustrating their fiendish heathen worship: one of their most celebrated festivals was in honour of the god Texcatlepeco, whose rank was only inferior to the Supreme God of all. A year before this sacrifice was due, a youth of perfect manly beauty was chosen, one without blemish of any kind. Tutors taught him grace and dignity for the ceremonial rites, his clothing was of the richest, sweet flowers were garlanded about him, his attendants were royal pages who carried silver bowls of incense to perfume the air, melodies were played to him, whilst the people prostrated themselves before him, as he represented the great god Texcatlepeco. Four of the most lovely girls were selected to share his bed. He lived in luxurious elegance for one year only, feasted by the nobles and treated as a god. When the fatal day of sacrifice

arrived, he was stripped of all his glory, bade adieu to his beautiful wives and comrades. A royal barge was sent to fetch him, and he was conducted across the lake to a temple. Here six priests, with long matted hair, and wearing robes covered with hieroglyphics, led the youth to the sacrificial stone. They placed the victim on the stone, and his head, hands and limbs were bound. Five priests stood over him chanting wildly, the sixth priest dexterously slit the breast with a sharp razor of *itzili*, and inserting his hand, tore out the victim's warm, palpitating heart. The Minister of Death then held the heart towards the sun, and cast it to the deity to whom the temple was consecrated. The onlooking multitude prostrated themselves in faithful adoration. According to Pliny, the Egyptians were at the top of the scale of civilization, the Aztecs at the bottom. Most people are inclined to agree with Pliny.

Montezuma, to whom swift couriers carried the news of the defeat of the Tlascalas, became most angry, especially when he heard of the feasting and the marriages. He sent his ambassadors to complain and punish the Tlascalas, and demanded from that race twenty men and twenty women for sacrifice to the Aztec gods.

Again Montezuma's messengers arrived with even more gorgeous presents. Most politely they told Cortés that their Emperor absolutely forbade any further advance by the Spaniards; Cortés returned his respectful compliments, and replied that he still

hoped to meet their Emperor. Amongst the tributes were mantles of featherwork exquisitely made, also garments of very fine cotton, bands and bracelets, quantities of gold dust, crystals, jars, twenty chests of ground chocolate, also chests of beans, grain, native turkeys, amber, cochineal, cocoa, tiger skins, mats, tiles of gold, and bunches of scarlet feathers, yet Cortés continued to advance nearer the Aztec capital accompanied by his new army of Tlascalans. The Indians wore stout quilted cotton cuirasses, which the ordinary missiles of warfare could not pierce. So sensible and comfortable were these cuirasses, that the Spaniards adopted them for their own use. Cortés again sent the Aztec gold and treasures to the King of Spain. At about the same time, Francisco Pizarro was robbing the Incas of their hoards of gold, and Cortés did not wish to be outdone by the great adventurer, whom he met afterward in Spain, as well as Christopher Columbus. What a trio! When Cortés was obliged to sign death-warrants he remarked he wished he had never learned to write.

I wonder if the present ruler of Mexico, President Obregon, feels the same? Von Humboldt, who predicted that the Aztec capital would one day be destroyed by the twin volcanoes, states, when the new temple of Huitzilopochtli was dedicated, 70,000 humans from all over Anahuac were sacrificed to this terrible deity. The Aztecs were not cannibals in the real sense, as they had plenty of excellent food, game, fish, and fruit. They only ate certain pieces of the

victim's flesh in obedience to their religion, the blood was poured on the altars to refresh the gods. The *conquistadores* with their army of 600 Tlascalans were now just outside Tenochtitlan, the Aztec capital. Cortés commanded a halt, and Montezuma sent word that he would pay a visit. All the Spaniards were curious to see what the Emperor would be like. Several hundred Aztec nobles came to announce the approach of the Emperor Montezuma. They wore marvellous mantles of feather embroidery, collars of gold and turquoises, bracelets and pendants.

Amidst a crowd of Indian nobles, preceded by officers of state bearing golden wands, appeared the royal palanquin covered with gold, which blazed in the sunshine. It was borne on the shoulders of Aztec lords. Over the palanquin was a canopy of brilliant feather-work powdered with jewels, and bordered by heavy silver fringes. Montezuma descended from his litter, and came forward, leaning on the arms of his friends, the Lords of Texcuco and Iztapalapan. Cotton tapestry was immediately laid, so that the Emperor need not contaminate his feet by the dust. His followers prostrated themselves. Montezuma wore a full cloak of finest cotton, his feet were in ornamental sandals, the soles of which were of gold; the leather thongs to tie the sandals on had gold pieces bound at intervals. His cloak was sprinkled with gems—emeralds forming the majority—huge emeralds he wore as a pendant. On his head, he had a *panache* of green plumes, the Royal colour, which

hung down his back. He was tall, thin, of fine figure, very dignified and handsome for an Aztec—his age about forty.

Cortés received the Emperor with the greatest courtesy and respect. Montezuma expressed his pleasure at seeing the great Commander in his capital, invited the Spaniards to one of his palaces, and remounting his palanquin led the way to Tenochtitlan. The Spaniards were surprised at the grandeur and magnificence of the city. The houses of the nobles were built of red porous stone, parterres of flowers covered the low roofs, which resembled terraced gardens. The Grand Temple was colossal in height and bulk, and crowned by blazing fires which never were allowed to diminish. Inside 5,000 priests chanted continuously day and night, priests who smeared themselves with the ashes of burnt spiders and scorpions. They painted their faces blue and wore green feathers in their matted hair. Bernal Diaz suggests: What must the Aztec residents of the Capital have thought when they saw the gaily caparisoned horses and their riders in Castilian dress, and heard the tramp of horses' iron-bound feet? They feared and dreaded the supernatural. But when they discovered the detested Tlascalans marching behind the Spaniards, an army of them, their deadly hatred knew no bounds. Cortés halted at the palace—built by Montezuma's father. The Emperor was in the courtyard awaiting them. He threw a massive collar of gold over the head of Cortés saying, "This palace is

yours, and your brothers'; rest here, Malinche [his Aztec name], I will visit you again," and he withdrew.

At this time they estimated the population of the capital to be some 300,000 souls. Montezuma again sent more presents, consisting of a large alligator's head in gold, a box of feather-work embroidered on leather, a large wheel of gold with strange figures of animals and birds engraved, weighing 3,800 ounces, a fan of variegated feathers with 37 sticks of solid gold, shields of precious stones, opals, turquoises, garnets, pearls, jade and topaz, the wealth of treasure being inestimable.

Cortés in their next interview talked to Montezuma of the barbarism of his religion. The Emperor coldly replied, that he "was satisfied with the gods of his fathers."

Cortés, describing the life of Montezuma, writes that no Court, whether of the Grand Seignior or any other infidel, ever displayed so pompous and elaborate a ceremonial.

The domestic palace of Montezuma was of barbaric splendour. He possessed a throne of gold set with emeralds and turquoises, and refused to be waited upon except by nobles. Four times a day he bathed and dressed, but never wore the same article twice. As his garments were taken off, his attendants received them as gifts. In his beautiful gardens were aviaries, menageries, fountains, and every luxury. His harem consisted of hundreds of wives, who filled in their

time making the exquisite feather-work ; no Eastern sultan ever lived in greater elegance.

He had a service of gold, dinners of many courses were served, as he sat on cushions with a screen of marvellous workmanship around his sacred person. No one must see him during his repasts. The *salons* were lighted by torches of fragrant woods which cast delicious odours over all. Montezuma only drank rich thick chocolate, served in a golden goblet set with turquoises ; the spoons were carved out of tortoise-shell. After the meal, female attendants, chosen because of their beauty, brought perfumed water for the ablution of his hands. Pipes were handed him, he selecting one of richly carved wood. Montezuma smoked tobacco, mixed with amber liquid. For after-dinner amusement, sometimes he had his jesters, then his dancing girls would perform. Alas, his day was soon to pass ! Cortés treated the Emperor with great cruelty. He distrusted the Aztecs, and wanted their wealth and Capital.

Treacherously he made the Emperor a prisoner, had him tortured, humiliated him on every occasion. He secured the treasure of Montezuma, which amounted to six million three hundred thousand dollars (Spanish). He defiled the temples, hurled down the idols, smashed and burnt them. The Spaniards "lorded it" over the Aztecs.

Montezuma lost all power and simply relapsed into a dismal depression, only desiring death. His people, seeing him weak and humiliated, his spirit crushed by

Cortés, turned against him and stoned him. This was the bitterest degradation to one who remembered how thousands had trembled at his nod. Cortés kept insisting that this ill-treated, dying monarch should be converted to Christianity.

When nearing the end, Father Olmedo held the crucifix to his lips and begged Montezuma to be baptized. The Emperor coldly repulsed him, saying, "I have only a few moments to live, and will not at this hour desert the faith of my fathers." His mind was ill at rest concerning the future of his three daughters. He beckoned to Cortés, and begged of him to take care of his children, as the most precious jewels he could leave him. Cortés promised, and fulfilled his word; he had the daughters baptized and instructed in the Christian faith. They afterward married Castilian hidalgos (nobles) and were given handsome dowries by the Government out of the Montezuma estates. Montezuma, Emperor of the Aztecs, and one of the most picturesque of monarchs, died in the arms of his nobles on June 30th, 1529—aged 41 years.

He was the broken-hearted, sad victim of destiny.

One of the direct descendants of Montezuma lives in Salamanca, Spain. The head of the family is Señor Dom Agustin Maldonado y Carbajal Cano Montezuma, Marquis of Castellanos and of Monroy. He has a family of two sons and a daughter.

Although they are not wealthy, they possess a sufficient fortune to be enabled to live according to their station in life, and are welcomed in Court circles.

The Maldonado family are also connected by marriage with the English house of Lancaster.

Cuauhtemoc succeeded Montezuma. By this time Cortés had conquered the entire Aztec nation, and ruled with an iron hand. He tortured Cuauhtemoc to compel him to reveal the treasure of the Aztecs. When Cuauhtemoc surrendered and was brought before Cortés, the Aztec prince, laying his hand on the poniard in the belt of the conqueror, said, "Better dispatch me with this, and rid me of life at once." Cortés replied, "Fear not, you shall be treated with all honour. You have defended your Capital like a brave warrior. A Spaniard knows how to respect valour, even in an enemy." Cuauhtemoc, however, soon paid with his life, for Cortés was bound to get him out of his way. When Cuauhtemoc, the last Aztec prince, was brought to the fatal tree from which he was destined to be hanged, he said sorrowfully, yet proudly, to Cortés, "I knew what it was to trust to your false promises. I knew that you would sentence me to this fate, since I did not fall by my own hand, when you conquered my city of Tenochtitlan. Why do you slay me so unjustly? God will demand it of you." The Cacique of Tacuba, his loyal friend, declared he would go into the other world with his lord. These two, and several other Aztec nobles, were then executed.

The wife of the great commander, Doña Catalina Xuarey, came over to New Spain, but it is said that her coming gave no particular pleasure to Cortés.

Her birth and connections did not, it seems, advance his prestige. However, the climate did not suit her. She lived with Cortés at Coyohuacan, his favourite home. One night, at a banquet, they had a violent quarrel, and Doña Catalina openly accused Cortés of infidelity with Indian girls, and especially one named Marina. In the morning she was found dead; it was rumoured that there were bruises on her throat. She survived only three months after her landing in Mexico.

Cortés decided to visit Castile. He arrived in pomp and glory, not as a great vassal but as an independent monarch.

When he approached Toledo (which was a finer city than Madrid in those days) a multitude had assembled to greet the great conqueror. The Duke of Bejar, the Count de Aguilar and all the principal nobility and cavaliers prepared to do him honour and to make his entrance a brilliant function.

The next day, he had audience of his Sovereign, Charles the Fifth. Cortés knelt before the King, who graciously raised him and pointed to a chair beside himself. The King was greatly pleased and interested in a commander who had given to Spain an enormous country. The monarch took special opportunities to impress upon Cortés the confidence and gratitude he felt for this great son of Spain, whose bravery and the extent of whose adventures had been phenomenal. Whenever the King appeared on public occasions Cortés was by his side.

On July 6th, 1529, the King of Spain raised Cortés to the dignity of Marquess of the Valley of Oaxaca, and two vast tracts of land were assigned to Cortés and his heirs. The domain contained twenty large towns and villages and twenty-three thousand vassals. The Marquess was now regarded as a sort of Cræsus, a noble suitor of the highest families of Castile might well be proud. He became engaged to Doña Juan de Zuniga, daughter of the Count de Aguilar, and niece of the Duke of Bejar. The lady was much younger than Cortés, who had not yet lost his attractions of youth, and who, moreover, possessed most charming manners. Cortés gave to his youthful bride presents of rare gems which aroused the envy and jealousy of the nobles, and even of the Queen. His collection of jewels was extraordinary—baskets of emeralds, sapphires, turquoises and opals. He presented to Doña Juan five emeralds of incredible size and of the purest colouring. These emeralds had been cut by the Aztecs; and one jewel was shaped like a pyramid, the base of which was large enough to cover the palm of one's hand. Another emerald was carved in the form of a huge rose; others were shaped to represent birds and fishes. There was a small cup of pure gold, with an enormous pink pearl set in its base.

Clouds arose on his horizon, clouds of jealousy, accentuated by his royal success; some people suggested that Cortés had "feathered his own nest" too well. Cortés became tired of the idle, luxurious life which he had lived for a year; his whole soul

longed for the broad horizon which had been his. Adventure was the breath of his being. Early in the spring of 1530, Cortés took his aged mother—vain-glorious of her illustrious son—and his wife, the Marchioness, to Mexico.

The Viceroys were now in power and ruling the country. A secret document charging Cortés with various crimes, and concocted by his enemies, was sent to Mexico. This annoyance greeted Cortés upon his arrival into the great country he had conquered for Spain. One of the accusations levelled against him was that he had murdered his first wife. Cortés was too proud to deny or affirm this charge, but Bernal Diaz claimed this report to be a base calumny. Cortés was brought before the Court of Inquiry, but nothing could be proved against the conqueror. It was a monument of malice, designed by his enemies, who fortunately reaped no advantage.

“As ye sow, so shall ye reap.” Cortés now began to reap the harvest of his cruelties to the Aztecs. An unsuccessful expedition of discovery, financed by him, absorbed his fortune and nearly cost him his life. He was now getting old, and his erstwhile vitality no longer supported him. He returned to Castile, but his fate had changed the circumstances, and instead of adoring, inquisitive, hero-worshipping crowds assembled to greet him, there appeared not a soul to mark his coming.

King Charles was absent from Castile, but Cortés endeavoured to obtain audience with him, and was

unsuccessful. In February, 1544, he sent an appeal to his Sovereign, stating that for forty years he had passed his life with little sleep, bad food, and his arms constantly by his side. He had spread the name of Charles the Fifth over the vast country he had conquered for Spain. He was now old, infirm, and embarrassed with debt, and begged for the King's assistance.

The monarch paid no attention whatever to this pathetic appeal. Cortés lingered near the Court, week after week, month after month, hoping against hope. His stout heart and haughty spirit languished by reason of his many afflictions. For three years he suffered this humiliating existence, yet was never permitted to speak to the King. He resolved to return to Mexico. Accompanied by his son, Don Martin (whose mother was Marina), a lad 15 years of age, they set out for Seville. Upon arriving there, Cortés fell ill; indigestion and dysentery soon reduced his strength, and he sank rapidly, expiring December 2nd, 1547, in his 63rd year. He had made a funeral pyre of paganism, and introduced Christianity amongst the millions of souls whose descendants follow the Cross to-day. Cortés left four children by his second wife. The male line of the Marquesses of the Valley of Oaxaca became extinct in the fourth generation. The title and estates descended to a daughter of the house into the old family of Terranova, who were descendants of the "Great Captain," Gonsalo de Cordova.

By a subsequent marriage the descent was carried into the family of the Duke of Monteleone, a Neapolitan noble. The present owner of these princely honours and domains in the Old and New World lives in Sicily. He can boast of a truly wonderful descent: that from the two greatest commanders of the 16th century, the "Great Captain" and The Conqueror of Mexico.

CHAPTER V

Xochimilco & Floating Gardens

The Floating Gardens of the Aztecs—Pulque, the Wine of the Cactus,
or Magney Plant

THE curious Aztec name, Xochimilco, comes from the word "flower"—Xochitl. It means "where flowers grow," and is pronounced "so-chee-meal-co."

A party of us proposed to spend a day there, and chartered a car for the purpose. The village is only fifteen miles south of Mexico City. You can reach it by tram in about an hour, which is to be preferred, as in the dry season the roads are bumpy and dusty. We passed through many Indian *adobe* villages; the Indians return your smiles and appear very friendly. Tall prickly cactus, mostly of the organ species, form adequate fences, and in each hamlet there is a *plaza*, which they proudly decorate with flowers. It is curious, the love of blossoms which filled the hearts of the Aztecs and their followers, and which remains even to the present day. Never a festival takes place without its garlands of flowers. Even when the Aztecs removed the bleeding hearts of their victims as offerings to their idols, the slaves who were to be

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sacrificed were covered with blossoms, as were the stone slabs of sacrifice. To-day the Indians are just as devoted to flowers. In these Indian villages the inhabitants appear clean and industrious. We see them washing their clothes in the running stream which passes through their little town. Many women are rinsing their long thick black hair. They are indeed proud of this "crowning glory," and wear it parted in the centre, smooth at the sides, and hanging in two large plaits down their backs. One envies their perfectly even white teeth; and many have attractive light brown complexions, tinted with red pigment rubbed into the skin. Old picturesque churches are passed, rearing their crumbling towers. You could scarcely throw a stone in this part of the country without hitting a church, so profusely did the early Spaniards scatter the seeds of their faith in New Spain for the salvation of the Indians. Most Indians are devout believers, and it was providential that the Spaniards were ordained to destroy the hideous grinning images for whom, according to the crude idolatry of Montezuma, the Aztec king and his vassals demanded human sacrifices. Now the Indians are true followers of the Cross and the Holy Trinity, and fear no more the toll of bloody sacrifice. The Franciscan and Dominican friars, who came to Mexico just after the *conquistadores*, introduced the Catholic religion and Spanish civilization. The friars constructed churches, schools and hospitals in beautiful forms of architecture, bringing by their zeal Christianity and

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the true faith to the ignorant natives. Padre Gaute, who arrived in Mexico in 1522, was related to the Spanish Emperor, Charles the Fifth. A noble priest, he was a great padre to the Indians, and did much of his work in this very locality. History records that "Padre Gaute baptized hundreds of thousands of pagan Indians into Christian souls." For fifty years this heroic friar accomplished splendid work amongst the Indians, taught them many hitherto unknown crafts, such as the glazing and painting of clay utensils, the making of cloth, mats and other useful articles from the stout fibres of the maguey plant. He also perfected them in the art of the unique feather-work, which to this day is unsurpassed in any other country. The Hawaiians also made wonderful feather-cloaks in the days of their chief, or king, Kamehameha, but the art with them has been obsolete for a great number of years. Friar Gaute was assisted in his splendid work by his intimate friend, Friar Bartolome de las Casas, who arrived in Nueva Espagna, as Mexico was then known, at the same time.

We have now passed some of the old historic churches built by these friars in the fifteenth century. The glories of their paintings, their adornments of gold and silver, have, alas! disappeared to slake the thirst of various revolutions. Even now, in their present dilapidated condition, stark of treasure, with perhaps a cabbage patch in front of entrances where originally flowers grew, these churches communicate an air of dignity and reverence which holds every

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visitor enthralled. Such is the spirit which emanates from these grand ancient houses of prayer. Picture the colonial grandees, who owned vast *haciendas* (estates), assembling at these very sanctuaries, where now only a few Indians stop to pray. Gone indeed are the gallant señor patricians, the swashbuckler, the *conquistador*, the buccaneer, whose deeds of valour and bravery read so romantically and so wonderfully. Our thoughts drift back from four hundred years ago to the living present. Yet the descendants of these Indians of 1500 still live amongst the Chinampas—or floating gardens of the Aztecs. When Cortés first beheld these delightful fields of Elysium, he was amazed at their beauty—and from Xochimilco began his attack upon the capital of the Aztecs, Tenochtitlan, which he described as a jewel rising from a lake of silver. In those days the Aztec capital was surrounded by water, and was approached by a number of causeways.

These floating gardens were composed of plaited bamboo and other sticks and the fibres of water plants, which, knitted together, form a sort of foundation. Over this was sprinkled a clay blanket of soil. Herein these ancient gardeners planted a multitude of flowers, which, as they matured, became a paradise of bloom. At that time (1521) these gardens could be propelled by oars from one site to another. Upon these islands of bloom light huts and *teocallis* (temples to the gods) were erected. The Aztecs displayed a scientific knowledge of horticulture unsurpassed even by European gardeners. One can

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imagine the fairylike effect of these swaying fields of flowers fanned by the light summer breezes. Now they are stationary, having become united to the land, although intercepted by narrow lanes of water into which the Indian of the present day pushes his canoe, or flat boat, in order to gather flowers and vegetables for the market of Mexico City. We bargained for, and embarked on, a big flat-bottomed boat, with gay awnings and elaborately festooned with garlands of flowers; an Indian in picturesque garb propelled us slowly down-stream. It was like a perfect June day in England, neither too hot nor too cold—the sun shone down in golden glory from a cloudless sky of blue.

Leisurely we drifted down the limpid stream, thick with lily-pads and maidenhair fern floating on its surface. On each side a veritable heaven of flowers greeted us, fields of marguerites resembled snow in the distance, tall clumps of white calla lilies stretched out from the banks as if the better to view their perfect reflections in the mirror-like water. Brilliant marigolds of orange-red are massed along the sides, orchids hang down from the trees, sweet peas and poppies intermix with gillyflowers and roses to form a galaxy of beauty.

White roses climb up into the scrub, as if to fling their perfume farther afield; the air is exotic with the sweetness of it all. Acres of clove-red carnations, varied by others of pale pink, nod their heads in the gentle zephyrs.

A little Indian girl with red cheeks sits in a tiny

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canoe just big enough for herself, some oranges and bananas in her lap. Her gleaming white teeth flash for a moment as she gives us a grin and propels her canoe past us—the essence of care-free happiness.

Huge butterflies of white, black and yellow, and a rare bright blue, flirt with flower after flower. Water-snakes rear themselves, then scamper away in wriggling circles. Indians in huge straw hats bend to cut the maize for the horses, women in red and blue are cutting cabbages for to-morrow's market. Here comes a flat-bottomed boat around the bend of a poppy garden. It has an awning, and a strange Aztec design in flowers covering the entire front of the awning. A restaurant boat, we are told, and sure enough there is a table laid in the centre. I can see flowers on the white cloth, and red radishes. Now is one's chance for real Mexican *enchiladas*—fried beans (*frijoles refritos*), *tamales* and *chile con carne*—and all washed down by the pale green pulque. We laugh and they laugh as we meet for a moment, then glide past.

The lanes of water are very narrow in parts, a real floral Venice. We sway under a bridge, flowers decorate it profusely. Is it the Aztec Bridge of Sighs? We meet just two or three Europeans as we are propelled through Paradise. On some of the islands are small thatched *adobe* huts where the Indians live. We come to another island where there is a restaurant with a sort of jazz band whose music breaks our perfect peace. It's too appalling! We

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feel we would like to drown the entire party and get back to our sleepy backwaters overshadowed by the tall *huejote* trees—a cross between the poplar and cypress.

Around us are the misty blue mountains which look down upon us, and beyond just a glimpse of snow-clad Iztaccihuatl rearing her majestic form.

The maize for the horses stands six to eight feet high, and is as dry as cinders and ready for the huskers. After the corn cob is removed, the husks are cleaned and bleached, to form outer coverings for their favourite dish, chicken *tamales*.

Good-looking brown maidens with rosy cheeks gaze curiously at us, as they sit comfortably in their boats surrounded by vegetables, great sheafs of calla lilies, live fowls and turkeys, all bound for the Viga Canal, and afterwards to the markets of Mexico City. Looking down into the warm limpid water, small silvery fish dart about below, while insects and dragon-flies of pale blue glisten in the brilliant sunshine. Every bank is crowned with blooms, and trails of vividly coloured nasturtiums, seemingly finding no place of anchorage, hang over into the translucent water. We drifted down to the pumping stations of the Mexico Light and Power Company, which are beautifully situated amidst an abundance of flowers, olive trees, and Japanese arbours. The shrubs have been trimmed into all sorts of novel shapes, such as monkeys, steam-boats or any design which took the fancy of the topiarist. Into the depths of clear water, tourists

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have thrown coins which glitter far down. The city water supply comes from these pools and from other stations as well.

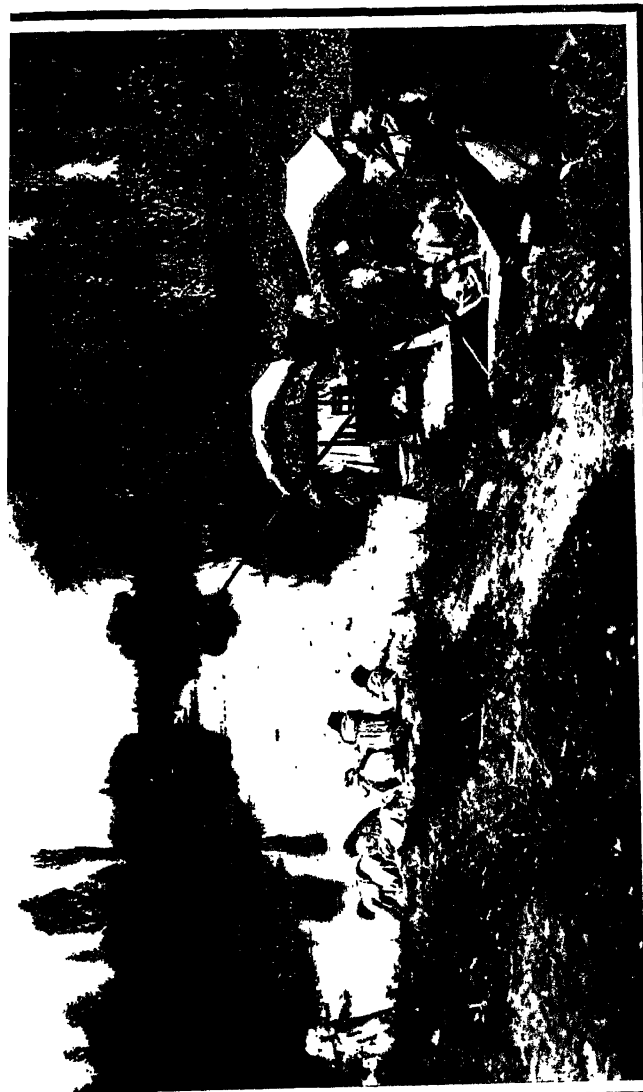
Inside the building we saw the huge pumps, of which the motive power, of terrific force, was turned on for a moment, creating a terrific din.

As we were on the way to our boat, we passed a clean-looking Indian who was vending pulque. One of our friends exclaimed, "Oh! let's sample it!" This pulque was in large bottles, but several skins dripping with the liquor rested on the grass. It is carried about in pig skins, as water is conveyed in some parts of the East.

We agreed to taste it, and the old Indian produced some glasses recently washed.

Pulque looks like a thick lemonade, or a pale absinthe; I took a sip and did not like it, but as it was noontide, and a very hot day, I was thirsty. The second taste was not unpleasant, and proved excellent for the quenching of thirst. Certainly pulque is more palatable than the kava of the South Sea Islands. Some claim it to be very healthy for the stomach if taken in a limited quantity. In Mexican homes and on the *haciendas*, where they have the pulque fresh from the maguey plant, they prepare a cup of pineapple, orange juice, limes and pulque, which makes a delicious punch.

We lunched at a rowing club hidden away in a bower of flowering shrubs at the far end of a canal. The cuisine was entirely Mexican, and we were



THE AZTEC FLOATING GARDENS AT XOCHIMILCO.

In the days of the Aztecs, these delightful gardens could be propelled by poles to various sites, now they are stationary. Note the Aztec decorations and designs on the boats.

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invited to inspect the club kitchen. As I had never followed the methods of Mexican cooking before, I welcomed the experience. The floor was of hard earth, a long brick range was built along one side of the room, with a row of empty square niches. Into one of these you insert a lot of wood and kindling, light it, put on your frying-pan and begin to cook. You can have as many niches burning as you desire, each cooking a different dish. All utensils hanging on the walls, Mexican fashion, were scrupulously clean. When our meal was ready, we each took our plates, heaped with food, to a glorious arbour where a table was set. We were screened from public gaze by a high wall of pink and white geraniums, double purple fuchsias, and roses. The lunch consisted of bean soup, thin beefsteaks with green peppers, mashed black beans (*frijoles*)—the Mexicans rarely have a meal without beans—and rice, hard-boiled eggs and fried potatoes. Our repast cost practically nothing—a few pesos—and nature supplied the floral decorations gratuitously.

More picturesque surroundings it would be difficult to imagine. It was indeed a day of enchantment spent in the gardens of Elysium.

"Pulque," Wine of the Cactus

One cannot remain long in Mexico without hearing about that species of the cactus family known as the maguey plant. There are more than thirty-seven varieties of maguey. There is notably the American

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aloe or pulque plant. From this wine of the desert enormous fortunes are made, for millions of Mexicans are not happy without their national intoxicant. The hard stiff cacti are planted in rows, and require very little attention. If they have survived to the age of seven, from then until their tenth year the giant flower-stalk grows up the centre of the thick-leaved cactus and reaches a height of 20 to 30 feet. Hundreds of yellow-green flowers decorate the stalk, which blooms until the plant dies. Here we have a veritable "vamp" amongst flowers. But it is not allowed to "vamp," as before the flower reaches a state of perfection the central shoot is cut off, leaving a sort of basin into which flows the sap of the plant, which has accumulated to feed the huge flowering stalk. The harvesters know exactly when best to cut the stalk and gather the intoxicating juice. This natural basin keeps continually filling as the harvester withdraws the sap. A healthy plant will produce ten to fifteen pints of pulque a day until the maguey dies. The juice is then fermented, and in twenty-four hours is considered to be in a perfect state for drinking.

As it is sold very cheaply, five or ten centavos a quart, it has become the national drink of the peon and his womenfolk, and much of the crime in Mexico is ascribed to the pulque drinkers. Wherever they sell this intoxicant you will observe a fluted paper fringe over the door, and in the *plaza* near by bleary-eyed dirty men will be seen sprawled in drunken stupor. When Cortés came to Mexico he found that

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the pulque was drunk in Montezuma's Court, and upon enquiring about it the Aztecs informed him that, when their forefathers conquered the Toltecs, and drove them from the Valley of Anahuac, the Toltecs gave them this wine of the cactus. It was their tribal beverage, known in the Toltec tongue as "the beautiful flower." As the plant dies, it throws out new and virile shoots which are gathered and replanted.

The usefulness and value of the maguey is inestimable, as it forms the basis of thread, twine, paper, vinegar, molasses, fibres, and has other practical uses. The fibres were made into a sort of parchment, upon which the Aztecs painted their pictures and chronicled their history. In a crude sort of way it resembled the papyrus of Egypt.

CHAPTER VI

War is Declared

Some Facts concerning President Obregon—The “Dismal Night” of Cortés—Will the Rebels invade Mexico City?

DISTURBING rumours had been circulating in the fair city of Mexico, ever since I arrived three weeks ago, that trouble would soon begin. The Americans said, “Oh, Mexico will get cold feet if a revolution (or *pronunciamiento*, as they call it) is not declared before long.” It’s now due.

A general election is about to occupy the minds of the populace. President Alvaro Obregon has served nearly four years—the usual presidential period of office, as is the custom in the United States. The Obregon party are backing General Plutarco Elias Calles, who has been Governor in the State of Sinloa. It may be of interest to give a thumbnail sketch of the President. Alvaro Obregon was born on a *hacienda* (estate) near Alamos, in the State of Sonora, on February 17th, 1880. He was the youngest of eighteen children, nine of whom are still living. It might be well here to interpose that Mexico’s birth-rate ranks amongst the highest in the world, a family of twenty-four children not being considered

extraordinary. Some say the name Obregon is a variation of O'Brien, and that the subject of these notes is of Hiberno-Mexican extraction.

Obregon's family were very poor, the President having had the misfortune to lose his father when he was only a few months old. There was a numerically mighty clan of Obregons. The father of Alvaro had been quite a well-to-do man, but unfortunately for the family well-being Obregon's partner had fought on the side of the Emperor Maximilian, and by way of political punishment all their property was confiscated. As a young man he became a mechanic and worked wearily on a *hacienda*, where his wage only amounted to 60 centavos a day (100 centavos is equal to half a dollar—U.S.A.). So this future general and president knows what hard work means on a little over a shilling a day. He was greatly devoted to his mother.

At the age of 23 he married—his wife subsequently dying—and two children were born. Obregon married again. He seems to bear a charmed life, as danger has been his constant companion. One of his astounding experiences was at the hands of General Francisco Villa, by whom Obregon was sentenced to be shot. For some curious reason Villa kept Obregon with him, as a prisoner, in the same house. They talked and even had their meals together, although Obregon expected to be ordered before a firing squad every moment. This tension went on for days until Obregon escaped.

In the fight with Villa at the battle of Leon y Trinidad, a shell exploded and tore off Obregon's right arm from the elbow. Maddened with pain, he thought himself shot in the side also, as he was bleeding profusely, and drew his pistol to put himself out of his agony. He pulled the trigger, but there was no response—the barrels were empty. As luck would have it, he had given the pistol to a friend to clean—and the friend had forgotten to reload it. A miracle indeed. His officers and men wept when they thought their commander to be mortally wounded. Obregon gave what he thought were his last orders, and prepared for death. He was laid on a stretcher and conveyed in the open, across desert land, under the continual fire of the enemy. At this time he was engaged to be married to Señorita Maria Tapia, whom he subsequently married on March 2nd, 1916. After losing his arm, Obregon would not rest until it had properly healed, and insisted upon going to the battlefield and taking command. He would spend entire days on horseback. By his second marriage there are three or four small children.

General Obregon was a Minister under President Carranza, whom he succeeded. Carranza was found shot in a small isolated hut on May 24th, 1920.

Adolfo De la Huerta, who is now the rebel chief, and Obregon were great friends, De la Huerta having been Minister of Finance in Obregon's cabinet. It is said that when Obregon was a candidate for the Presidency, an arrangement was entered into between

these three men, viz., Obregon would be elected and serve his term as President, after which Calles should take similar office. Then De la Huerta should next become President of Mexico. For some reason there have been dissensions between the trio, and De la Huerta will not wait, but insists upon turning out Obregon by inciting a revolution. He hopes to place himself in the presidential chair and definitely oust Calles. Obregon is loyal to Calles, but on account of his Bolshevistic inclinations the people do not favour Calles as President. For some time past, in Yucatan and Vera Cruz, Bolshevism and revolution have been widespread. Most of the ancient families and *hacienda* owners are impoverished, their estates having been taken from them; especially is this so in the State of Yucatan. One particular friend of mine owned a fortune in *henequén* (hemp) *haciendas*, estimated at five millions. Now, by the acts of that Government he is reduced almost to penury and is seeking employment as a translator of literature. The Governor of Vera Cruz for many months has openly affronted President Obregon. Rumour upon rumour reaches the capital, only to be contradicted the next moment. No one knows the truth or can join together this political jig-saw. The only thing you are certain of is the glorious sun which shines all day. Flowers bloom everywhere in this delightful climate, and you shudder at the thought of December in icebound New York, or in damp, fog-laden London. In Chapultepec Park fine

motors, taxis and horse-drawn victorias file through the pleasant, cool avenues. I imagine what a delightful city this must be to winter in. Yet, every few days, however, some one would remark that there might be a revolution. It seemed to be in the air. That reminded me of a topic of conversation long before the Great War of 1914. For years we had the bogey held over our heads—a war with Germany. It had appeared to be something up in the clouds, which might descend, or could as easily be dispersed.

On Thursday, December 6th, the newspapers of Mexico City announced in big black letters, "Revolution in Vera Cruz." By evening, all wires from Vera Cruz to this city had been cut; no trains left the capital for the south, as the rebels had already torn up parts of the railway track. General De la Huerta was using all his influence with the rebel generals against the Obregon party, or Federal Army. Several people were to have taken the train that night in order to catch their ship at Vera Cruz. One family returning to England had forwarded their heavy baggage to the steamer, as they expected to take the evening express, but unfortunately no trains were running. The President, whose health had been unsatisfactory, had been staying at Celaya, as this elevation does not agree with his heart.

Up here the heart is ever doing double work, the atmosphere causes you to be breathless, as if you were continually climbing upstairs. The presidential train promptly brought the President back to the capital,

and at the station a hearty reception was accorded him by many friends and adherents to the federal cause. Subsequently he left for Chapultepec Castillo.

December 7th.—The papers are full of the revolution; some predicted that it would be quelled in ten days, and they prophesied that De la Huerta would be shot, together with the Governors of Vera Cruz and Yucatan. There is no communication by wire or phone southward. News comes that Guadalajara, with its 150,000 inhabitants, and said to be the finest city in Mexico with the exception of the Capital, has joined the rebel side. During the month of December a unique yearly fair takes place at Guadalajara, which brings thousands of people to this renowned *fiesta*. I was to have visited the fair next week-end, with a Mexican friend, whose relatives have a *hacienda* close by. Hundreds of Indians come to the fair in native dress, bringing all sorts of things they have made for sale. At present no one dares leave Mexico City; the trains are used entirely for the military. It is wiser to remain here in comparative safety; the future is in the hands of the revolutionaries. I was out all the morning in a taxi, and noted that all the streets presented the ordinary everyday appearance.

At the Canadian Bank of Commerce, where the staff are most obliging and kind, I enquired what the prospects were. They were dubious, having previously known what a revolution meant in the city. The general opinion of the public is they hope peace will be arranged in a comparatively short time; but

if not, they fear the worst revolution Mexico has ever known. I called on a friend, who said that last night she had heard shots under her window. I warned her that whatever she heard, not to raise the blinds or look out, as from such a cause poor Mr. Ewart, the English journalist, was shot last winter. He heard shots at about 2 a.m., and ventured out on his balcony, with the result that he was instantly shot in the eye and fell back dead. The quarrel was a private affair—in no way connected with him. *Life* is very cheap in Mexico, you can easily be shot for nothing at all. Even now as I write, it is 9 p.m., I am hoping the lights in my windows at the Imperial Hotel won't attract the gunmen. Just below, one block farther down the Paseo de la Reforma, is situated the headquarters of the Obregon party. All day there has been a huge crowd of men and motor-cars around the building, and as I passed this afternoon General Calles had just arrived. Curiously enough, I was motoring with friends a little later, and we passed President Obregon sitting bare-headed (as is his habit) in a fine car, driving out of the *parque*. What a coincidence to see the two leaders—President and candidate—at close quarters in such a short time! We were on our way to take tea with a friend who lives in a strange old Spanish *casa* at Popotla, some two and a half miles beyond the city. As usual in the country roads, in the dry season, the dust rises in clouds, and is most trying. This is the road on which Cortés retreated after losing the first battle with the

Aztecs, on what may be recorded as the gloomiest night in the life of the great Commander—the *noche triste* (the dismal night) of history. On the 2nd of July, 1520, Cortés, the handsome Pedro de Alvarado, Sandoval, and the Spaniards, accompanied by hordes of loyal Tlascalan Indians, attempted to attack the Aztec capital—the fair city of Tenochtitlan.

The attack was timed for a very dark night, during a tempest of rain and wind, Cortés having purposely chosen this night on the advice of his astrologer. Unfortunately in overcoming the sentinels on duty, a disturbance aroused attention. The Aztec priests vigorously blew the holy trumpets—the call to arms—thousands of Aztecs answered, with the result that there was a *mélange* of assailants fighting together, at times up to their necks in mud and water. The engagement is described as a promiscuous mass of spears, swords and war clubs, blows raining at random in the blackness of a stormy night. Cortés vainly endeavoured to shout commands, the unearthly yells of the savages making a hellish din. He became cut off from his men and the Aztecs recognized him. Arrows and missiles struck him in showers, and he received a horrible wound in the leg. The warrior was nearly spent, when Christoval de Olea, a Tlascalan chief, realizing Cortés' peril, threw himself into the Aztec group around Cortés, and fought like a demon. He cut off the arms of one Aztec, plunging his sword into the bodies of others and rescued his commander, but fell dead beside the prostrate body

of Cortés, bleeding from many wounds. The Indians forced a passage through the mass of fighters and succeeded in bringing the General out of the battle and into a street of Tacuba.

Cortés rallied, and continued to give orders which could not be obeyed. The Spaniards were obliged to retreat to Tacuba, having lost sixty-two wounded and killed—some had been captured by the Aztecs, a fate worse than death, as they would be sacrificed to the idols. Seven precious horses were killed, a great loss, as there were no horses in Mexico, and a great deal of war material was lost. Cortés passed the remainder of the night sitting under a gigantic *ahuehuete* tree, and in his despair wept copiously—as he then believed the Aztecs would conquer his brave army. Many poems and songs have been written on the “dismal night.”

Our car drew up to the *plaza*, and there before us stood the celebrated tree, enclosed by an iron fence. It is hoary with age ; the top has been sawn off, the hollow trunk has been filled with cement, after it was rent asunder by lightning. Everything possible has been done to preserve this historic tree, and I am glad to say young green branches are yet growing on its knotted trunk, the girth of which is enormous.

Imagine the fearless *conquistador* sitting under these drooping branches, his bravado temporarily dimmed, his thoughts on his defeat and his narrow escape from an ignominious death. As I stood gazing at the tree, wrapped in meditation, my mind travelled

to those present rebels—would-be *conquistadores*—fighting for conquest in this same fair land of Mexico. In their case, however, greed of wealth and power is their object, not patriotism, just sheer selfishness and lust for temporal supremacy. After a pleasant call at this very old *casa*, with its beautiful garden—both relics of the ancient Spaniards—we motored from Popotla back to town. The streets are crowded with men, cars rush past furiously, there seems intense excitement in the air.

Saturday, December 8th.—I am advised by the manager not to go out of the hotel to-day, as I only speak a few words of Spanish, and if anything happened it might be disagreeable, as I could not explain myself.

It looks as if they expected trouble in the streets. The mother of my companion-teacher rang up early, and asked most politely if I would excuse her daughter from calling to-day. They are so exceedingly gracious, these old Spanish families, even if they were dying I verily believe they would ask one's pardon first! Every one in the hotel looks depressed.

President Obregon has issued a proclamation asking for the help of all people to save the country from bloodshed and prevent civil war. Fighting between the Federal troops and the rebels has occurred in several places, especially in Vera Cruz. General Sanchez is accused of sending out false reports to terrify the people, claiming that 40,000 rebels would invade the capital from the north and the south.

Others affirm he has only 3,000 troops in all. All communication is cut. Some of the telegraph staff were arrested, as they had been giving information as to the progress of events to the rebel Generals Enrique Estrada and Guadalupe Sanchez.

General Maycotte appears to be a favourite rebel commander. It is now rumoured that the Mexican Navy is on the side of the rebels. This was afterwards contradicted.

The Governor of Puebla was brought to the capital to-day to be tried for treason, and is now in prison. Last evening there was a large assemblage of citizens who met at the *alameda*; patriotic songs were sung and important speeches delivered against war. Crowds walked up and down the Paseo de la Reforma discussing the revolution, prophesying how long it would continue.

Would the city be invaded, and what would be the effect on business? Some suggested that rebels had always won, and many adhere to the superstition that revolutionists must win. General Sanchez's rebels have attacked Jalapa, which was defended by the federal General Berlanga. The rebels won. One hundred American merchants, who were on their way to the great annual fair at Guadalajara, arrived as far as Laredo, and were forced to abandon their trip, as the rebels hold the line and the town. This unfortunate rebellion will cause acute disappointment to thousands of people who rejoice in the fair, and in the opportunity to see the Indians in their native

environment. American battleships are said to have arrived in the Gulf of Mexico, and it is truly reported that the oil fields near Tampico have been captured by the rebels. As the American families are hurrying back to the United States, the evening train is crowded to overflowing. Every one who can is leaving Mexico. I am advised to go, but I say, "*No.*" In my long travels I have been through all kinds of dangers, and worked throughout the Great War. I will remain, and see what happens. My disappointment at being unable to travel and see this naturally beautiful country and the historic ruins, causes me intense sorrow.

General Plutarco Elias Calles, the present candidate for the Presidency, affirms that he is ready to forgo the election for the moment. He believes it advisable, he says, to suspend the General Election until the revolution ends, his desire being to crush animosities and settle discords without the use of all the abominable adjuncts of war. Furthermore, he will be glad to help lead the Federal troops, which are loyal to the Obregon Government. But the revolutionary drum is beating for war. The eagle of Mexico, with the serpent in its mouth, is thirsty for more blood.

Mexico is beautiful—Mexico is rich in every sense. Yet sedition, lawlessness and Bolshevism are uniting for revolution. If they succeed, they will turn this naturally prosperous country into a land of black suffering, untimely deaths and desolation.

CHAPTER VII

The Mexican Pyramids

San Juan Teotihuacan—Pyramids of the Sun and the Moon

I WENT out to San Juan Teotihuacan early one very fine morning. The sun was dazzling—a propitious day to visit the Pyramid of the Sun and to wander over this ancient historic valley.

It was thrilling to picture in one's mind the army of ancient sun worshippers, intent on their ceremonies of adoration to the god symbolical of all that really makes life worth living—the Sun. I was indeed fortunate in being accompanied by one of the greatest archæologists and anthropologists in Mexico, Professor E. Gomez Maillefert, who has assisted at the excavations, and is second only in renown to that distinguished historian, Dr. Manuel Gamio, Director of Anthropology, to whom I render many thanks for kindnesses and photographs. We left Mexico City for San Juan Teotihuacan by train; it is some forty-five kilometres distant, and usually is an hour's journey, but as my visit occurred in the early days of the revolution it took much longer, because we were continually shunted on to side tracks to permit



THE TREE OF THE "DISMAL NIGHT."

Under it the Great Commander Cortés sat all night and wept, as he believed himself conquered by the Aztecs after their first battle.

THE CATHEDRAL AND THE SAGRARIO METROPOLITANO.

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the military trains to pass. The peculiar name Teotihuacan signifies "Where the gods reside."

From the train the Pyramids seem dwarfed and not at all like the great Pyramids of Egypt. They are only about half the height of Cheops Pyramid, that being 451 feet high, while the Pyramid of the Sun measures 216 feet in height. The length each side of the base of Cheops is 755 feet and covers $12\frac{1}{2}$ acres. The extent of the base of the Sun Pyramid is 721 and 761 feet. One would describe them from the distance as huge mounds covered with grass. Nevertheless, these two pyramids are the largest mounds made by man on the continent of America. Arriving at the Indian town of San Juan, there is nothing of interest, just the *adobe* or stone huts, with a door, and rarely a window, floors of earth packed down hard; and oftentimes the live stock are also taken into the hut to sleep if the night is cold.

The Government have a mule-drawn tramcar which takes you to the valley where the ruins are situated. The history of these people, who raised at least two great cities here, is buried so deep in the mysterious past that none have been able to probe into the secrets of the thousands of years since they were an important race. Perhaps, were they fortunate enough to unearth a Rosetta Stone, with Aztec hieroglyphics and those of the Otomis and Toltecs, the history of these forgotten races might be reconstructed, as was done in Egypt after the Rosetta Stone had been discovered.

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The first known inhabitants of the Valley of Teotihuacan were the Otomis, of whom historians have gained some light on their civilization from skeletons, fragments and idols which have been found at San Angel. Then came the Toltecs, who worshipped thousands of small deities, and had their own priests. The Aztecs were the next to invade the country, and after the Aztecs conquered the Toltecs great degeneration became rife amongst them. The Toltecs accepted the religion of the Aztecs, or at least, as time went on, there arose a fusion of their beliefs. However, it is not known by what means the sign of the Cross was known to these aborigines long before the coming of Cortés. There are traces of the Maya race, but they built their cities and temples farther south. According to Dr. Gamio, these ancient towns of 2,500 or 3,000 years back covered an area of something like six square miles. They had a system of drainage by subterranean tubes, and apparently a high civilization, quite large pieces of tinted and carved frescoes having been found and preserved from these unknown cities, as well as arrowheads, knives of obsidian, cutlasses, jewellery, personal ornaments of jade and many other interesting relics. When we left the small tramcar we first visited the Citadel, the Temple of Quetzalcoatl. You enter the grounds, and before you is disclosed a series of terraces and mounds; not a tree casts a shadow, and you get the full benefit of Ra's blazing rays. Professor Maillefert and I began to climb the widest and most difficult stone steps it has

been my lot to encounter. Each step is very high, and there is no railing whatever. The mountains loomed in the far distance; the ancients certainly chose a wild and desolate site for their temples. As we ascended there was disclosed a splendid view of the Sun and Moon Pyramids, which were seen to be most picturesque. "You must not look down," admonished the Professor; "keep your eyes ahead on to the top. Many people become dizzy if they glance backward." I obeyed, it being always wiser to follow the advice of the person who knows. At last, we arrived at the summit, having conquered the thirty-nine steep steps. I really don't think it would detract from the historic character of this Temple if they were to put up some kind of a rail, as its present condition is most dangerous. We had climbed four high terraces constructed of *adobe* bricks and covered in parts by a thick cement facing. Now we were on an immense square covered with rich grass. All about us were mounds on which, probably in the ancient days, great stone idols had their temples. The Professor had not hinted a word of what I was about to see, when suddenly I was faced with the most unhallowed scene my eyes had ever beheld.

From the entire side of a huge pyramid of earth, débris, stones and *adobe* and stone panels, protruded quantities of gigantic serpents' heads, carved in stone, their mouths hung open, displaying big teeth six to eight inches in length. They had curiously chiselled ears, no nose to speak of, nostrils only, their great

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bulging eye sockets were in many instances filled in with dark blue obsidian, which assisted in creating a most hideous expression. These serpents had ruffled plumage around their necks, carved in the thick stone. Their bodies were long and fashioned as if writhing. These are the representatives of the great Quetzalcoatl, God of the Air. Towards the centre of each serpent's body, other big heads are noticed. These are said to be representative of the God Tlaloc, God of Rain and Water. From taluses, surmounted by panels and projecting wall stones, again spurt enormous heads of serpents, which, silhouetted against a deep sapphire sky, appear weirdly barbaric. Terrace upon terrace of these terrific serpents and grinning heads produce an indescribably uncanny effect upon the visitor. This temple, I learn, has only recently been excavated. Coming down the steps was a worse experience than going up—one felt inclined to hurl oneself from top to bottom! We go along "The Highway of the Dead," Camino de los Muertos, to visit Los Subterranos. Here we see the structures of two cities, one built upon the other. It was a strange experience descending the steps and passing along the deep underground corridors, where three thousand years ago people lived and had their struggles and triumphs, just as we to-day are going through the manifold evolutions of life.

We next had a peep into the Regional School, created by the Department of Anthropology, an excellent, well-managed institution. Here boys and

girls are not only educated, but are taught basket-weaving, pottery-making, and all sorts of practical occupations. The Department of Anthropology have accomplished splendid work in this valley, not alone in the difficult task of excavation; they have also beautified the place in every way, established schools and an interesting local museum, where you may obtain a fascinating knowledge of the ancients, as well as of the Spanish colonial period. I was taken to a charming semicircular open-air theatre built for the Indians, where they produce Indian plays in a natural setting. The stage was a blanket of greensward backed by precipitous rocks on which were many flowering bushes; one could not conceive a prettier background. At the rear a tall row of the organ cactus made a fine natural fence to the height of twenty feet or more. The circular benches, very wide and comfortable, were hewn out of a reddish stone. It must be an interesting experience to watch the Indians assemble to witness one of their dramas.

For luncheon we journeyed to the gigantic and natural grotto and enjoyed a Mexican repast—rice, beans, *chile con carne* and *enchiladas*. After a brief rest, there was yet the Pyramid of the Sun to climb. Its neighbour, the Pyramid of the Moon, is not necessary to negotiate, as it has scarcely been touched by the hand of excavation. It is simply an enormous terraced mound covered with grass. Its height is 151 feet and the base measurements are 426 by 511 feet. The Egyptians, Incas, Toltecs and Aztecs were

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sun-worshippers, and frescoes have been found in Mexico resembling those in the tombs of Egypt. The symbol of the serpent—wisdom—was used by both Aztecs and Egyptians, yet the Egyptians were far more advanced. None of the ruins in Mexico can compare in art, refinement, elegance and riches with the glorious temples on the Nile—such as Karnac, Luxor, Edfu, Denderah, and others. The Egyptian gods—Isis, Osiris and Horus—were likewise in an entirely different category from those of the savage pagan gods worshipped in Mexico of old. It is a great misfortune that the Government cannot afford to grant sufficient funds to continue this exceedingly interesting and instructive work of excavation. México has been scarcely scratched as yet by historical research, and marvellous wonders equal in importance to the Tomb of Tut-ank-amen may yet be revealed in Mexico. In climbing the Pyramid of the Sun, the steps are not quite so difficult, but alas! there are some 226 to climb before you arrive at the top. This pyramid is constructed entirely of solid *adobe* bricks, and there is a narrow tunnel running through which was constructed for the purposes of exploration. You begin your ascent by climbing to one terrace, then up to another, and so on. There are five terraces in all, whilst enormous buttresses support the pyramid. When you arrive at the top the view is exceedingly fine.

History tells us that on this site was erected a colossal statue to the sun, covered with heavy gold

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plate. How glorious it must have looked a-glisten in the rays of the rising sun and dominating the Valley of Teotihuacan! I do not remember ever being more tired than I was that night. It was a strenuous day—but how well worth it!

CHAPTER VIII

Sight-seeing under Difficulties

The Stony Presidential Path—Mexico's Primary Need—An Aztec Maiden—Mrs. Evans and her Fight for Justice

THE war news is as contradictory as ever ; what appears to be truth to-day is contradicted to-morrow. De la Huerta continues to send radio messages which announce that his rebel troops have conquered on every hand, and have even entered the City of Mexico. If this be so, it must have been a phantom army. He magnanimously invites all military chiefs to join in his victory, and further declares that all the states are occupied by the rebels, with the exception of Sinaloa and Sonora. At any rate, to-day, December 14th, 1923, in the south, the rebel troops hold the country. They are in possession of the railway lines, no trains being allowed to come through from Vera Cruz. The policy of the rebel troops is to destroy the railway tracks, and thus protect themselves and avoid fighting with the Federals. It is learned that the Sanchez element have proposed Miguel Alessio Robles to be the next President of the Republic. The old legend, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," is



TEMPLE OF QUETZALCOATL

At San Juan Teotihuacan near the Pyramids of the Sun and Moon. The entire side of this huge Pyramid represents the Gods of Air, Wind and Rain. The rain God alternates with Quetzalcoatl, the great Idol Teotihuacan.

QUETZALCOATL, GOD OF THE AIR.

One of the most worshipped Gods in both Toltec and Aztec mythology. This God assumes

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signally prophetic as regards the Presidents of Mexico. According to the last one hundred years of their history it has been exceptional for a President to die in a peaceful bed. Their great Indian patriot, Benito Juárez, who had inherited an iron constitution from his Zapotec ancestors, and had never known a day's illness, was stricken with heart failure and expired immediately in the Palacio of Mexico City on July 18th, 1872. Thus he escaped condemnation and bullets. He is now the ideal of Mexico, for wherever you go you will notice a framed portrait of the great Indian. Another hero of Mexico who escaped death by bullet was Porfirio Díaz, the empire builder of this vast Republic. During his thirty years of rule the country was peaceful and safe, its advancement in civilization and prosperity had gained the admiration of the entire world. During the Díaz dynasty the watchword was Progress. Yet the citizens or politicians ungratefully demanded the resignation of this grand old man at the age of 80 years, who had saved his country, and had governed it much more advantageously and honestly than any other ruler since the days of Cortés and the Viceroy. After all his labours and wise judgment, he was without notice or mercy practically sent out of the country to die in Paris, July 2nd, 1915, after five years of exile. Those who would sit on the velvet and embroidered gold throne-chair in the Palacio or live in beautiful Chapultepec Castillo, seem fated for envy, despair, misery and ingratitude. It is indeed

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a crown of thorns that they bind about their heads when they accept the duties of the Presidential chair. Yet men love power. The insignia of triumph, affluence and authority are rarely refused. So each must take his chance. President Obregon has certainly made the country safe to travel in. Bandits have been imprisoned or shot, and American money for investments has poured into Mexico. I am told that the commerce between the United States and Mexico amounts to eight hundred million dollars annually. All this rich country needs is, first, education for all its subjects, rigid established law, and a heavy fine for the possession of firearms or knives. These latter weapons might well stand for the national arms of Mexico instead of the eagle with the serpent in its mouth, so constantly are they used. If people want to fight, let them use their fists. It hurts, and they soon get tired of it. Only an iron hand can rule Mexico, a country whose rich veins are bursting with precious minerals, her underground lakes heaving with oil, her gigantic forests crowded with wealth. Although General Obregon may have done his best, he is surrounded by rebellious enemies, who for greed and power wish to cast his government aside so that they may usurp his Presidential seat and rule the country. Some of the rebels openly confess to Bolshevism. It is a pity that the uneducated classes of Mexico, Indians and peons, are not able to peruse the story book of the great Russian Empire, and gather a lesson from the treacherous lies and promises

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of Kerensky, Lenin, Trotsky, and the other defamers of law and order.

Sunday, December 16th, 1923.—"Obregon in command. The battle for Puebla is raging. Tampico branch kept open." Thus read the headlines of the paper on this beautiful Sabbath morning. I raised my blinds and looked up into a cloudless sky of azure. Life seemed sweet, yet beyond the encircling mountains, guardians of Mexico City, men were killing each other, Mexicans against Mexicans. Puebla is to be attacked from all sides. The President has had an enthusiastic reception from his troops and the Minister of War, General Francisco Serrano, is second in command. It is estimated that 6,000 Federal troops will take part in the attack, and several aeroplanes will report the strategic positions of the rebels.

General Calles, the candidate for President, left for St. Luis Potosi for recruiting purposes. Some say that Calles is finished with his chance for the Presidency, and that a "dark horse," nominated by the victorious generals, will be chosen. It seems strange to have a general bearing the name of Jesús—yet General Jesús Aguirre is often quoted as a leader of some of the Northern troops. No one can form any idea of the true position of this revolution. Recently I have changed my dwelling from the Imperial Hotel to the Genève. The Imperial is inhabited by some of the best Spanish families, is beautifully situated on the Paseo de la Reforma, and is owned by a very wealthy man, Signor Braniff. The

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two English-speaking sub-managers, in fact the entire staff, were very kind to me and most polite. But the revolution was in full blast, and this hotel is situated within the firing line. The Nationalists opposite had engaged a big building for their manœuvres, the next block down was the headquarters of the Calles adherents, and next again the Obregon party distributed their propaganda. Whenever you went out there were large crowds at each place. If there was to be shooting, these three corners would be hotly engaged. Every time one left the hotel there was danger of promiscuous shots.

Since last writing I have suffered from the prevailing epidemic of cold—a short, severe influenza caused by the dust of motoring. It being the dry season, outside the watered streets the dust or filth accumulates. This poison inhaled sets up an inflammation which is exceedingly disagreeable.

My new home, then, is the Genève Hotel, and had I been wise I should have settled here at first. It is a comfortable, steam-heated establishment, and managed most ably by Mr. and Mrs. Gore. Mr. Gore is a Canadian. Many English and American families reside here the year round. There are charming suites, large or small as desired, prettily furnished sitting-room, bedroom and modern bathroom with hot and cold water. It might appear strange that one should want steam heat in Mexico City, which is daily bathed in hot sunshine. But the fact is that when the sun sets in this their winter, or dry season,

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the days are short as in winter at home. By 5 p.m. it is dark, and the moment the sun disappears you instantly feel the change. One should never be without a fur or warm wrap after sunset. All night it is exceedingly cold, until about 9 a.m., when the rays of Phœbus are again made manifest. A steam-heated hotel is therefore much more comfortable. Whenever I go to a Spanish home it is very chilly, and you sit, if paying a call, with your furs wrapped about you. Few Mexican houses have a fireplace, or any means of heating rooms. They shiver, but are used to their so-called winter climate.

At the Genève Hotel, both Mr. and Mrs. Gore do their best to make you happy; the food is the best I have had in Mexico, and it is comforting to have American and English people around you, especially in these days of revolution. I sit in my cosy chintz sitting-room, with many vases filled with tuberoses, carnations and pink phlox and violets. Oranges glow from a pyramid of fruit, and I try to forget that men are being killed not so very far away. The fruit and flower markets are glorious in colour and beauty, stacks of violets, marguerites, roses of every kind, blatant poinsettias, gladiolus, heliotrope, calla lilies, pansies, nasturtiums, all Nature's prodigal offerings are to be had for a relatively small sum. It is adorable.

One morning recently I went with a friend, who is Hon. Secretary of the Mexican Cruix Roja, to their establishment in this city. It is a very noble, good work that they are doing. The wards were clean and

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comfortable, and nearly every cot had an occupant. There are so many street fights, knives and bullets flash, and then a bandaged head follows. Many of these men were wounded on the 12th of December at the *fiesta* of the Virgin of Guadalupe, at which some forty were injured and seven killed. In the surgery, cases are being brought in every moment—street accidents are numerous—the dirty and the poor have their wounds cleansed and dressed. Several ambulances are constantly in service bringing in the stricken. Motorists are a terror in this city; never have I seen such rapid, careless and terrific driving without thought of consequences. If they knock one down, they never stop, but recklessly proceed. Therefore many fatal accidents occur. The Red Cross are certainly doing a work of humanity in this city.

The camiones, in their traditional misuse of the roads, are the worst offenders. I saw a strange sight in the streets to-day. My companion and I were in a taxi, when we saw two files of armed police escorting a crowd of dirty women and men to the public baths, so she informed me. These filthy people, who dislike water, are noted, the police keep an eye on them, and each is given a piece of soap and marched off to the bath. Certainly an excellent idea.

Sunday morning.—Although men are shedding blood for their country, yet this afternoon six sullen, angry bulls will shed their blood for the amusement of thousands of people. War or no war, a bull fight takes place every Sunday.

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I was invited to lunch at the Casa de Alvarado, the charming museum home of that brilliant scholar and notable woman, Mrs. Zelia Nuttall, who is a very great authority on archæology and anthropology. Every one in Mexico knows, admires and respects Mrs. Nuttall. Her surroundings are a perfect frame for her unique personality. The Casa de Alvarado at Coyoacan was the home of Pedro de Alvarado, the trusted and famous officer of the great Cortés, and was built in the first years of the Conquest. It is early Spanish-colonial in style, with *patio* and very thick partitions. High stone walls surround the house and there is an extensive garden at the back. The one-storied house, pinkish in colour, nestles amidst giant trees. From some of the cedars and pines, clumps of bougainvillea, which have climbed to the topmost branches, fling down festoons of purple gorgeousness. There are parterres of wonderful flowers, lianes and vines clothe tree-trunks, and orchids find resting-places in sheltered niches; brilliant blossoms cover moss-grown rocks. Wherever the eye roves, from the pale blue mountains past the giant cedars, every picture is a delight. Such is the home of Mrs. Nuttall. One must not forget the huge tree in front of the house—with the stone seats around its base—under which the great de Alvarado sat and mused. In fancy one can almost see the coaches driving up and through the portal into the *patio*, and almost hear the clash of steel of the *conquistadores* as they dashed about issuing orders, their

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tufted helmets nodding impressively in the breeze. It is a great treat to be the guest of Mrs. Nuttall, and every time it has been my privilege to mount those high stone steps, now well-worn in places, my mind goes back four hundred years, and I try to visualize the conquerors striding up and down those very stairs, stairs down which must have tripped the dainty white satin-shod feet of many a dark-eyed Spanish aristocrat. Alas! where are they now? Do their spirits ever return for one more peep at the Casa de Alvarado? It was at this home that I intended to pass my Sunday. Outside the city, and especially in Coyoacan, there have been skirmishes in many places, with half a dozen or more wounded and shot. This week the police have been relieved of their rifles, which were needed for the troops, and they are left only with a revolver. Apaches, thieves, and such gentry have frequented these outlying districts, held people up and taken whatever they had. Consequently it is not safe at this present time of trouble to go out alone. I had intended taking a taxi and risking it, but a friend rang me up telling me that her husband had said I must "on no account go alone," and that she would go with me and also fetch me back. When these bandits see a car coming that they propose to hold up, two or three, sometimes as many as six, will shoot at the car; the chauffeur naturally stops, then they approach, make you alight, take whatever you have, rings, purse, etc., and in nine cases out of ten the chauffeur, being frightened, will

dash off in the car, heartlessly, and leave you stranded with these villains in a place where you can obtain neither help nor car. The robbers are quite likely to kill you and throw your body into the ditch. Many times have such outrages taken place, both men and women being the victims. Only last Sunday this lady and I, when motoring, passed right through a skirmish; firing had just ceased, and they were leading the wounded to gaol and hospital. We did not know exactly what had taken place at the time, but read of it next day. A day or two ago two American ladies motoring just outside the city were held up, and every ring, chain, brooch and purse was taken. They were fortunate, as the robbers let them go without injuring them. My friend and I started in a car, taking her little Mexican maid and a third party. We passed through many of the villages; evil faces by the score glared at us, but it being before noon they had not had sufficient pulque yet to make them fierce. "Don't you be afraid," said my friend, "I have my pistol." "But where do you keep it?" I enquired. "Why, in my handbag here." She opened her bag and there, in a leather case, reposed a tiny, cruel pistol. Fancy ladies carrying weapons in a vanity bag! After three miles we drew up at the Casa de Alvarado in safety. At luncheon, amongst the guests were two generals, one colonel and several other ladies and gentlemen. Naturally, the rebellion was the chief topic, and not two of the guests held the same opinion. Some backed Obregon, some De la

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Huerta, others Flores, and the "dark horse" also was mentioned.

In this wonderful rambling old house are countless treasures—exquisite paintings, china, brocades, chests of Mexico and from old Spain, everything in keeping and in perfect taste—a home which comprised a museum of priceless contents. We then roamed about Mrs. Nuttall's fairylike garden. Exotic flowers wafted their scent towards us; from huge trees long white lily-like flowers of snowy whiteness hung like bells. I wish I knew the name of this flowering tree. Hedges of heliotrope, clumps of calla lilies, mats of sweet purple violets, roses on arbours and pergolas, roses rioting everywhere and on everything, carpets of dark myrtle with blue flowers, golden mimosa breaking forth from the buds. Wonders of Nature, all. Oh! to stay and dream for days in a garden like this, a garden in keeping with the picturesque, historic *casa*. Mrs. Nuttall pointed to a feathery pine silhouetted against the sapphire sky. "I planted that as a sapling, many years ago; look at its height now." It must soar at least eighty feet into the heavens.

Mrs. Nuttall asked us if we would like to go across the road to an adjacent property of hers, where she had been excavating, and incidentally shooting, for, being alone at night, with the exception of her servants, she had purchased a new revolver and had been practising with it on this ground. But to return to the excavations, which extended to a depth of some twenty feet. Mrs. Nuttall explained the

different strata—volcanic, sand, earth, volcanic again and more sand. In her excavations she found the skeleton of a young girl buried seated, as was the custom of the Aztecs, with a number of small earthen pots placed around her. On the skeleton was an opal bead, which Mrs. Nuttall afterward showed us. The skull had been removed to Dr. Gamior, Director of Anthropology, and it was discovered that the remains were those of a young girl, because her wisdom teeth had not, at the time of her death, quite penetrated the gum. As we went down into the earth cutting, Mrs. Nuttall showed us where they had found the Aztec skeleton, and on our return to the *casa*, we saw heaps of broken pottery which had been dug up. Some of these pieces had pretty artistic designs in black on their terra-cotta surface. I kept thinking how crude and rough this tomb was compared with the rich luxury of King Tut-ank-amen's in Egypt. One often wonders if these Aztecs had any connection with the ancient Egyptians. Mrs. Nuttall also found a number of small stone faces—little heads of Aztec gods, curiously carved, with their tongues protruding. Altogether, what with war, bandits, pistols, fairy gardens, politicians, disinterred Aztecs, I considered I had passed an interesting day. My friend, her husband and also a labour leader whom they had picked up somewhere, called for me and we motored back in the dark; both men and the lady were armed. There is strength in numbers, and we reached our respective abodes in safety.

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Mrs. Rosalie Evans (the brave widow) has been in town to-day. Rumour states that this well-known Anglo-American lady has had an interview with President Obregon, who has promised that her ranch, or *hacienda*, shall be protected against the rebel hordes.

Mrs. Evans is very much liked and respected by the entire English and American colony, who deeply sympathized with her in the loss of her husband, Mr. Evans having been killed in the Great War.

In 1906 the Evans family purchased some 2,500 acres of virgin land in the State of Puebla, about 180 miles from Mexico City.

Through the combined efforts of husband and wife this *hacienda* became a valuable property, owing to their having established large irrigation works; there was always a sufficient supply of water, consequently fine cattle, and abundant crops were raised.

The fact is, that this model *hacienda* became prosperous enough to excite the envy of the landless agrarians, who desired to possess this agricultural prize.

Mrs. Rosalie Evans was born in Texas, and had been accustomed to ranch life. She could ride and shoot as expertly as a skilful cowboy, days in the saddle brought to this slight lady exhilaration, but never fatigue. I was to have paid her a visit, had not the revolution broken the peace of Mexico.

By her marriage with H. E. R. Evans, an English-

man, locally known as "Harry," this resolute woman became a British subject.

Previous to Mr. Evans having taken up land near Texmelucan, in the State of Puebla, he had acted as president of the London Bank of Mexico.

War clouds gathered over Europe, and Harry Evans heard the call of his country. Although there had been considerable trouble with the Mexicans caused by their thieving, and at one time a villainous attempt to fire the house, yet things were fairly peaceful when Mr. Evans hastened to Britain to enlist.

His wife assured him that she did not fear to be left alone, and that when he returned he would find everything in good order. "Have no anxiety," she commanded.

Mrs. Evans had the reputation of being a dead shot and a capable manager, with a brain equal to any man's.

For some time, by her keen sense of justice and business ability, she maintained order, and rich harvests were garnered.

After the sad death of Mr. Evans, the bandits and agrarians became more troublesome, all through envy. They believed in the agrarian law, which had been passed by the Obregon government, and their hands itched to divide this rich property amongst themselves.

In Mexico women have not as much power in the dictation of commercial interests as in America or Europe, therefore these uneducated gangs of ruffians

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and bandits could not understand why one middle-aged, grey-haired woman should thwart them in their greedy communistic desires, although they admired her bravery and feared her gun.

Mrs. Evans, mounted and armed, constantly patrolled her *hacienda* accompanied by her favourite dogs. Her chief employees were also armed, and ready for an attack, as live-stock continually disappeared, the bandits being particularly active but difficult to capture. After the revolution began, these outlaws became yet more threatening and aggressive.

For this reason, Mrs. Evans sought the protection of President Obregon, and left Mexico City well content with the President's promise that her *hacienda* should be unmolested.

In talking to our mutual friend, Mrs. Evans said, "They can kill me, that is the only way in which they can possess my property, which I have worked on for eighteen years. I will fight for justice. When I reach home I shall put up a notice, that trespassers entering my place will do so at their peril. I am not fighting these land grabbers for myself only, but to help other foreigners situated in like circumstances."

My friend warned this indomitable woman of the brutal treachery of these ruffians, and begged her to remain in the safety of Mexico City. Mrs. Evans would not listen to this admonition. At this time there were so many hold-ups and crimes committed hourly, that one more or less caused no particular

excitement. Many people were persecuted by robbers, the richer citizens paid, and were thankful for their escape—through the power of their cheque book.

December 18th.—I have just lunched with Dr. and Mrs. Dillon at their apartment at Chapultepec. Dr. Dillon is reputed to know more about Mexico than anyone living; his several books on the country are of undisputed authority. He is a confidential friend of President Obregon, in fact Dr. Dillon and the President were in consultation all the morning. According to Dr. Dillon, the President was in good health, with the exception of hoarseness caused by his chronic throat trouble. He is quite confident of winning, but regretted very much the loss of life which is taking place. To-day a battle is raging around Puebla, and before noon over four hundred men were killed and wounded. Obregon was with his troops yesterday, and had his 16-year-old son by his side. It is reported that De la Huerta has already relinquished his command of the rebel army, and will probably make his escape to a foreign land, while the scattered rebels will retire to the mountains and form a brigade of banditti, shooting and holding up where they can. It is more than unfortunate for the country that this rebellion should have occurred at the time when the Great Powers, headed by the United States, were ready to recognize the Obregon government, which had organized safe travel and had made for progress. Never have I been in a country where so many rumours float about as “news,” to be

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contradicted the next moment. It was said that Señora Obregon had departed with her children for the frontier in a train loaded with gold, but that the train had been stopped and the gold taken. There was no truth in the statement ; the President's wife and children are still living quietly in their home, a small house near Chapultepec. Many people said yesterday that De la Huerta was to march into Mexico City with his victorious rebel army. That was denied, and it is proclaimed that to-morrow will be the day. As a matter of fact, the fighting of yesterday ended in a pleasing victory for General Obregon, who was in command.

The Federal Army succeeded in driving the rebels from the junction station of San Marcos—a point of great strategic importance. Crowds of rebels were taken prisoners. Many citizens from other states have volunteered their services, and all the Mexican members of the American Federation of Labour in the western and frontier states have wired to the President offering their services to fight against the rebels. However, the President has stated that for the present he does not require more troops to crush his enemies. Many rebels are deserting and coming over to the Federal forces. As things now appear, one would say that Adolfo de la Huerta had made an obvious miscalculation, but unfortunately many lives will be vainly sacrificed. It is claimed that in many cases Obregon pardons his prisoners and that they re-enlist on his side.

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Monday, December 17th.—Terrible rumours floated over the city. El señor Presidente de la Republica, General Alvaro Obregon, returned to the city from Irapuato. No definite battle had been fought, the troops were waiting for a *mañana*. Some said that De la Huerta was just outside the city, and had sent word to Obregon to evacuate the city. Others insisted that aeroplanes were waiting to take the President and all his Ministers away; that their lives were in danger. It is a mystery how these reports arise, seeing that they are told you by responsible men like bankers and people who have been through several revolutions in Mexico. It is only three year since the last rebellion, when General Obregon floated in on the crest of a wave. I was told by one of the generals of that crisis that Obregon did not then want to be President, stating that he "did not know how to be President." They then assured Obregon that his Ministers would do all his work for him. However, Obregon has proved that he can do his own work and do it well!

Many people reiterate, "Every revolution has been successful, the rebels are sure to win." Well, time will tell. Personally, I hope peace will soon come, as I want to travel and see Mexico, not to be shut up in this city. I have done all the necessary sightseeing here and long for pastures new.

CHAPTER IX

The Boys' Reform School

The Boys' Reform School—The March of War—Local Topics—The Mysterious Stranger

GRIM appeared the outside of this enormous structure as our car stopped and we descended. Our permit was shown to armed soldiers, then we were allowed to pass into this forbidding reformatory, in former days a convent. As usual, my first visit is to the director's room. It was sad and yet amusing to read some of the rules displayed on the walls in Spanish while awaiting the summons to the director. One read, "It is absolutely useless to ask permission to go outside the walls."

Considering the nature and purpose of the institution, one would have imagined this information to have been quite unnecessary. Then the director came upon the scene and introductions followed. In every part of this country they shake hands on each and every occasion. It does not matter what their caste is—or yours. Even a beggar with filthy hands may extend his to you, and you must give yours, or they consider you beyond redemption. A representative is asked to explain the building to us

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and show us about, and we proceed. Three hundred and seventy-five boys, aged from eight to nineteen years, are detained here. The majority are detained for theft. We visited the various sections where the boys are taught different trades. The printing offices were spacious and efficient; here the boys learn printing in all its processes and also book-binding. A great deal of the Government printed matter is finished in these workshops. The boys are not only instructed in trade, but they earn a little money, which is put by for them as a nest-egg until they return to the outside world. The newspapers, we are told, often recruit their staffs from this source. All the boys were most respectful, and always raised their hands to salute us, staring with eyes full of wonder—it is not often that two ladies visit them. In the furniture department we were surprised to see the good carving and splendidly made furniture which these boys had turned out—bedroom suites, chairs and tables of every description. These the Government dispose of. They are very short of money to maintain the institution; fifty centavos is all that the Government allows per day for the feeding of each boy. The boys are also taught to be bakers, so that they can earn an honest living in that useful trade. They are supposed to make excellent bread, and bake enough to supply their own needs and those of the Girls' Reform School, which is quite near by. I enquired how much bread each boy was entitled to, and they told me "each could have three large rolls

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at a meal. Soup, they have in plenty, and meat occasionally." Nearly four hundred boys—and at the growing age—must have enormous appetites. From where I stood I could see scores of them playing outside in the big courtyard, it being four o'clock and their playtime.

They rise at 6 a.m. and retire at 8 p.m. Their day is divided up into so many hours at work, time for study, and time for games. A boy is never beaten as a punishment; they claim that it humbles him and lowers his *morale*. For a slight offence the culprit is not allowed to join in the games with the other boys, he is obliged to take up sentry duty. For weightier faults they have to scrub the rough stone floors as a penance. The punishment they most dislike is to have the visits of their relatives or friends suspended. This hurts them very much, as usually a visitor will bring a cake, a sweet, or something appealing specially to boyish tastes. Boys are trusted in this school, seeing that often the authorities let them out on their own parole, simply on their word of honour to return. It is seldom, very rarely, that the boys break their word. There is a class-room and a small library, and when they leave the school they can at least read and write. A section of the building is reserved for hospital quarters. We inspected their dormitories and saw rows of narrow iron beds—all the furniture these long corridors contained. There were two dormitories, one for the use of the best-behaved boys. Here, the beds had sheets, a blanket, and two

pillows. Mexicans like to sleep with their heads high. The beds for the boys who are not exemplary in conduct have bed-clothes of a much inferior quality and possess only one low pillow.

The director explained that it was the ambition of every boy in the secondary corridor to become good enough to pass into the superior corridor, where *two* pillows were allowed and a better bedspread. Environment is everything. To the boy in the poorer dormitory the vision of the one where the two pillows rested was Heaven indeed! A visit to the kitchen gardens was our next experience; here the boys were taught horticulture in all its phases. The gardens with the blue mountains very near, almost within touch, proved to be a pleasant place. Rows of lettuces, beans and other vegetables were trying to grow in an arid, dusty soil—each plot was bordered with wide bands of lovely violets, presumably relics of convent days. Wherever we went groups of boys followed us with wonder in their eyes. The director allowed two of the boys to gather violets for my friend and myself. Afterward, when we had duly signed the visitor's book, and registered our good opinion concerning the splendid work the school has done, we prepared to step into our car.

Two boys shyly approached, each with a bunch of purple violets, more sweetly perfumed than any I have ever enjoyed. When the boys presented the nosegays, I gave a bright silver peso to one, and my friend did the same to his companion. It was marvellous to

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watch the expressions which were depicted on their faces—wonder, delight, rapture—as if we had given them treasure undreamt of.

I am invited to a dinner-party, and as it is an engagement of long standing and they are calling for me in their car, I must go. Few people are going out evenings now, and I am trusting no bullets will be coming our way. Startling news reaches one's ears from every side, and one's nerves are on edge. Not being accustomed to the etiquette of Mexican dinner-parties, I obeyed my host's instructions to be awaiting him in the lounge of the hotel at 7.45. In the next suite to mine the Angel of Death stands ready to convey the soul of a very old and respected lady to the Great Beyond. How different are the vicissitudes of life! I was gowned in shining silver, pearls and some jewels, waiting in the *patio*, wondering why my host did not arrive. A doctor hurried up to the lift, soon followed by a priest, alas! too late, the spirit had gone on its way. Weeping and sobs echoed down to the *patio*. For one hour I waited, wondering if rebels or bandits had seized my host, until at last he arrived with many apologies. No Mexican is ever on time. I believe they consider punctuality a real disgrace! The general talk at dinner was revolution, and which side would win. I suggested how nice it would be if Mexicans could be vaccinated against revolution, their chronic illness. It was said that Obregon made the curious statement that the reason why they elected him President was because he had

only one arm and therefore could *steal less* ! Every one laughed ; Dr. and Mrs. Dillon were of the party. Dr. Dillon is a great authority on Mexico and international politics, having lived here many years and written extensively on Mexico. He was also very well known as a contributor for years to the *Daily Telegraph*, of London, and was at one time editor. A most interesting man, he had been present at the wedding of the Czar and Czarina, and he vividly described the stately ceremonies ; but when I asked him about the revolution, he closed up like an oyster, and would not discuss the subject. Dr. Dillon and President Obregon are the greatest of friends. The problem is akin to that of backing horses. No one knows which party will win, and favours are apportioned by the winners, such as rich Government appointments and concessions. Therefore people sit on the fence and keep silent.

One young man who amused us acknowledged that he had two or three good friends with *each* party, and as the Government had taken his estates, whichever party won he would demand a job. Another man stated that five years ago he was travelling in Sonora with Carranza, Obregon, and De la Huerta, when they were all the best of friends. We motored back from the party at midnight, the streets quiet and deserted. In the azure heavens, the stars glittered like comets, and because of the high altitude appeared very near, almost as if one could lasso them to earth !

The next day (Sunday) a big bull-fight was in

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progress, as well as the municipal elections. I had been invited to the Country Club for lunch, but was doubtful about going, and settled down to read the papers, which were full of horrors. The phone rang. It was Mrs. Conway and Mrs. de Rendon, who had both been through several rebellions, and who ridiculed the idea that it was dangerous. They declared they were going. I would not show a white feather, so went with them. It is singular that the English who have lived here for years do not seem to be afraid of stray shots; they laugh and go about their business just the same. An Englishman isn't going to give up his game of Sunday golf because of a revolution! They have become callous.

The scene when we drove into the enclosure of the Mexican Country Club was delightful to look upon. The verandah was crowded with well-dressed people, it being difficult to obtain a table. Men were returning from their game, fetching bags of clubs. Some people were enthusiastic over the bull-fight which they intended seeing later. "All was as merry as a marriage bell." Yet every one had taken risks in coming here. I am a fatalist, and do not believe one is to die until the Almighty calls one. On the other hand, it seems foolhardy to place your head in a ring of fire. On the way back to the city we made a detour, and passed through several villages where crowds of men had gathered in the open *plazas*. Conscription was being put into effect on all sides. Everything was apparently peaceful, with the excep-

tion of one town, where a skirmish had just ended. One man had been wounded in the head, and was supported by two policemen; another had been assassinated, and about half a dozen wounded. As our car approached, the police glared, but allowed us to pass. The revolutionists were led off to prison. Fights took place at Xochimolo and in Coyoacan. Many people who tried to get away were corralled in towns outside, and unable to travel. Already food is soaring in price. Arriving back at the hotel there were more newspapers to peruse, and all the time beyond my windows there was noise, the screaming of boys selling the latest "extras," the steady tramp of soldiers passing, and a medley of cries which I cannot understand. How different from the refreshing peace of the Country Club, with its fresh air and tranquillity! You Mexicans, you have such a treasure of a land. Why not, then, be swayed by true patriotism? Why let ambition govern your actions? Life is but a brief run, and the cheque-book here is of no avail in the life everlasting. Why not, by your good deeds, accumulate those cheques which are honoured in Heaven—such as kindness, sympathy, tolerance, honour and helping others? Remember those are your rewards of merit for the future. The world is athirst for honest, patriotic, unselfish statesmen, notably in Russia, Germany, China, and other countries, whose peoples cry out to the sons of their soil to defend their birthright, not for gold-encrusted avarice, but for the love of justice and humanity.

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10th December.—Beautiful sunshine streams into my rooms. From the windows I can see the pale blue mountains and the great masses of bougainvillea which decorate a garden opposite. This morning General Obregon left the Buena Vista station on his private train to review his troops. Many of his cheering followers had assembled and gave him a great send-off. Even with the President, it is a problem to differentiate between his truly loyal friends and officers. They promise their aid one moment and repudiate him the next. There are many such "turn-coats" in Mexico to-day. The Church party are not fond of the President, and as more than three-quarters of the populace are rigid Catholics they represent a mighty influence. Newsboys scream the contents of their papers, each sheet a mass of lies. Police in blue and green uniforms rush past like lightning on motor-cycles, bearing secret orders. What consultations must be taking place in the Plaza Municipal! Every one has a serious face. Jalapa has been evacuated by the Federal forces after stiff fighting in which many were killed. General Lara, a former Governor of Tamaulipas, has fled from Victoria disguised as a woman, and is endeavouring to reach the United States. Irapuato is to be one of the main headquarters of the Federal Army; from here General Obregon and his generals will conduct their campaign. The President receives hundreds of loyal messages from the various governors and generals—as, for example, General Nicolas Rodriquez, former Commander-in-

Chief of the Carranza forces, who states that he had no intention of joining the present Mexican revolt. General Calles is very actively engaged holding huge receptions of his followers at the pro-Calles Club. The public hear almost nothing at all from De la Huerta and the rebel forces in the south. Mr. Summerlin, American Chargé d'Affairs, a very able and popular representative, sent word to Washington to-day that he expects the Obregon Government to quickly subdue and vanquish General Estrada's forces, owing to the strength and loyalty of the Federal Army. The Government remains solidly determined to put down this revolution, and to show the people that in the future such uprisings against the law will not be tolerated. In the meantime, numerous disturbances are taking place outside the city, especially at Tacuba, Milpa Alta, and other suburbs, where a few people are killed and wounded daily.

I was asking a well-known business man about a rumour that a man had attempted to shoot the President, and I mention this to indicate the apathy of people who have lived through some of the previous revolutions. I enquired: "Suppose the rebel army wins, and they shoot Obregon?"

"Won't make much difference," he replied nonchalantly; "you would see the victorious army march past your hotel, down the Paseo de la Reforma, and a new man will live at Chapultepec Castillo, that's all." Seems incredible to adopt so bored an attitude towards the fate of a nation.

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A lady calling upon me spoke of a small riot which had occurred in her town on the day of the municipal elections. She was English, and married to a Mexican who was in the Government service. "My husband," she said, "was leading in the elections, until the row occurred, and in the confusion some of the men succeeded in grabbing the ballot box and tore up all voters' papers. One of the ringleaders was shot." I was rather awestruck and exclaimed, "But won't he die?" "Yes, I suppose he will," she answered irritably. She had no thought for the injured man, only for her husband's defeat.

People who have lived long in Mexico get hard-hearted; there are so many murders that if it does not particularly touch their personal interests they treat them in off-hand fashion.

My companion and I go out every day sight-seeing. There are over fifty churches in Mexico City, and we have visited at least half of them. Magnificent is the only word in which truly to describe the Mexican churches. To-day we went into a very old, poor church, situated in the meanest quarter of the city, where the majority of the worshippers are supposed to be thieves.

This Church of La Soledad de Santa Cruz is one of the few religious edifices still in service which dates back to 1534. Some of the first Aztecs to accept Christianity worshipped here. There is a figure of the Virgin dressed in wide black skirts, and wearing a gilt crown; it is to this Virgin de la Soledad that the

thieves pray. Such ragged, dirty men, women and children were kneeling on the stone floors ! Yet there was a divine look on these terrible faces, as they gazed, oblivious of all, on the figure of the Madonna, and sought her pardon. Really, as I walked about and observed the poverty of those suppliants—some had boots full of holes tied on with a bit of string, children in rags scarcely covering their half-starved bodies, women with worn, evil faces that had had no association with water for some time—if they were as poor as they looked, one could hardly blame them for stealing. The submerged tenth in very truth, yet they had faith in the Virgin de la Soledad—Mother of Sorrows.

It is the poor who invariably suffer, and who will suffer, from this war. Coming back, I asked my taxi man, who drives us every morning, what he thought of the revolution ? He shook his head, and raising his hand in emphasis, exclaimed, "Muy malo" (very bad). He is a most respectable man, with a family of six young sons, one of whom always sits beside the father. He is honest and most obliging, and I should say a very good husband and citizen. But as showing his lack of education : the other day I wanted to go to a certain address and wrote it on a card. When I gave it to him he looked confused and ashamed, as he could neither read nor write, and passed it to the son of, say, ten years, who read a little.

We who are educated cannot credit such conditions. On my return to the hotel, a friend rang up

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to apologize for not having seen me for a week. She said she had been too nervous to think of anyone. She and her husband live some few miles outside on a *hacienda*. This is the story she told me by telephone :

At 2 a.m. a crowd of rebels knocked on the door, and her husband went to enquire what they wanted. Immediately pistols covered him. They demanded his money, and being powerless he was obliged to hand over what he had. They then asked for thirty horses as they wanted to go south and join the rebels. The horses had to be handed over also. Both she and her husband were very much distressed and naturally felt their loss.

Mexico is like no other country I have ever travelled in. Personally, I am absolutely neutral, having no financial or other interest in the country, but the horrible things which occur continually make one's blood run cold. I don't think I have ever heard anything so diabolical as the manner in which a former President, General Victoriano Huerta, was treacherously doomed to a torturing death. This act of vengeance was accomplished by an unknown arch-fiend. Victoriano Huerta was of the same name as the present rebel chief, but I have been informed, however, there is no blood relationship between the two men. I have taken the liberty of quoting this incident from a most interesting book, entitled "Intimate Pages of Mexican History," written by Mrs. Edith O'Shaughnessy, for many years a resident in Mexico. The wife of the American Minister,

there is no reason to doubt the veracity of her statement.

Victoriano Huerta was President before Carranza, and was an Indian from the State of Jalisco. On February 18th, 1913, this Huerta was made Commander of the Federal forces, in succession to President Madero, who was shot. President Huerta resigned July 15th, 1914, and left for Europe. On June 27th, 1915, Huerta was arrested, charged with plotting a revolution against Carranza. At this time General Obregon was fighting in the Federal Army for Carranza. Ex-President Huerta was sent as a civilian prisoner to Fort Bliss, situated seven miles from El Paso, Texas. He was well guarded, and after a time they allowed his wife and children to join him. His family secured a small house near to the prison in order to be with Huerta as much as possible. The ex-President's health began to fail; he had no exercise, they supplied him with meagre, coarse food, and no wine or stimulants. Used, hitherto, to every luxury, he naturally became worse. As he was suffering from a malady of a painful character, he could only have lived for a few months at most. One cold night in January there arrived a black-bearded stranger, a big man who spoke perfect Spanish. He told Señora Huerta that he was a physician, and a great admirer of her gifted and persecuted husband. He asked permission to see Huerta, knocked at the door and was admitted; then he examined him. The examination over, the

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stranger stated that unless an *immediate* operation was performed, in thirty-six hours Huerta would be dead. Huerta and his wife talked it over, and as the ex-President was very ill, and had been for some time, they both consented to the operation. The bearded stranger then made two long abdominal incisions—without anæsthetics—and did not sew up the wounds. This accomplished, he pitilessly went out into the night of mystery from whence he came. After a prolonged spell of horrible, excruciating agony, Huerta passed through the closed door. History barely records that ex-President Victoriano Huerta died January 13th, 1916.

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CHAPTER X

Chapultepec Castillo

The Virgin de los Remedios—Fate of Maximilian—Academy of San Carlos—The Museum—Holy Catholic Cathedral

BY obtaining a permit, you can go over Chapultepec Castillo if the President is out of town. The Castillo is beautifully situated on the top of a high hill in the *parque*, and commands a magnificent view of the city and the entire Valley of Mexico. On a moonlight night the scene from the terraces must be glorious. One's motor passes through massive iron gates, which are ornamented with soldiers of bronze holding rifles, and past the sentries. Flowers and trees adorn the landscape on either side of the long high drive. How many times Maximilian and Carlotta must have passed through the gates of Chapultepec, their principal home! Although the Castillo was erected in 1783 as a summer palace, by the consent of the King of Spain, for Viceroy Don Matias de Galvez, he died however before its completion. In the meantime it had several tenants, but was never entirely finished and gradually fell into disrepair.

In 1866 the Emperor and his Empress Carlotta

were enthusiastic over their desire to turn Chapultepec into a facsimile of Miramar, their former home in Austria. The Castillo was reconstructed and brought up to date at a huge expenditure, the Tuscan style of architecture being adhered to. A delightful Pompeïan villa and court were also added. Luxurious furniture filled the big *salons*, pictures of great value adorned the walls, and countless beautiful objects of art were displayed. Alas! the Castillo was destined not to be their home for a long period. As you enter the hall, you pass through several rooms, one of which has some fine antique Spanish chairs richly carved. In the *Recamara Azul* (Blue Room), once the favourite *salon* of the Empress, the walls were rich with splendid blue and gold brocade, as were the furnishings. The chandeliers were of crystal. It was a charming room. One passes on to another reception boudoir in the suite of the Empress. Here pale pink satin brocade and maplewood furniture provided an effect as rich as it was pleasing. From every window an enchanting view is observed. One wonders if Carlotta was happy here—poor Empress! In the next apartment were fine Sèvres vases by Gostier, and French furnishings upholstered in Gobelins tapestries, a gift from the French Government. The *comedor* (dining *salon*) was distinguished by a marvellous ceiling and had fine leather chairs framed in carved Alsatian oak. The Mexican artists, by the way, make beautiful embossed leather-work. Rare silver epergnes, formerly owned by Maximilian,

still bore his monogram, and tapestry covered the walls. In the smoking-room, life-sized figures of padded silk were superimposed on purple satin; these white ladies are supposed to be playing battledore and shuttlecock. This most unique embroidery quite surrounded the walls. Upstairs I passed through room after room much in the same style as countless palaces all over Europe. Then we were shown into a Louis XV *salon* of rose colour and gold—very rich and elegant. The Empress Carlotta was extremely proud of this artistic *salon*, and President Obregon sometimes receives visitors here. The carpet was extraordinary, being woven to depict some of the forest views around the Castillo. The Empire couches and chairs of pink and gold were lovely, and exquisite satin brocades draped the windows and doors, while resplendent gilt chandeliers threw a softening light over all. President Diaz also lived at Chapultepec and has left here many souvenirs. The view from the upper terraces and tower is wonderful. You look down the Paseo de la Reforma, which had been designed by Carlotta, into the city, and fifty miles away the twin volcanoes dominate the horizon. You seem to be in the centre of a huge plateau framed with blue mountains. A few words as to the fate of Maximilian. Discontent and enemies confronted him upon every side in this land of his adoption. Maximilian was advised to abdicate, and probably would have done so, but Carlotta was proud and ambitious and did not relish the idea of laying down

the sceptre. Carlotta went to France to intercede with Napoleon, who treated the Empress of Mexico with marked coolness, being too busy with his own affairs. Carlotta then sought an audience with the Pope, which proved no more satisfactory. The overwrought brain of the unfortunate Empress gave way beneath the burden of her troubles. Yet she always believed herself to be a great Empress still.

Maximilian was induced to leave Mexico City to lead his men, as he believed, against the enemy at Queretaro, the State renowned for opals. But he was betrayed and cast into prison with his faithful Generals Miramon and Mejia. The three were court-martialled and sentenced to death. Benito Juarez was then in power. The President of the United States tried to save Maximilian's life, and the Princess Salm-Salm rode 120 miles over rough country to implore Juarez to spare the Emperor. But Juarez remained pitiless. At daybreak on the 19th of June, 1867, the three were awakened and taken by carriage to a spot two miles outside the city. Here they were commanded to stand against an *adobe* wall. Maximilian embraced his generals, saying, "I am ready to die." He held a crucifix over his heart. Miramon stood on one side of him, Mejia on the other. The firing order was given; each received a death bullet. The place where they fell was marked by three long rough stones. In 1901 the Austrian Government erected a brown stone chapel over the site of the execution at a cost of \$10,000. The three stones

still remain, and on the centre stone, that of Maximilian, rests a wreath of artificial flowers. La Capilla de Maximiliano, as it is called, is kept locked, but you can see the stones through a window.

The remains of the ill-fated Emperor were eventually sent to Austria, and now rest in the Austrian Imperial vault in the Capuchin Church at Vienna.

General Miramon and General Mejia are buried in the Panteón of San Fernando, Mexico City, where the great dead of Mexico repose, and where Benito Juarez has the finest mausoleum in this national Valhalla.

To the tourist arriving at Mexico City and desiring to see everything of interest, I suggest that a month's stay at least is required. One way of passing a pleasant morning is to visit the Academia Nacional de San Carlos. This is a large, handsome edifice with a *patio* in Spanish colonial style. This picture gallery originated in 1778 in a school of engraving under the patronage of Charles the Third. As you walk through the rooms you find an enormous collection of old Spanish ecclesiastical paintings, which probably are of great value. Many fine masterpieces have come from the churches, convents and monasteries when original Murillos, Rubens, Guido Renis, Zubarans and Carrenos could be obtained. The Academy has likewise been enriched by several wealthy Mexicans who have bequeathed their art collections to the San Carlos.

There is such a repetition of early settlers, viceroys,

friars, archangels, Christs and madonnas, that one almost wearies at the sameness of the catalogue entries. Some pictures are splendidly painted and conceived, others mediocre. The Mexican artists showed some good landscapes. A picture of a Spanish wedding by Carlos Vasquez I admired, also a fine portrait of Charles the First, King of England. One dislikes such descriptions as "attributed to Murillo," Rubens, and so forth. It means nothing. The picture that impressed me the most was the torturing of Cuauhtemoc, the Aztec prince, by Cortés, which I have already described in the part dealing with his monument.

A painting of Christ amongst His apostles after His resurrection, the work of Francisco Zubaran, is considered to be the best picture in the Academy.

One must not omit to mention that splendid gift of Viscount and Viscountess Cowdray, the Cowdray Sanitorium (or *saniatorio*, Spanish), which stands in its own spacious grounds outside the *parque*. In this hospital one has the best of attention and every modern medical treatment which it is possible to procure.

A famous Virgin, but not to be compared in popularity with Our Lady of Guadalupe, is the patron Madonna of the Spaniards, known as "Our Lady of Los Remedios." Cortés brought this image of the Virgin from Spain, and it was this Virgin whom he placed on the altar in the Aztec *teocalli*. After he had torn down the idols of the Pagans, Cortés knelt

before the Virgin of Los Remedios and gave thanks to God. She became the favourite madonna of the early Spaniards, and her fame spread. To her all the rich Spanish grandees bequeathed their jewels. During the latter part of the Cortés reign this figure of the Virgin was stolen, and for many years its whereabouts remained a mystery. Subsequently the Virgin was found on the top of a mountain, in the heart of a maguey plant! The Catholics, rejoiced at having their madonna returned to them, erected a church for her and called it The Chapel of Nuestra Señora de los Remedios. A priest says mass and guards the sacred image, candles ever blaze at her shrine, and maids of honour are appointed to attend her. She has various petticoats which are trimmed with pearls, diamonds and emeralds. It is presumed that the wardrobe and jewels of Our Lady de Los Remedios are worth more than a million pesos. It is quite easy to motor to the north-west from Mexico City and visit this chapel and sacred Virgin on Sacrosanct Hill.

Mexico City has one of the most interesting museums in the world. It is unique because no nation has the Aztec collection of ruins, idols and all the paraphernalia of Aztec life. I was thunderstruck when I entered the huge Aztec hall and saw before me the real table used in the dim past for human sacrifices. It is a thick stone slab with a hollow for the blood to flow, and a sort of cup recessed into the

stone in which to hold a human heart. I felt faint and ill as if I myself had been sacrificed here thousands of years ago ; I looked around and noted hundreds of glaring stone idols, their tongues stuck out at me—or so it seemed. For I did not know, then, that it was the fashion for Aztec idols to be carved with their tongues thus protruding. The carving around the rim of the sacrificial stone represents a warrior holding a victim by the hair, for the purpose of sacrifice ; some of the victims are women. These natives are supposed to have been conquered by the God Totec in 1484, and are about to have their hearts removed. The sacrificial stone is 8 feet in diameter, $2\frac{3}{4}$ feet in thickness, and was unearthed on December 17th, 1791, near the Cathedral. Its huge weight made it impracticable to remove it. A canon of the church, who happened to be passing just as the workmen were about to break it up, rescued this historic stone on which heathen rites had so frequently taken place. The concavity for holding the heart was about 6 inches deep. It is hardly possible to visualize such horrors as that very stone embodies.



Huitzilopochtli (God of War)

This is an immense piece of porphyritic basalt crudely carved. The God of War with the impossible name, was one of the principal deities in the savage worship of the Aztecs. The legend is that this monster was born of a woman who had gone to pray in the temple. She saw a ball of variegated feathers



THE SACRIFICIAL STONE.

Up to the year 1522, thousands of Aztec people were decked in garlands of flowers and strapped to this stone couch, to be sacrificed to the Idols of the Aztecs. The great God of the Air is overlooking the stone of sacrifice.

which danced before her eyes. Raising her hand she caught it, and put it between her breasts. She became pregnant and the God of War was born. A ferocious, hungry idol, in the temples he wore chains of gold and silver hearts, and human hearts it is recorded he never tired of. The Aztecs were fond of tremendously long names. This word—if you can call it a word—occurs in the writings of Cortés. It has sixteen syllables, and is the name of a plant. Here it is :

Mihuiittilmoyoiccuitatonpicixochitl.

Pity the spelling-class in Aztec days! One of the most interesting gods—as they call them, although I consider idols to be the better word, for gods could not be cruel and bloodthirsty—and the most worshipped of all, was Quetzalcoatl, God of the Air. He figured also in the Toltec mythology, previous to the Aztecs. This god assumes the form of a feathered serpent, his popularity extending all over Mexico.

In most ruins were to be found relics of Quetzalcoatl, another of whose titles was “Lord of the Eastern Light and of the Winds.” In this museum there are many fragments and whole statues of the God of the Air. He has a serpent’s head, with huge strong teeth some six inches long, horrid eyes, often made of *itzili* or dark blue obsidian, a long undulating body like a serpent, and feathers. Often stone figures of Quetzalcoatl represent him as a coiled serpent with fangs visible. Hundreds of small gods are arranged

in rows. They have the most weirdly droll faces imaginable, and must have been hungry for human hearts, as each has a receptacle for a heart carved on his breast.

Two life-sized figures in granite, half recumbent, had amulets carved on their chests. They wore sandals and bracelets, and on their heads, almost classic in contour, was a low, flat head-dress. Their faces were turned towards the sun, for they worshipped Ra—the orb of day.

Huge plaques with ingenious carvings and broken images were here in profusion, also forests of distorted satyr heads with ghastly smiles—evil-seeming indeed.

Morning Star—Ilahuizcalpautequhtl—was a well-preserved goddess; she was more of an Eastern type, and wore a high stone turban. Two grotesque squat figures, reminding me of some I had seen in Egypt, stood side by side. One wore a sort of reed-plaited kilt, the other had a cloth wrapped around the body and knotted in front. Their hands were upraised, as if in blessing. I passed a gigantic stone basin, resting on two heads of gods. This was also for holding the blood during the sacrifices. One could not fail to notice a life-sized stone leopard with spots, its big mouth open in a fixed grin. Coatlicue—Goddess of Death—had small turquoises embedded in her cheeks, also red stones in her nose. A tall smiling god resembling a monkey had an obviously simian nose and wore a continual smile. There are

countless interesting figures, and then there is the Hall of Monoliths, where I found another sacrificial stone, 5 feet wide by 10 feet long and 1 foot thick. This is said to be the one at which the priests of Montezuma officiated.

The greatest treasure of the entire collection is the Aztec calendar stone, by means of which they computed the correct time—days, weeks, months, moon, sun, and stars. This piece is considered a wonder, and is the only calendar of its kind in the world. It is round, like a wheel, minutely carved, and weighs twenty-four tons. In the centre is a sphinx-like face, which, Aztec-like, has a hanging tongue. This face is that of Tonatiuh, and represents the sun, the arrow-heads represent the winds. All these circles, symbols, rings, hieroglyphs and multitudes of signs represent technicalities which I cannot describe. But here is the photograph which speaks for itself. I was greatly interested in the ancient Aztec picture-writing, which in some ways resembled the papyrus hieroglyphics of the Egyptians. The Aztec drew portraits, plants, emblems, and hieroglyphics which they could decipher, on the fabric made from the fibre of the maguey plant. This museum has yards upon yards of Aztec laws and writings painted crudely on such fibre. In other *salons* are marvellous collections of gowns, jewels, old Spanish carved chests, furniture of vice-regal days, pictures, a splendid state coach used by Maximilian, relics of Benito Juarez and Indian trappings and bead-work. The

book of Mexican history is spread before you, from Aztec days down to the latest revolution.

Just as the Mexican has a right to be proud of his unique museum, so he can be equally vainglorious of the splendid Holy Catholic church—the St. Peter's of Mexico. This imposing edifice occupies the entire north side of the Plaza Mayor, and its twin towers, domes, pinnacles and gargoyles combine with majestic effect. The façade is of grey sandstone and white marble, with enormously thick walls and immense buttresses. It is the largest and most splendid in Mexico—land of beautiful churches—and was the first Christian cathedral in the New World. Curiously enough its foundations are composed of the broken idols of the Aztec pagan gods which Cortés commanded to be destroyed. The cathedral stands upon a part of the site of the ancient Aztec *teocalli* (temple) where Montezuma paid homage to his gods.

The first church was completed in 1525. Afterward, as the years passed, it was rebuilt, enlarged, and has been continually worked upon and glorified, until it has culminated into its present perfection.

The cathedral cost the sum of 1,752,000 pesos, and the twin towers, which were completed later with the magnificent bells, added another 190,000 pesos to its value. Many rich Catholics donated gifts of silver, gold and jewels, which represented 1,870,000 pesos. There is a chalice covered with gems which is valued at 300,000 pesos. Incalculable is the wealth locked up in this cathedral of imposing splendour.

As you enter through the finely carved portal, you will notice that the interior is Doric and Gothic in its style. The central arches form a Latin cross, with seven chapels leading off from the side aisles. The massive organ occupies the middle of the nave, as is the custom in Spanish churches, and many confessionals of carved teak are passed. Rich and impressive is this interior, with its relics of mediæval historic interests—Spanish Renaissance, colonial, and vice-regal influences. One pauses to admire the chapels. What gilding, wealth of painting, beautiful medallions of saints framed in gold and oftentimes jewelled! The style is Baroque, the altars magnificent in decorations, the ceilings palatial indeed. The groups of saints, the angels and cherubs, the statues of the Virgin, niches encasing sublime upturned faces of saints and madonnas, each chapel was an amazing treasury of gorgeous ornamentation. The imposing dignity of this edifice erected to the Almighty imbued one with a feeling of perfect peace. I used to love to come here to sit and meditate.

The high altar reaches nearly to the vaulted ceiling. This is an artistic structure with grey granite for its foundation. Rising therefrom are numbers of pillars of beautiful green polished malachite, with gilt base and capitals. The group of figures represents hosts of angels, the saints and the Assumption of the Virgin—a most impressive and elegant conception. The pulpit is of onyx. Several Murillos are pointed out, one in the choir, and a very fine painting,

"The Virgin of Bethlehem," hangs in a small room behind the sacristy. This is noted as being the most valuable Murillo in the Republic. No one who had ever seen the *sacristia* (sacristy) could forget the enormous and wonderful paintings, of which there are six completely covering the entire walls. They are the largest pictures in Mexico, and remind me of that enormous canvas called "Paradise" in the Doge's Palace, Venice. Multitudes of faces, figures, saints and angels cover these gigantic super-canvases. These wonderful pictures have been vandally cut to fit doors that opened, or any aperture in the walls. The paintings representing the "Assumption of the Virgin" and the "Entry into Jerusalem" were the works of Juan Correa. "The Triumph of the Sacrament," "The Apocalypse," and "The Glory of St. Michael" are by Christobal de Villalpando. These paintings engender a grand awe-inspiring feeling. No matter how frequently you visit the sacristy, you will ever find faces in the canvas multitude that you had not previously remarked.

As you leave the cathedral you should climb up into one of the twin towers to see the tremendous bells—each is named—and from the tower enjoy the best views of Mexico City.

The Sagrario Metropolitano joins the cathedral and would appear to belong to it. It is, however, an independent church belonging to another parish. The city was divided into parishes in 1772. This magnificent church, one of the few remaining examples

of the Churrigueresque style, is remarkable for its beautiful carved façades and doors. The interior is equally as rich and elaborate as the cathedral. Mexico City possesses more than fifty churches, many of which are extremely fine.

CHAPTER XI

Making an Army's Uniforms

The Bull-fight—Quick Divorce in Yucatan—For Ransom—The Earthquake Scare

I MOTORED with my friend and a labour leader to one of the suburbs, where there is a large Government depot which can turn out 2,000 uniforms in a day, and where employment is found for nine hundred women and six hundred men. Ninety per cent of these women, or girls, appear young enough to be described as *signoritas*, although they are married and have babies. We shall inspect these baby wards later.

When we first entered this vast establishment, past the portal guarded by many armed soldiers, we were ushered into the director's room. We were introduced to several officials and officers, who were most polite, whilst one of their number was deputed to show us around. A huge court was next entered, where some hundred volunteers of a labour battalion were about to leave for the battlefields. A fine show they made, all being young and eager to fight.

They told us they had been most impatient to go, and the officer remarked that they could not keep

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them back any longer. These volunteers wore smart dark brown uniforms lined or trimmed with cardinal, white canvas leggings, and brown caps on which was a wide red band stamped G.R.O.M.

They had a row of cartridges across each shoulder, and many carried their big, finely-woven Mexican hats slung on their back with their blanket, or *sarape*.

We said "Buenos dias," and "Adios" to several of the men. Then they lined up, were inspected and marched off.

As I watched them pass out through the portal, my heart was sad for them. Of course, patriotism is a wonderful emotion, but I recalled our own war—or the Great War, I should have written; I saw thousands of fit young men embarking on the trains for France, just as these men were now embarking for Puebla. Some return, some never.

We turned our steps to the babies' apartment. The women who work at this establishment bring their babies here, where they are placed in the hands of young nurses. The inmates of this ward are aged from two to five. They are washed and clothed in clean cotton frocks, shoes and socks adjusted, their hair combed, braided, or tied with ribbon, and very bonny they looked. Some had dark olive complexions with cherry-red lips and cheeks. Nearly all Mexican children have beautiful eyes with long lashes. They are fed at stated times, and we saw large bowls of milk, gas-jets on which to heat the food, and refrigerators to cool it. They had a charming

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kindergarten school for these tots—above the white walls were amusing frescoes of ducks, dogs, fat babies, flowers, Mother Goose and fairy legends. There were rows of little low white desks and chairs for these youngsters, and even cots, so that they could be put to bye-bye if they felt inclined.

This is an excellent system for the care of the Mexican men and women of the future. Formerly, these mothers who worked in the Government factory left their babies in some small, perhaps dirty, hut or room, and the little ones were neglected. It is President Obregon who has given his personal attention to this philanthropic and well-conducted establishment. He took over an enormous convent and converted it into a practical institution which gives employment to 1,500 souls. These clean little children playing in the bright sunshine in a flower-spangled courtyard made a picture pleasant to remember.

We next climbed many high stone staircases and passed through long corridors which once had echoed only to the footsteps of the silent nuns. We entered a long dining hall where, seated at tables, were over a thousand workers at luncheon, one end of the hall being reserved for men, and the other for women.

President Obregon has many enemies amongst the Church dignitaries, as he would not permit the Church to retain these great convents and monasteries. He declared that they should rightly be used for the benefit of the State. And so used they are.

Men and women workers wore blue cotton clothing



TWO AZTEC GODS.

They were very like some of the Inca Idols of Peru. One wears a reed-plaited kilt, her hands are upraised as if in blessing. The other is supposed to be the God of Death, the knots of the garment are symbolical of Life and Death.

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—the women workers wearing blue caps as well. They bring their baskets of food from their homes, and every basket is numbered as is every seat at the long grey-painted tables. Every individual has a number sewn on his or her breast, so that there is no confusion as to placing.

At frequent intervals small tanks of filtered water are passed down the tables, and at two tables they had some bottles of milky, green-looking pulque, some of which was offered us, but we decided not to be tempted. I glanced at the contents of their baskets—bread, rice, meat, fruit, and always the beans, or *frijoles*. Both men and women regarded us most curiously. My friend was very pretty and well-dressed; my own garments were from London, and thus were strange in style to the Mexicanos. Our labour party friend joked in Spanish with the people as we passed down the centre aisle. All appeared content and smiling, certainly there was no feeling of *rebellion* here. The women's band offered to play for us—this was really kind, because they work on the piece-work system, and the time they gave us was a loss to them. We were conducted into a huge theatre, which could seat over a thousand people. The seats were wide wooden arm-chairs, and around the walls Mexican scenes were pictured. In a few minutes a dozen or more women appeared on the stage, bringing their various instruments, violins, mandolins, zithers, a harp and guitars. This women's band was most enthusiastically received by an audience of—four.

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They played very well indeed. There is a rather sweet, sad strain underlying all the music of Mexico, reminding one of Russian melodies. I thought what a furore this women's band would create at the Savoy or Carlton in London, especially if they were dressed in the Mexican costumes, with huge "charro" hats embroidered in gold and silver, plaited skirts glistening with mica and worked designs of brilliant colours, and wearing their immensely long ear-rings. It *would* be something unique. This excellent concert ended with the Mexican Anthem, one of the most inspiring of national hymns. After many thanks and "adios," we explained that we were grateful, as they had thoughtfully volunteered their time. The employees earn from two and a half to eight pesos a day, according to their capability. We then went through what appeared to be miles of corridors in which hundreds of sewing machines run by electric power were stitching men's uniforms—of a darkish grey-green. Uniforms were stacked in heaps for repairs, boot-laces were being cut and pointed, buttonholes by the million were being perfected. Busy indeed was this arena. Our labour friend told us that bales of material which they needed badly had been held up at Vera Cruz. Our last visit was to the infants' corridor, where we were received by a stout, pleasant-faced matron. On each side were rows of white cots or swinging cradles. Little mattresses, blankets and sheets were spotless, and over the head of each cradle a white mosquito net was draped and tied with a blue

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ribbon. Huge air filters kept the temperature healthy for the infants, as well as small electric heaters. Among these chubby boys may be a future President, or the girls may provide many a future woman of note. "Quién sabe?"

By this time a few of the women had finished their work, and came to claim their respective infants and take them home. As these mothers gathered their babies to their breasts, the mother's holy love illumined each countenance. Such love is the light and hope of the world.

There was not much to chronicle about the revolution yesterday (Sunday). Thousands visited the bull-ring on the occasion of Rodolfo Gaona's benefit. He is a veteran of the El Toreo ring, the "Caliph" of this so-called sport. A friend of mine, an English-woman, who has lived many years in Mexico, a leader of the British colony, attends the bull-ring nearly every Sunday. She is ever asking me to accompany her, and says "You can close your eyes when the horses are tossed." I have seen one bull-fight, but I love horses and cannot bear to see them hurt. This friend described yesterday's performance as superb. Gaona knelt before the bulls, leapt over them, and had hairbreadth escapes, using his cape to the greatest advantage. His costume was a delicate sky-blue brocade covered with massive gold embroideries, and as he entered the ring the cheers and applause were deafening. The first bull was a large, lively

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specimen, and like a streak of lightning he made for the nearest horse. He tossed and ripped into the poor blindfolded animal, the picador was hurled into space, and a heaped mass of entrails, blood and hide was all that remained of the horse. And the maddened bull tore on. After a long conflict with this ferocious bovine, Gaona thrust his sword up to the hilt into the heart of the beast, who rolled over, dead. Men, women and children rose from their seats shouting and applauding, hats and canes were thrown into the ring by the men, the *señoras* and beautiful *señoritas* threw flowers and doves to their favourite matador, "hurrahs," and "vivas!" rent the air, and Rodolfo Gaona, happy and proud as a king, stood smiling and bowing his acknowledgments.

It was a great day for "The Caliph." Five other bulls were fated to be slaughtered in like manner. There are always six bulls in every Sunday's fight, and sometimes eight. My friend waxed enthusiastic over Gaona's act, but shrugged her shoulders rather contemptuously, and described the other bulls "as tame as goats."

Divorce in twelve hours!

The papers stated this morning that Señor Felipe Carrillo Puerto, the socialist Governor of Yucatan, had been shot at Merida, the capital, by the order of the rebels. This announcement aroused a great deal of talk; people commented "it could not be true." Even President Obregon issued an announce-

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ment expressing his regret. The members of the Regional Confederation of Labour have been endeavouring to investigate the reason why the socialist leader should have been killed. It was learned that the Governor had been confined in the Merida penitentiary ever since the De la Huerta activity began. Carrillo Puerto had many friends and admirers who described him as a charming, hospitable, very lovable man, one of a remarkably strong character. I had indeed been given a letter of introduction to him, as I expected to study archæology in Yucatan and Mitla. This socialist governor, who, they say, had 119 relatives in the Government service, altered several laws in Yucatan, one of which has been a boon to many. He made it possible for a divorce to be obtained in twelve hours! Really, the most amorous couple could scarcely condemn such a process as slow! There are assuredly many people in this world who wish that Yucatan were not so far away.

The Governor was engaged to be married to a fair American journalist from the west coast of the U.S.A. After a time, however, there was such an outburst of derision over this convenient law, that the Governor changed the twelve hours' regulation into one of five days. Thus the law stands at the present time.

I happened to know several people who were sincerely fond of Carrillo Puerto, and when the news of his death was announced, they wept bitterly.

After a few days his death was contradicted by the

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papers, who reported that the Governor had gone to a sanatorium for his health. Some time having elapsed, rumours of his death again circulated. Finally it was confirmed that the Governor of Yucatan, his three brothers, and thirteen of his followers faced a firing squad on the day that his death was first announced. Truth is difficult to discover.

It is not pleasant for grown men to be abducted and held up for ransom, as is so prevalent in these revolutionary days. Here are two instances out of a thousand :

F. G. Mackenzie, a Canadian oil man, has been held up for the past several weeks, hidden by the rebel, Hipolito Villa, who refused to release him until he received the sum of \$200,000. To prevent him being killed, the money was paid. His sister wrote that her brother was in good health.

B. D. Bassett, American mining engineer, controlling the Cobre mines at Velardena, Durango, was also captured by Hipolito Villa, who demanded 5,000 pesos. The money was paid and Mr. Bassett freed.

Raymond Brell, an American ranch owner, was warned to keep away from his ranch as the bandit rebels were lying in wait for him.

No man's life is safe, or woman's either, for that matter. They take the men who are known to have money, or who have wealthy companies behind them who will pay.

CHAPTER XII

San Angel & Guadalupe

Indian Pilgrimages—Destiny of Doña Marina—Local Hints about
Hotels and restaurants—Guadalupe—The Lourdes of Mexico—
Wonderful Crown of the Madonna

FOR a few days I have been laid up with a particularly vile attack of influenza, which is prevalent on account of the tornados of germ-laden dust.

One of the many interesting excursions in the environs of Mexico City is by motor or tram to the quaintly situated San Angel Inn. The distance is eight and a half miles south-west, the tram journey occupying about a half an hour. Many Americans live at San Angel, where they have established quite a colony which they call "Alta Vista." The menfolk go into the city for business and return to sleep in the purer atmosphere, as this suburb is three hundred feet higher than Mexico City. Many orchards surround these homes, and pears, apples, quinces, peaches and strawberries are cultivated in profusion. They claim that in Mexico City strawberries are procurable throughout the entire year.

Beautiful gardens and flowering hedges abound on

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every side, and the distant mountains form a magnificent background to the landscape. The San Angel Inn is a favourite honeymoon resort for wealthy Mexicans, and upon arriving one is pleasantly impressed by the natural beauty of the place. The house is built in the Spanish style with deep verandahs. In the centre of the inn is an exquisite small chapel with crosses; in the *patio* a large, splendid banana tree, beds of roses, bougainvillea, clumps of heliotrope, beside a splashing fountain. A fine view of the Valley of Mexico from the verandah restaurant attracts the eye. The cuisine, said to be the best in Mexico, is superintended by the owner, Madame Jeanne Roux, who is of French nationality. "I came to Mexico to stay two months," she said, "and have remained thirty years." In the evenings Madame's numerous clientèle, attracted by the excellent French cuisine, motor to the San Angel Inn, dine, and there is dancing with jazz music. A nice suite with modern bath and every comfort, including meals, can be obtained for 25 pesos a day or 12½ dollars American.

The old town of San Angel (Holy Angel) dates from the sixteenth century, and has a population of 12,000 people. In the *plaza*, with its stately trees and parterres of flowers, I noticed some peons rather intoxicated. There are many fine specimens of the maguey cactus in this vicinity, hundreds of litres of pulque being extracted daily. This the peons absorb copiously, with the result that they go mad, and want to shoot anyone who ventures their way.

Many Indians have arrived to pay their homage to patron saint, Señora del Carmen. A Carmelite convent was established in 1615 at San Angel. The church is very old, with wonderful tiled domes of the Mudejar type, each a different blend of colouring. One of its paintings is attributed to Murillo.

I liked to watch the Indians; they were busy putting up tents and spreading out their wares to sell on straw mats, after the way of their forefathers on pilgrimage hundreds of years ago.

There were quaint pieces of pottery, bead work, cheap wooden toys, *sarapes* in a multitude of colours, sombreros, vegetables, peppers and fruit piled high, and rolls of bright shades of cotton cloth. Deep purples and vivid pinks appeared the favourite shades, judging from the number of Indian girls who had set the fashion. Several old women over a few sticks of firewood were baking and moulding the thin small tortillas, of which the Indians eat dozens. These Indians will probably remain for a couple of weeks, pay their annual devotions, then tramp back to their native villages in the mountains. We returned through Chapultepec *parque*.

There is a legend that Doña Marina, the Indian interpreter and beloved of Cortés, who was the first converted Christian woman in all Mexico, haunts this *parque*. The Indians claim they have seen her ghost in the dark, peaceful glades. We motored through this part very slowly, but were not favoured by even a fitting sign of the dusky Marina.

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It may be of interest to know what became of Marina (child of destiny). Her mother sold her to some traders in order to get her out of the way, as she wished her brother to hold the inheritance. Cortés could scarcely have enjoyed the great success that was his had not the Indian girl, who always stood by his side, been able to interpret the many languages and dialects of the savages. After the conquest of Mexico, Cortés took Marina to her native country, a province of Coatzacoalco. Here she met her mother and generously forgave her, even presenting her with some of her jewels in evidence of her Christian spirit of pardon. In an expedition with Cortés to Honduras, Marina met a noble, a Castilian knight, Don Juan Xamarillo. Cortés gave her large estates in her native province, and she married her Castilian and retired to a quiet family life. The Spaniards loved Marina with unbounded affection. She had never shirked hardship, and in battle had been as brave as the men. The Aztecs gave her the name of "Malinche." Once Marina was captured by the Aztecs, and would certainly have been sacrificed to the grinning idols had not the Cortés men fought for her like tigers and succeeded in rescuing her. Marina had a son by Cortés—Don Martin Cortés, who rose to be an important commander. For some reason, in 1568, he was suspected of treason against the Government, and was persecuted. The influence of his distinguished father, however, could not protect him in this case, and he

was put to the torture in the Aztec capital, very much in the manner in which his father had tortured the last Aztec prince—Cuauhtemoc. Does not history repeat itself?

My next visit was to our British Consul-General, Mr. Norman King, who is most popular and always genially obliging. In these strenuous times, when life is uncertain, if one is to be buried or married, or is taking a step of some importance, one is confident that Mr. King will superintend matters with dignity and human kindness. Such representatives make England beloved abroad.

What a contrast to the proud, frozen-faced Britisher, who, in some legations, adopts a supercilious attitude, and whose manner suggests resentment at your breathing the air of his own domain! A party of us were invited to an "at home" at Mr. King's. He lives in a charming old-fashioned house, which we entered through a beautiful Spanish garden, at Tlalpan, eleven miles outside the city. Mr. King is a clever artist, with a splendid eye for colour, and we greatly admired several of the fine pictures from his facile brush which adorned his home. A traveller in many parts of the world, he possesses a rare collection of curios.

During my stay in Mexico I also attended a dinner-party given by Mr. King. It was unique, inasmuch as we all dressed up as Mexican and Spanish grandees. Dancing followed the dinner. It was the first time I had seen the *jarabe*—pronounced *harabe*—danced,

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an exceedingly graceful measure, by the way. Madame Pavlova learned it when she visited Mexico. Naturally it must be danced in Mexican costume, and the steps are as fascinating as they are graceful. At last the man, or wooer, throws his huge sombrero on the floor, and the girl dances round inside the brim of his hat. It is most pretty, unusual and effective. As a host our Consul-General was a great success, and we all voted him our thanks for a delightful evening.

I motored to the hotel with Mr. and Mrs. Conway. George Graham Conway is another well-beloved Britisher; he is at the head of all charitable, sports, clubs, and other English interests in Mexico City, and is the able representative of the British company responsible for the water power, light and tram company, *Compania Mexicana de Lux y Fuerza Motrix S.A.* If one wants a favour, one usually goes to George Conway and is seldom disappointed. Mr. and Mrs. Conway entertain delightfully. Mr. Conway is an expert on rare books, and he can tell you more about the early English explorers, from Madoc, son of Owen Gwywedd in the year 1170, than anyone I have ever met. His lectures on the early explorers are intensely interesting; he has also published several books.

There is no lack of hotels in Mexico City, or of restaurants. I should say the *Genève*, my present residence, is the best. The *Princess* is first class, and is frequented by many in the diplomatic circle. There are also the *Régis* Hotel and the *Ansonia* Hotel, both

owned by the same company, and the Guardiola, which is in the Ave. Madero, the heart of the city. I can recommend the Imperial. Also there are many smaller establishments. People coming from the great capitals, and used to the immense hotels de luxe of to-day, will, however, be disappointed with all the hotels of Mexico City. Of restaurants Sanborn's is regarded as representative; La Opera, a French restaurant, usually has very good food, although it varies.

Consul de R—— gave a farewell dinner at La Opera which I have rarely seen equalled. Café Chapultepec, pleasantly situated in the *parque*, has the reputation of having very good food—and high prices. Sylvains, Abels to dine and dance, The Colon, Bach's and Loubens are the most frequented.

Theatres and cinemas, especially the latter, are spread over every locality. The Olympica and Salon Rojo are the best cinemas; a very fine one I saw in process of erection on the Paseo de la Reforma.

Often I have taken the tramcar to the renowned Guadalupe, which is situated in a dirty, slummy road. You start from the *plaza* and pass through the older part of the city, a journey of some three miles, to the cathedral.

First you see the poorer Mexicans, and farther along you will notice many brilliant pulque shops, with the red, white and green-fringed paper fluttering over the door. The outside of the pulque shops on this route are painted in most vivid colours, and

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depict all sorts of startling acts, such as the rancho bandit abducting the struggling maid, cock-fighting, and shooting the villain.

The Indian from the country stands and gazes, thinking the pictures most attractive, then he strolls in, taps the pulque, and before long is sprawling over a chair or table, drowsily happy. Eventually the tram stops in rather a pretty green *plaza*, in which there is a statue to the patriot Miguel Hidalgo, whom they shot. Before one stands the most holy and venerated cathedral in Mexico, built in honour of its patron Virgin—Our Lady of Guadalupe. Hundreds of thousands of Mexicans yearly pay their tribute of adoration to this Holy Virgin. The Doric cathedral is exceedingly impressive, both inside and out, and is considered to be artistically perfect. The Lady of Guadalupe holds the hearts of the people, and on the 12th of December multitudes come to worship at her shrine.

Guadalupe is the Lourdes of Mexico, and innumerable miracles of healing are gratefully acknowledged. The story of Our Lady begins in 1531—ten years after the conquest of Mexico and the introduction of Christianity into this savage land of the *nopal* (cactus). There existed a poor Indian, by name Juan Diego, who had been instructed in the Christian religion by the Franciscan friars. Walking over the mountains of Tepeyacac, early one morning, he saw a glorious light and heard wonderful melodies. Then out of the light the Holy Virgin appeared before



THE LOURDES OF MEXICO.

The Chapel of the Sacred Well at Guadalupe. Fortunate indeed is the baby who can be baptised with the water from this Holy Well. Many miracles of healing have taken place in the name of Our Lady of Guadalupe, as testified by the enormous collection of cast-off crutches and appreciative golden hearts which decorate the interior.

him. The Indian was frightened. The glorious Virgin told him that she desired to be the protector of the Indians of Mexico, and that he must go to the bishop and tell him she desired that place of worship be erected for her. The Indian went, and endeavoured to see the bishop, Fray Juan de Zumarraga, but was driven away.

The next day the Indian came to the same spot, and again perceived the rainbow light as of crushed jewels; again the melody sounded in his ears. The Holy Virgin appeared, and asked him the result of his commission. The Indian replied that they would not permit him to speak to the bishop.

“Return, and tell the bishop that the Virgin Mary, Mother of Jesus Christ, sends thee.” Juan Diego again went to the bishop, saw him, and delivered the Holy Mother’s message.

The bishop would not believe the Indian—and replied, “Bring me proof of what you claim.”

On the 12th of December the Indian returned for the third time. The apparition of the Virgin awaited him. She commanded him to climb to the high rock of Tepeyacac and gather some roses which were growing there. The astonished Indian knew full well that the rock was barren, that not even a blade of grass grew there. Yet, humbly, he obeyed the Holy Virgin’s commands. To his astonishment he found the roses, which he gathered and brought to the Virgin Mary. She threw them into his *tilma* (mantle) and said, “Go, show these roses to the bishop as a

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proof of me, and my desire for a church to be built on this spot and dedicated to the Virgin of Guadalupe." The amazed Indian went to the episcopal home, and entered the presence of the prelate. He solemnly unfolded his *tilma* to show the bishop the roses—and there imprinted on the coarse maguey *tilma* was the perfect image of the Holy Mother as she had appeared to him. A miracle, which no one up to the present day can otherwise explain.

The Virgin's hair was pictured as black and parted in the centre, the eyes downcast, the face sweet and serene. She was robed in a long tunic of a lovely shade of rose, flecked with gold. Over this was a full cloak of blue, resembling velvet, and embroidered with forty-six golden stars. A cross is depicted hanging from her neck. The bishop, awed with reverential astonishment, gave the order for the church to be erected on the exact spot chosen by the Holy Mother.

The original miraculous portrait of the Virgin enclosed in a rich frame of gold, and inlaid with pearls and diamonds, is placed above the altar of the Virgin. I thought the beautiful, holy face of the Divine Mother, the colouring, the attitude of the figure, to be heavenly.

Men of science have sworn that they cannot account for the manner of its production or its subsequent preservation. The colour effect, and the rays of gold, have not been applied by any known process. For

many years it was exposed without any covering, and yet after 393 years the picture is as perfect as when first disclosed. Inside the church, with its huge Corinthian columns, its structures of marbles and bronzes, its magnificently rich paintings by the old masters, its angels of silver, its crosses, the exquisite domes and ceilings, painted in blue—the colour of the Virgin's mantle—and dotted with golden stars, the effect is superb. There are numberless electric bulbs and tapers; and then the natural light pouring down through stained-glass windows threw rays of gold and purple and rose as a colourful blessing upon all assembled. The massive silver candelabra, holding immense candles, were twined around with ropes of white azaleas. Huge silver urns decorated the high altar of the Virgin, which blazed with thousands of candles. The colour scheme of the interior is blue and silver; the altar of silver, marble, and bronze is estimated to have cost 381,000 pesos.

The bishop officiated at the High Mass in cope and mitre, assisted by six priests in full regalia of brocade, lace and gold. The incense rose in perfumed clouds. The great, magnificent organ pealed forth subdued melody which appeared as if descending from heavenly spheres. One of the most impressive scenes I have ever witnessed was the long procession of Indians, the young and the old, each holding a lighted candle in one hand, ambling forward on their knees on the black and white marble floor to the beautiful flower-

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draped altar of the Holy Mother. There is the sublime image which all may see, the patron saint of the Indians. These Indians are clean to-day, and have brought their entire families, including the tiny babies, to pay homage to Our Lady.

The humble reverence, the pious inspiration of glory divine depicted on the faces of these poor Indians, who had travelled far to participate in this sanctification, was a spectacle one could never forget.

Outside in the dazzling sunshine, crowds of Indians and Mexicans were circulating about the stands, buying and eating small round yellow maize cakes called *gorditas de la Virgin*. Much buying and selling was in progress, as the Indians bring many knick-knacks which they have made, and exchange them for souvenirs of the Virgin, which the priests have blessed, such as little framed portraits, charms, crosses and rosaries.

History records that Juan Diego and his Indian wife took the vows of chastity, and lived a most Christian life in a small house near the chapel, where he died in 1548, at the age of seventy, and was buried in the church near the Virgin's shrine.

The Chapel of the Well, with its tile-covered domes, should be visited. It is a place of great veneration, where many miracles of healing have testified to the miraculous power of the Holy Mother. The sacred well is enclosed by an iron railing, and devotees are continually filling bottles with the holy water, which finds its way all over Mexico. Blessed indeed is the

baby who is baptized with water from the Holy Well of Guadalupe.

The Crown of the Holy Mother, given by the Mexican ladies of nobility and wealth, is said to be the most wonderful crown in the world. In the making of it these ladies parted with their finest jewels, many of which were priceless heirlooms.

This crown is protected by a steel safe, and is shown only on the *fiesta* of the Virgin, or some great ceremonial occasion. A letter of introduction from a well-known citizen, accompanied by a very generous tip to the sacristan, usually enables you to view this marvellous crown. The gold setting alone cost \$30,000. It is French in workmanship, and was designed by Edward Morgan of Paris. The jewels contributed by the great ladies of Mexico represent 800,000 pesos. This imperial diadem stands $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, and measures 4 feet in circumference. The rim at the base is composed of twenty-two enamelled shields, which represent the twenty-two dioceses of Mexico. Above this is a circle of angels issuing from roses of solid gold, then come festoons of gold roses and diamond stars. These cluster at the top, under an enamelled geographical globe on which Mexico and the Gulf are represented. Above, is a Mexican eagle, grasping the globe with one talon, while the other talon holds aloft a big diamond Cross. In the breast of each angel a ruby glows.

This crown is acknowledged to be the finest piece of ecclesiastical workmanship known.

182 San Angel & Guadalupe

On the *fiesta* of the Virgin, multitudes assemble to worship at the Holy Mother's shrine. It is so crowded that accidents frequently occur, and it is impossible to get even near the *plaza*.

Such is the adoration of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

CHAPTER XIII

Chapultepec Park

War News at the Capital—Federal Victory at Pachuca—Rebellion
Stories—Robberies and Hold-ups

January 8th, 1924.

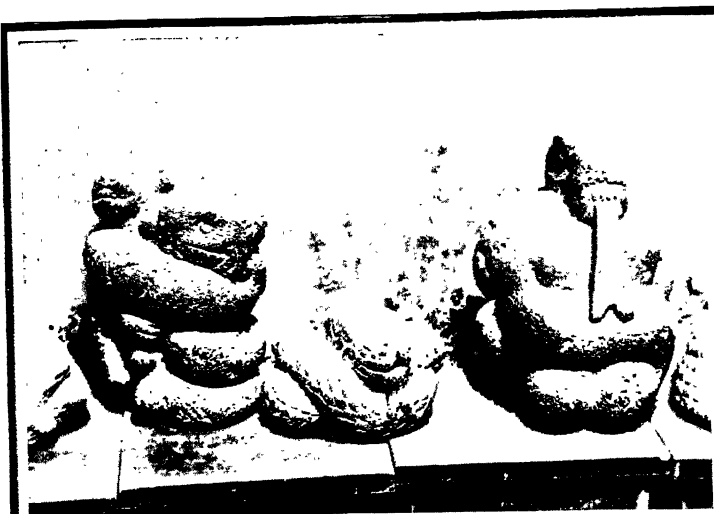
EVERY Obregonist felt rather cheerful when it was announced to-day that the United States had put an embargo on arms, in order to prevent the purchase by the revolutionists of war munitions in America. They also announced a fine of ten thousands dollars and two years' confinement in prison to anyone found shipping or sending war material into Mexico. President Coolidge took a very firm attitude in the matter, for which the followers of the President are extremely grateful. Some say, "*Now*, the Government is bound to win, if they have the support of the United States." Other Mexicans hate the States and talk about the thousands of acres which Uncle Sam has annexed from Mexico—the broad lands of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. To these people the idea of any interference by Americans in the politics of Mexico is obnoxious, whether it be for good or ill. There you have two different views. In the north, Senator Johnson attacks the Coolidge administration for supplying

arms to Obregon, Senator Bursum of New Mexico declaring this act "an unwarranted interference in the domestic affairs of the nation."

From Vera Cruz all sorts of wild rumours are issued, and the rebels are confident of marching into the capital.

The Minister of War—Francisco R. Serrano—stated yesterday that the Federal soldiers will simultaneously attack the rebels at Vera Cruz and Jalisco. Thus the pendulum sways. A very unhappy surprise awaited every citizen to-day, as the Government has announced that, commencing 1924, all salaries above 300 pesos a month will be taxed, also that an additional tax of ten per cent will be exacted by the Government on all exports and imports, with the exception of the ten per cent tax of the railroads, and taxes for the production and exportation of oil. It is claimed that these increased taxes are intended for the payment of Mexico's public debt. It is anticipated that 320 million pesos will be gathered from income in 1924. No business will therefore be exempt from this tax. This law will interfere with many people who have come to reside in Mexico so as to avoid the taxation in other countries.

Let us leave the problems and the revolution, and take a drive up the beautiful Paseo de la Reforma, which is laid out in much the same style as the Champs Elysée of Paris, although never completed—nothing is ever completed in Mexico City! Some one has a magnificent idea, as with the Chamber of Deputies



QUETZALCOATL.

Other forms of Quetzalcoatl, "Lord of the Eastern Light and of the Winds." This time the God takes the form of a serpent with fangs exposed.

A LIFE SIZED STONE LEOPARD

With spots and a perpetual grin, who held a high place in the Pagan worship of the Aztecs,

and the National Theatre. The buildings rise up from the earth, colossal edifices promising dignity and splendour, and there they remain unfinished and probably never will be completed. The *paseo*, the fashionable *avenida* of the city, is two miles in length, and leads to Chapultepec Park. Translated from the Aztec, Chapultepec means "grasshopper hill," because it was infested with these lively insects. This beautiful, wide boulevard was constructed by order of the Emperor Maximilian, and the Empress Carlotta was responsible for the double row of eucalyptus trees planted along its entire length. The drive was finished in 1866. A great many of the original trees have perished, and palms are growing in their place. We pass several monuments, the bronze equestrian statue of Charles IV, that of Christopher Columbus, and the tall, imposing statue of Cuauhtémoc, the last Prince of the Aztecs. This statue is worthy of a great prince, no less than 25,000 lbs. of bronze having been used in its construction. The height from the ground to the plumed *panache* of the prince's headdress is sixty-six feet.

Four massive bronze tablets depict episodes of the conquest. One of these tablets shows the fiendish torturing of Cuauhtémoc by Cortés in order to force the Aztec ruler to disclose the hidden treasures and gold collected by Montezuma, the Aztec Emperor who had already been killed. Cuauhtémoc declared that they had no gold, whereupon Cortés allowed his Spanish soldiers to torture the Lord of the Aztecs.

They tied him hand and foot, then lit a fire of wood just under his feet, the flames rising and licking the blistering feet of the prince, who lay back with clenched hands nobly suffering the agony of the damned. The anguished expression on the face of the Aztec is graphically portrayed. Near him stands a staunch friend, an Aztec lord, who is aghast at the sight of his sovereign's miseries; he groans in sympathy, and implores the prince to disclose where the gold is hidden. The proud prince scathingly replied, "Am I taking my pleasure in my bath?" meaning a bath of fire. Cortés stands by, a witness to the torture. Notwithstanding all the sufferings of the prince, the only information they could extract from him was that a great deal of gold had been thrown into the lake. Whereupon the greedy Cortés commanded his best divers to proceed immediately to the lake—and Cuauhtémoc was released.

The Indians and Aztecs foregather at the base of this monument each year on August 21st to pay homage to their Aztec prince on the anniversary of his torture. Then a scene of weirdness presents itself. The descendants of the Aztecs wear their original costumes, dances are indulged in, and orators recall the heroic deeds in the warrior-prince's life. This interesting and unique statue cost \$37,000, and was ordered to be erected by Porfirio Diaz, President of the Republic. Mexico City is rich in monumental splendours.

Although they shoot most of their great men in

life, when they are dead they reincarnate them in marble or bronze.

Fine motor-cars dash along the *paseo*, side by side with noisy tin Fords, camiones full of dirty people, often with a pulque-sodden driver who has no idea of the rules of traffic ; cavaliers on wild-looking horses, and maybe in the romantic "charro" costumes, and police in dark blue and vivid green uniforms on motor-cycles. Life, bustle and picturesque march hand in hand. On each side at frequent intervals are wide stone seats with high ornamented backs, whereon you can rest and watch the ever-changing procession. Some handsome homes and beautiful flower gardens along the drive add to the attractiveness of the scene. An especially nice house is pointed out to me as belonging to a favourite toreador.

One could not fail to note and admire the glorious El Monumento à la Independencia Nacional, with its glittering golden-winged figure of Victory, which in the blazing sun shines gloriously and can be seen from every part of the city. It is truly a magnificent monument. The weight of the winged Victory in gilded bronze equals 7,000 kilos. In one hand is a laurel wreath, in the other a broken chain emblematic of freedom from bondage, representative of the young Republic of Mexico.

The construction of this monument began in 1901 and was finished in 1910, at a cost of \$2,154,000.

We soon pass between two huge gilded lions on tall,

impressive pedestals, and enter Chapultepec Park, or "parque," as they call it. A land of enchantment greets the eye. It is magnificent in size, and can compare creditably with any park of London, Paris, New York, San Francisco or other capitals. The laying out of its beauty spots has been greatly assisted by nature. The giant ahuehuete trees, hoary with age, are extremely interesting; some are hung with garlands of grey trailing Spanish moss, just as you see in the southern states of America, imparting rather a ghostly effect. They are the patriarchs of the forest, no one knows how long they have stood in the Valley of Mexico. The largest of these trees is known as the Arbol de Montezuma—tree of Montezuma. Its height is 200 feet and girth 45 feet. It is one of two hundred fine specimens of ahuehuete trees, or giant cypresses, found in Chapultepec.

Other trees are the graceful pepper trees, with their red berries, palms in great variety, pines, and a multitude of forest beauties. There are pergolas smothered in roses, parterres of brilliant blossoms, a cactus garden of hundreds of varieties, little gurgling brooks, glades under dark pines, Montezuma's bath, set in a lovely garden, the large frog fountain copied from one at Sevilla—a thousand and one fascinating objects, walks and drives all combine to make Chapultepec live in one's memory. Many delightful drives have I enjoyed in this beautiful retreat. No one would believe that revolution stalked the country. Surrounded by nature you forget it.

There is a good restaurant, the Chapultepec, which you note as you enter the park, and a beautiful lake with a charming villa on its banks, formerly the home of General De la Huerta, and previous to that the quarters of the Automobile Club.

In harking back to the Aztecs: when they, as a foreign race, invaded the Valley of Mexico, they camped near the present duck pond, which in those days was a fair-sized lake. The site of Mexico City was an island set in the salt lake of Texcoco. Under Montezuma II, this site became an important city called Tenochtitlan, and Montezuma utilized the hill of the grasshoppers, or Chapultepec, as a fortress. He established his summer palace here, his harem, baths and hunting-box.

January 11th, 1924.—The dawn has ushered in a day which all superstitious Mexicans have dreaded for months past, for Mr. Wheeler, the British savant who prophesied the Japan earthquake, has predicted that on January 11th Mexico City would be entirely destroyed. What our fate is to be to-day God only knows! This morning, when I drew up my blinds, the glorious sunshine poured in from a cloudless sky—it was cheerful at any rate. As a man said to me yesterday, “One can’t be a pessimist in this sun-bathed country, no matter what dreadful news of the rebellion reaches us.” Many people in sheer fright made an exodus from the city to the surrounding hills and open places, and will remain away until we are either destroyed or the

danger has passed. Strangely enough, slight local earth tremors were reported from Durango and Chihuahua which added to the anxiety of the tormented. All day yesterday and last night the churches were filled with devotees who prayed for mercy. The patron Saint of Mexico, the Virgin of Guadalupe, was implored to save the people and the fair city. Hundreds of the faithful made pilgrimages to the picturesque Villa de Guadalupe to invoke the Virgin's protection and avert the anticipated catastrophe. It was almost impossible to enter the beautiful church, so crowded was it with Indians and Mexicans kneeling on the stone floor and praying for mercy. Occasionally I look up at the clear sky, and my thoughts wander to Pompeii, Etna and Pele at Kilauea, each of which I have visited, and I wonder what weather *they* experienced before the destruction began.

We must, as Asquith advised, "Wait and see." Whatever the feelings of the frightened ones of to-day, who are made doubly nervous by the apprehension of war news, they can in no way approach the horror and dread of the sacrificial victims in the days of the Aztec kings, when hundreds of humans, garlanded with flowers, stood in line awaiting the summons of the priests in the *teocalli* to be tied to the sacrificial stone and have their living hearts torn from them and placed before the idols. Such torture is inconceivable, yet historically true.

This January 11th affords us yet further excitement, as it is almost the first time that the newspapers,

The El Universal and *Excelsior*, the two principal journals which appear every morning, have reported a victory for the rebels. At present the newspapers are controlled by the Government, and no news of the war is allowed to be published without their sanction—which seems quite right. Naturally Obregon is not giving details of his strategy to the enemy. I heard last night that a train had been held up by the rebels and 33,000 pesos taken. Now the papers state that Pachuca, under the rebel General Cavazos, was captured and the Federal forces were obliged to evacuate, after which the rebels forced the mining companies and merchants to give them two million pesos. It is also stated by the National Railways that the rebels have captured four Federal locomotives and several cars. Trains full of war material coming in from the U.S.A. frontier, and held up by the rebels, places in their hands the necessary war paraphernalia without the trouble of payment.

Orders have been given by Obregon for the Federal troops to recapture this important town. Pachuca, two hours by train from Mexico City, is the capital of the State of Hidalgo. It has a population of 40,000 inhabitants, and was one of the first settlements made by the Spaniards on account of its rich silver mines. The famous Real del Monte Mine, said to be the most productive in the world, is only six miles beyond Pachuca.

Last night, according to the official notice of the Secretary of the Interior—Exmo Señor Enrique

Colunga—a plot was hatched in Mexico City to overthrow the Obregon Government. General Monteros, the leader, effected his escape, and is now being searched for by the police and military authorities. Several private houses under suspicion were entered yesterday, as rumour had it that they were concealing arms and munitions. Bands of robbers and evil creatures of all kinds are entering the city with the idea of pillaging, murdering and taking advantage of the prevailing conditions. There is an atmosphere of intense fear and uncertainty predominating, as no one knows what may happen. The rebels tear up rails and destroy bridges, yet nearly every day there has been a train running to the northern border. Often a detour has to be made; sometimes the trains are hours late. Mexico's chronic illness has ever been revolution. People who went through the last trouble tell me that some days, when they were in trains proceeding through hostile towns, they were obliged to lie down on the floor in order to escape the bullets which were peppering the train. Mr. Gore, the proprietor of the Genève Hotel, where I am now staying, relating his thirty years' experience of life in Mexico, laughed at revolutions. I enquired, "Suppose the rebels enter the city, do they bombard it?" "Probably," he replied. "Last time they did, cannon balls and shots were screaming over the place." "Do they pierce the houses," I ask in alarm. "Oh yes, it all depends upon your luck." Afterwards he thoughtfully added, "They always stopped shooting

from 12 till 3 p.m. ; then I used to take a big wagon and go shopping, and would buy meat, vegetables and fruit for the hotel. We never really wanted for anything." Mrs. Granville Patton, who is responsible for the society columns of *El Universal*, now joined in. She said, " I remember very well, in one of the last revolutions, I was in my bedroom, a shot bounded through the window, passed me, but splintered a huge plate glass mirror by my side. Another time, I was coming out of a cottage I had rented, and walked straight into a hailstorm of bullets, directed by some Indians against the Federals. We who have lived here get used to revolutions."

Mrs. Robert Murray spoke—we were all sitting in a circle downstairs in the entrance hall—" We simply stay inside our houses, Mrs. Cameron, until the victorious party marches in, and settles down; then life goes on much the same. I have had a home nearly thirty years in Mexico City. Once soldiers did enter my house, but they were quite polite. Mr. Gore is right about the cessation of firing at noon. My vegetable and fruit seller used to call every day between those hours, and we got all we needed."

So my friends exchanged their revolution experiences.

This morning we have more details of yesterday's battle at Pachuca. It is said that the battle began at 5 a.m., and severe fighting took place between the Federals and rebels. Corpses of both armies lay in the streets. They report that General Serapio Lopez

was captured and taken to the rebel commanders, and although attempts were made to save him, he was shot. There was bloody fighting about the San Francisco barracks, the church and the mining school. In the case of the inhabitants, who had to risk their lives in order to procure the necessary food for their families, the firing in the streets by a machine gun and small cannon and the dynamite explosions must, to say the least, have been extremely trying. With the fall of night the firing ceased. The rebels cut all the communications. They were mounted and bore a black flag. At daybreak they disappeared, leaving the streets strewn with the dead and wounded, 116 rebels having been killed. Official reports state that the rebels have retired, and the Federal troops are in possession of Pachuca.

The mandate of De la Huerta, the rebel chief, that all the oil companies are to pay over their taxes to him, and that each of the Tampico firms are to loan him 20,000 pesos, has been ignored by the entire oil industry. These demands have been pigeon-holed, and there they remain.

Meantime, the U.S.A. Government is selling arms and aiding the cause of Obregon, declaring that they are helping humanity and law and order in Mexico. Since Obregon has been President, for the first time in twelve years a Government has recognized and has protected the rights of American citizens.

One hears so many monstrous things about this war that one really begins to be afraid to go out.

When you take a taxi to do your necessary shopping down-town, the thought flashes across your brain, "Wonder if I will get shot this time." As several innocent people were hit yesterday, there is no reason why *I* should be lucky enough to escape. In the *plaza* a boy of eight was standing beside one of the monuments when a bullet struck him in the leg. No one knew where the shot came from, or why, and they never will. Probably some one was practising firing! A lady called to-day, one of the best known and respected women in all Mexico. She says "It's too depressing, the horrors which happen every day in the streets of Mexico City." She is the most conservative of women, not given to gossip or exaggeration. She related that a rich Spaniard of an ancient family, and a friend of hers, was last week kidnapped. Four or five men threw him down, muffled his mouth, pushed him into a motor-car, and drove him to a dirty, vile den outside the city. They tied him up, surrounded him with pistols and demanded from him a hundred thousand pesos. The gentleman had his cheque book; the only thing he could do was to pay or die. These are frequent occurrences. Every day are found the dead bodies of unknown people who have been robbed, their clothes taken and the corpse abandoned. Another man who kept a gasoline depot started to walk the short distance to his home. In the morning he had drawn from the bank six hundred pesos. As he returned to his house in the dusk of evening he noticed two men standing under a

tree. He at once remembered his money, but not being very suspicious entered quickly into his garden, when instantly the men approached, revolvers were placed at his temples and he handed over the six hundred pesos. As thousands of men are away fighting their cause, these robbers find rich fields to exploit. The police have their hands full and bribery is accepted in most cases. I used to go about in taxis sight-seeing, coming back alone in public conveyances from the picture shows, but now I will no longer risk it. When you enter a taxicab you take your life in your hands. Many a passenger has been held up and robbed, for these creatures are cruel by nature. If they would only be content with robbing you, that would be bad enough, but usually they deliberately maim you with their knives.

January 12th.—The sun blazed all day yesterday. It was a perfect summer's day, and, thank God, no earthquake nor destruction befel Mexico City. I trust that Mr. Wheeler is also thankful that his prophecy was falsified, although he had put fear into many thousands of hearts for the past eight months, ever since the terrible disaster in Japan. Fifty miles south-east of Mexico City are the twin volcanoes, Popocatepetl, which is 17,749 feet above sea level, and his sister, Iztaccihuatl ("The Lady in White"), 16,200 feet tall, and linked to "Popo" (his nickname) by a deeply curved ridge some two miles long. These two volcanoes were sweetly peaceful, although probably a million eyes

turned apprehensively in their direction throughout the day. Popocatepetl used to be intensely vindictive, and had belched forth flames, rocks and lava frequently since the fifteenth century, and even before that period, as long as the Aztecs could recollect. Since December, 1921, "Popo" has remained reasonably quiescent, and only steams and heaves an exhaust of gases. Iztaccihuatl behaves quite as a "lady" should, and is most beautiful to look upon. Often have I watched her white mantle irradiated by the sunset. A good view is obtained from the lawns of the Country Club. One moment her robes are golden, then rose, changing into a vivid scarlet, which ultimately fades into amethyst. Afterwards mystery enshrouds her slumbers.

The cruelty instilled in the children's breasts, finding an outlet in their love of bloodshed and ferocity, is certainly caused by the bull-fights. Every Sunday afternoon thousands crowd into the bull-ring to watch men gored, and starving blindfolded horses tossed by bulls. The applause is almost continuous. As this is their national pastime, the shedding of blood and enraging of bulls, the natural result is that the child becomes callous and without tender pity towards man or beast. Children who grow up in such an environment are bound to be heartless and impelled by the strongest passions. Bull fights are their great joy and the *toreros* their heroes. To my mind comes this picture of two Mexican boys' idea of play: one was eight years of age, the other

seven. They began fighting in fun, until the elder boy became annoyed with his opponent, grabbed a knife and struck the other boy's stomach, causing instant death. It was recorded in the newspapers of that day, yet no one considered the murder—for such it was—anything unusually horrible or extraordinary.

CHAPTER XIV

Day by Day in Mexico City

U.S.A. forbids the blockading of Tampico—Mass Meeting of Women denouncing War—Captain Sparrow drowned

January 15th.

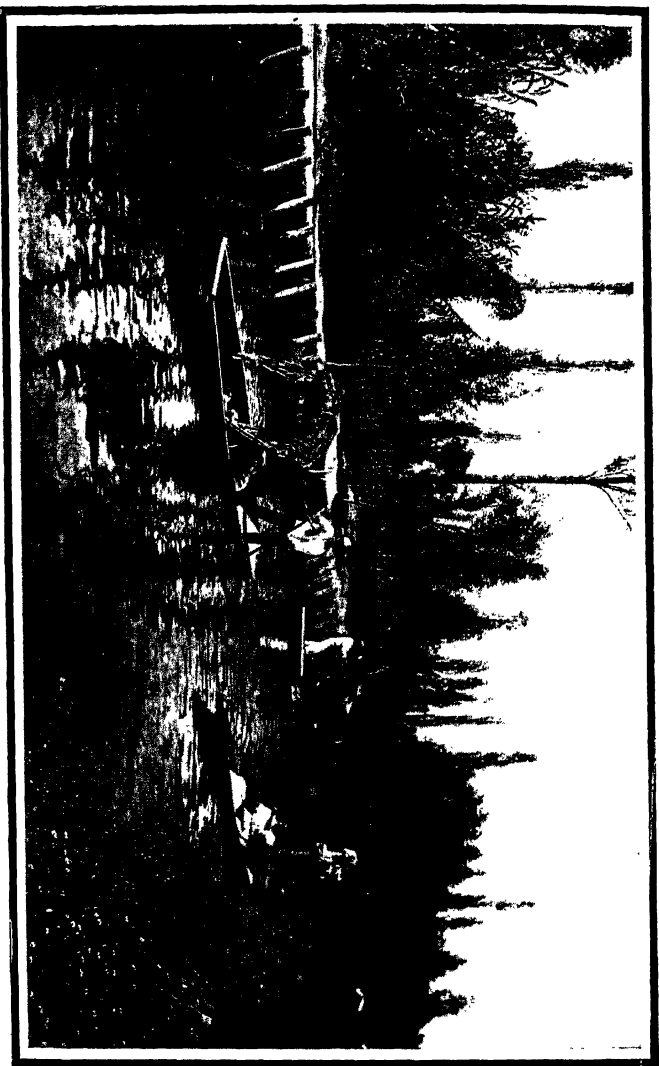
A MAN who was present at the battle of Pachuca says that both Federals and rebels fought like tigers. The miners joined with the rebels and supplied them with the dynamite which they used in mine operations. The church of San Francisco was terribly damaged. In the papers of to-day in the British section it is announced, under the caption "Accidentally shot": "Mrs. Cave Brown Cave, wife of a well-known British resident of Pachuca, was struck by a stray bullet during the recent fighting at that place, and died yesterday morning as a result of the wound received." Thus the innocent perish.

A cargo train on the Mexico-Toluca line, on its way to Mexico City, was derailed yesterday by bandits or rebels who intentionally destroyed a portion of the track. Unfortunately the engineer did not notice the rebels until too late, and two of the cars overturned, and the others were derailed and were on the

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point of falling into the ditch of the Rio Hondo. This accident was the cause of the delay of some hours to the train from Maravatio and Toluca. It is most dangerous to attempt travelling on any of the lines at the present time. Yesterday, passenger train No. 702, with baggage, mail car and many passengers, was held up near the station of Bajan, in the State of Coahuila. The train carried 80,000 pesos for railroad pay-rolls, and was composed of the mail, baggage cars and eight passenger coaches, first and second class, also two freight cars. It is stated that the train met without any difficulties as far as the station of Monelova. It was at this spot, several days ago, that a band of rebels led by General Vicente Davila engaged in battle with the Federal forces. After dark, as the train approached Bajan, a volley of rifle fire peppered the train from the darkness.

Naturally pandemonium began, and frightened passengers threw themselves on the floor of the cars. The Federal guard leaped from the train and took up their positions beside the coaches, replying to the rebels' charge. Exchange of shots followed, the Federal guard advanced toward the rebels, who began to retreat into the darkness. Major Ismael Gonzalez, who was in charge of the Federal guard on the train, was killed, as was Private Efrain Banda. Several insurgents were wounded and captured during the fight; these with others of the wounded Federals were carried back to the train for treatment. The total number of dead and wounded, including passengers,



FLOATING GARDENS.

The Aztec Floating Gardens at Xochimilco, fifteen miles from Mexico City. From these gardens a great part of the flowers and vegetables supply the Markets of Mexico City. In 1519 the Aztecs were engaged in a similar trade.

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is said to have been sixteen. From all accounts the rebels were unsuccessful in obtaining the 80,000 pesos. Just imagine travelling under such circumstances ! And I came out here to see all Mexico, and to write a book telling of its glories, and inducing tourists to come and see the Aztec ruins, the wonderful churches, the gorgeous scenery and beauties of Mexico ! Unfortunate country, blessed by sunshine, wealth, and filled with innumerable interests, yet cursed by avaricious vandals and unpatriotic mercenaries !

Word has been circulated that three entire trains full of war material have been captured by the rebels between Puebla and Tehuacan. It is of serious consequence if the U.S.A. sell accoutrements of war to the Federals, and munitions fall like a plum into the power of De la Huerta. Obregon declares that now he has an army of 70,000 soldiers. I was out in the streets yesterday and saw a great deal of recruiting going on. They promise, and give, every enlisting soldier twenty pesos, yet the civil officials and the poor school teachers remain unpaid and pass a precarious existence. War is expensive, and the U.S.A. insists upon payment for all her supplies. Really one must feel sorry for Obregon, the one-armed hero with his worries without end.

The nights are extremely cold now, as soon as the sun sets the winds coming down from the snow-capped mountains bring with them a biting chill ; the troops must suffer. Last night the rebels cut off the electric

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light and the entire city was in darkness for some time. This morning I sent the black West Indian boy to buy candles, in case we have a similar infliction to-night. I can at least have a glimmer in which to feel my way. Twice the water supply has been turned off. All day aeroplanes have circled the city—it reminds me of London in war time. How many nights had I and my old housekeeper sat in my London home all the long night, listening to the whirr in the sky and the bombs dropping all about, not knowing if our turn would be next! Then I was working at the free buffet for soldiers and sailors in Victoria Station, my first appearance due at 6 a.m.! It was hard work there—and they had no use for sleepy heads. As my house was situated between Maida Vale and Hampstead, also on the way to the aerodrome at Hendon, we never escaped the visits of the Kaiser's devil flyers. All my servants went their different ways on war work—and the old retainer and I were left alone.

There was great excitement amongst many people yesterday, who watched the big auto-trucks loading the 6,000 Enfield rifles and huge consignments of ammunition which had arrived from the United States. The Secretary of War refused to state if the war supplies included hand-grenades of asphyxiating gas.

One of the new horrors of this state of lawlessness : Several men will call at your house and exhibit a paper, which they claim is from the Government,

demanding to search your house, alleging that you are concealing arms or are unfriendly towards the Government. With these false search warrants they steal all they can find, hold up the entire household, and in many cases kill those who dare to remonstrate with them. General Arnulfo Gomez, commander of the Mexico City garrison, warns all people against this new form of the genus bandit, and in the newspapers of to-day advises all citizens to

“Meet ’em with lead.”

The black boy who waits on me comes from Granada, British West Indies, and is very proud to be British. This morning he told me that at the time of the last revolution his father had a small *rancho* and some cattle. The rebels appeared, burned the house, took the cattle and his sister, and they had never heard in any way what had been her fate. His father died a few months later from shock.

The position of the wealthy people is hopeless in Mexico. They no sooner get their *haciendas* in good condition and the crops bearing, when along comes another revolution. All their efforts are useless; they are obliged to sell land, if they can find a purchaser, in order to live. Comparatively few rich people reside in Mexico as in the days of President Diaz; every one is impoverished. The *grandees* of Spanish blood keep to their homes, go out little, keep expenses at a minimum and remain silent. As Federico Gamboa said to me: “My poor country!

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If you could only have seen it in the days of Diaz." The greatest Mexican writer, he has held some of the most important positions, such as ambassador to France, and other national responsibilities.

Much surprise has been created by the news that Act 33 is being applied to five well-known Spaniards and seven others. Act 33 implies expulsion from the country. These people, it seems, were carrying on propaganda against the Obregon Government.

The terrible cost of war is shown by the official statement that \$150,000, an amount slightly less than half the total cost, has been deposited by cheque at the Treasury Department in Washington as a payment for war material. Yet, before the revolution began, the Government found difficulty in paying the salaries to their officials! Now the soldiers are paid—but the officials and lesser servants of the Government must wait.

Referring to the earthquake predicted for the 19th, it appears that an eight-minute 'quake was felt at midnight on Friday night, immediately after the termination of the time period set by Mr. Wheeler. The tremor was felt in the city, but it was very slight. It was registered at the seismograph office at Tacubaya just outside the city. However, it is now asserted that the earthquake will arrive on the 20th instant. Therefore the superstitious and over-credulous will still have an opportunity to worry until the 21st dawns. It seems a pity to spread these exaggerated prophecies among a lot of distraught people who already

have much trouble to contend with. Last night there appeared a meteorological freak on the moon—it was surrounded by a halo of beautiful colour. The people, who are fearful of an earthquake, see in this phenomenon a sure sign of catastrophe, and they will remain in a state of panic until the dreaded 20th has passed. Meteorologists affirm that this phase, frequent in winter time, although usually not visible to the naked eye, is caused by an accumulation of small snow crystals in the higher atmosphere. Many people rushed to the churches and fervently prayed to be protected from danger. The aeroplanes are whirring over our heads early this morning. As they are friendly flyers I rather like to hear them; at least it gives one an air of confidence that the city is being protected. Last night we had the pleasure of electric light throughout—no need to have recourse to my recently purchased candles.

General Gomez stated that three men had been commissioned by General Maycotte, one of the chief rebel leaders, to cut the railway line to Cuernaca and Cuantia. They were surprised in the act and promptly shot. General Gomez has given orders that at all costs Necaxa, the source of the electricity supply, must be protected. A rebel plot has been discovered to cut all power, water, and other public utilities. This they have attempted several times, but damage to the water and electric supply has been immediately repaired. One can conceive what a state we should be in without water, in a city of almost a million of

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inhabitants. Imagine all drainage stopped—and in a climate which for at least six hours a day is sub-tropical! General Gomez sends out a general warning that instant death will be the fate of any individual who violates his commands.

Yesterday, after a battle of six and a half hours, the Federals beat the rebels at Tepeaca—which is some thirty-eight kilometers from Puebla, and ninety-eight from Tehuacan. The 1,500 rebels engaged were under the command of General Maycotte. The rebel losses were about a hundred men; Federals, four killed and many wounded. Further details come to hand of the death of Mrs. Norman Cave Brown Cave, already referred to. It appears that on Friday morning the unfortunate lady was in the city of Pachuca, and her husband was out on the Santa Gertrudis mine. He telephoned her to go to their friends' house, to a Mr. and Mrs. Dietrich, and to remain indoors until the trouble was over. This house was in the *plaza*, and faced the San Francisco church, where the battle took place. It appeared that the unfortunate lady sat near a window during a volley of rifle fire; five bullets smashed the window and one entered Mrs. Cave's head. She fell, and never regained consciousness, although taken to the hospital where she received attention from the physicians. Before her marriage, Mrs. Cave Brown Cave was a Miss Bennett, of a wealthy family residing at Camborne, Cornwall, England. She was 30 years of age, a favourite socially, and considered very attractive. Her husband is

inconsolable. What was her fate yesterday may be ours to-day, as bullets are no respecters of persons.

The Mexican Petroleum Company has informed its representatives in Mexico that the rebel forces have obtained possession of the pipe lines leading to the huge refineries, and for the time being have stopped the flow of oil. It seems that the enemy obtained control of the pumping station, as well as other facilities, and have shut off the supply of light oil of several large companies. They also declare a blockade of Tampico, a very serious situation for all the oil companies. As the rebel forces are short of cash, they resort to a sort of blackmail upon the corporation, insisting upon the taxes being paid into the hands of De la Huerta's agents. It is said that up to the present no payment of taxes has been turned over to the enemy. About one million pesos from the leading oil companies are due to the national treasury. The Huasteca Petroleum leads as the largest taxpayer with 600,000 pesos, the British El Aguila comes next after the Doheny interests with a 200,000 peso payment, the remainder of the million being divided between various smaller concerns. These treasury windfalls are naturally of great assistance to the national exchequer. The output of the oil fields in the Vera Cruz section has been greatly reduced on account of the rebel occupation. Many of the Aguila wells are in the possession of the insurgent forces. Señor Alberto Mascarenas, Mexican Consul-General, has issued orders from New York warning

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people that any payments made to De la Huerta or his agents will not be recognized as a legal fulfilment of the Mexican oil tax law. All moneys are to be paid to the Obregon Government. The Mexican Petroleum Company has sufficient oil in storage at Tampico and in the United States to fulfil their contracts for some time. The company are determined not to pay taxes to De la Huerta, notwithstanding all these difficulties and the threatened blockade of the Port of Tampico.

In the meantime De la Huerta issues an order to all oil producers that any payment of taxes to the Obregon Government will be considered by himself and *his* army as illegal and furthermore an unfriendly act. It would therefore seem that these rich oil corporations are between the devil and the deep sea.

Word comes to hand on January 18th that the rebels began to bombard Tampico last night, which caused great excitement amongst the panic-stricken inhabitants. The Federals have several aeroplanes at Tampico, and bombs will be used on the rebels if they attempt to enter the port. President Coolidge sends a protest against De la Huerta's action in trying to blockade Tampico. That commerce must not be disturbed is the view taken at Washington.

The U.S. cruiser *Tacoma* is now aground on the Banquillas Reef, sixteen miles from the Vera Cruz lighthouse. Appeal was sent to the port for two strong tugs to pull the warship off the reef. The



NATIONAL COSTUME OF THE NATIVE TEHUANTEPEC WOMEN.

It is worn only upon festive occasions. The *buipil* is made of lace or fine embroidery, which is stiffly starched and forms a becoming headdress. These Tehuana women are considered handsome and are rather Amazonian in taste, doing the work of men. Many of them possess fortunes in gold jewellery.

Tacoma is a light cruiser of 3,200 tons, and was commissioned in 1915. She cost a million and a half dollars, and had been patrolling the Gulf coast. Rumour says that on account of the revolution it is possible the light signals were changed, and some officers have expressed their views that, probably for this reason, the *Tacoma* was thrown off her course. They allege that the rebels altered or extinguished the lights. The cruiser *Richmond* is *en route* to the assistance of the *Tacoma*. The rebels have forced this war by sea and land, have caused an upheaval of every industry, death of thousands of native sons, but for no patriotic principle, simply for greed of power and gold. Who shall rule ; who sit in the Presidential chair ? One can understand the valour and glory of patriots defending their country from an invasion of foreign enemies, but when a country takes up arms to kill its brothers—Mexicans slaughtering Mexicans—there seems no common sense in it all—a degrading spectacle of murder and plunder. To-day it is not safe in any part of Mexico. The capital, up to the present time, has frustrated every attempt of the rebels to work out their evil intentions in this arena.

After all the anxieties of war let us take a taxi, and in the brilliant sunlight of a winter's day pay a visit to the Plaza Mayor and El Palacio Nacional, where a great part of President Obregon's official duties are carried out. There is not a square in the capitals of the world more crowded with historical

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memories than the Plaza Mayor, Zōcalo, or Plaza de la Constituciones, for it is known by each of the three names. On this site the first Aztecs camped in 1325, and resolved to build a *teocalli* (temple) to their gods. Many years after, the great *teocalli* of Montezuma, the Aztec Emperor, was constructed, as also his huge palace, which covered many acres. Here once stood thousands of slaves waiting to be sacrificed.

It was on this *plaza* that Cortés and his Spaniards fought the Aztecs in a battle which resulted in terrible slaughter for the pagans, and the victory of the invaders. The Spaniards erected their gallows at the far end of the square, from which dangled the corpse of many who had affronted that intolerant commander, Hernando Cortés, who had introduced the Christian religion to the land of the Aztecs. For centuries the anniversaries of the conquest were celebrated at this place on August 13th. The first European houses of the *conquistadores* were built here, also a bull-ring. The Spaniards brought their pleasures with them, and the rise of the curtain, so to speak, on the premier bull-fight on the continent of America took place in this *plaza* in June, 1526. From this spot, by order of the Inquisition, the "heretics" breathed their last. *That* happened in 1649. The gorgeous pageants of the arrivals and processions of the Viceroys from Spain, also thousands of religious *fiestas* and spectacles have centred in the *plaza*. Maximilian and Carlotta were welcomed and

fêted with wonderful ceremonies when they arrived on June 12th, 1864, and it was from this site that Maximilian delivered his last address to his followers on February 13th, 1867. General Porfirio Diaz entered this square a *hero*, mounted on a magnificent white horse, and was vociferously greeted by the populace. Their cheers might have reached even a higher crescendo had the Mexicans been able to foresee the thirty years of peace which Diaz was fortunate enough to bestow upon his suffering, rebellion-ridden country.

The picturesque El Palacio Nacional, built in the Spanish colonial style of architecture, occupies the entire east side of the *plaza*. It has a frontage of 675 feet, and within the structure are several *patios*, or courts.

Many of the Government offices are represented here—the Senate, Ministry of the Interior, the War Office, the Federal Treasury, as well as the Public Archives. The most interesting is, naturally, the palatial apartments of the President of the Republic. In the days of Montezuma, his newest palace stood upon the land where the National Palace is now erected. When Cortés conquered the Aztecs, he took possession of the Aztec King's abode, but later constructed a fortress large and rambling, which contained his residence and the Government offices. This property, ceded to him by the King of Spain, Charles the Fifth, remained in his possession, and in that of his heirs, until January, 1562, when it was

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purchased for the Spanish Crown. On each Sunday visitors are shown over this unique, sumptuously furnished palace, a permit to visit which can easily be obtained from one's Consul, or any well-known citizen. This should by no means be forgotten, as the palace will repay you in its intense interest.

The Puerta del Honor is the entrance which the President and diplomats use. From a balcony near the central doorway the President annually makes a speech on the night of September 15th to a large concourse assembled below in the *plaza* to celebrate Mexican independence. The Liberty Bell, which booms sonorously, was also rung by that famous patriot priest, Miguel Hidalgo, in the Dolores Church, to summon the patriots to a public meeting of great importance on September 15th, 1810. As a spectacle the scene is most impressive.

One enters the Puerta Principal and climbs the broad flight of stairs, where a *palacio* employee takes your permit card, and conducts you through the various *salons*.

The first room is not particularly interesting. In it is a huge allegorical painting, representing the *Constitucion* in 1857. The next *salon* has beautiful crystal chandeliers, in fact the entire Presidential suite is famous for its magnificent chandeliers. Here one cannot fail to pause and admire the life-sized portrait of Miguel Hidalgo, the priest ruler, the work of J. Ramirez, and dated 1865. In the Salon Rojo (red) there are some splendid Chinese vases on gilt bases,

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holding candelabra. These are valued at \$50,000, being of the rare Kang-he ware. They belonged to Emperor Maximilian. I remarked a handsome gilt frame portraying the Mexican eagle holding the serpent in its mouth, also a large portrait of the patriot Jose Maria Morelos, and a splendid picture of General Diaz seated on a fine white horse—this commemorates a famous battle between Puebla and Oaxaca. The furnishings are of a rich dark wine colour in excellent taste. On one of the walls hangs a painting of that great Indian, Benito Juarez, who also lived here as President. Years before he had been a prisoner in this very palace, and he expired within these walls, from heart failure, on June 18th, 1872. We next entered the Salita Blanca, a small white room, with some very nice Chinese pottery and more immense paintings. Outside, there is a very commodious lift for the use of the President and his friends.

We now go up into the kitchen, which is supplied with American cooking-ranges, and afterward enter the carving-room. Behind the glass doors of an iron-barred cupboard of large dimensions you can see the heavy silver plate which is used in the Palacio. It was bought in Europe at a cost of \$500,000, and first graced the tables when the Pan-American Congress met in this city in 1895.

The cut-glass service, with the national coat of arms engraved, made one rather envious as its thousands of facets sparkled in the sunlight. Next, we

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were shown the banquet *salon*, which was superb, the furniture and walls covered with gorgeous crimson brocaded satin, which draped the windows as well. From the lovely carved wood ceiling depended from huge brass chains massive chandeliers of crystal. The sideboard was made of Alsatian oak, beautifully polished and decorated in Louis XV style—a rare piece of furniture. On the centre of the table reposed three large silver epergnes, which yet bore the imperial crest of Maximilian.

I don't know why, but I always feel very sad over the misfortune of the Emperor and his Empress Charlotte—or Carlotta (Spanish), as she was known here. Surely she is a pathetic figure on the page of history.

When the news was conveyed to her that her husband, Maximilian, had been brutally shot—her brain snapped and her reason fled. Now she is a very old, demented lady, living in one of the small palaces of Laeken—if she is yet alive—outside Brussels, and, rather happily for her, does not realize any of the world's catastrophes. She still believes herself to be Empress of Mexico. When the Germans invaded Belgium, and occupied the country, they entered the palace of the ill-fated Empress, but mercifully left her in peace.

I remember many years ago visiting the beautiful home of Archduke Maximilian and his bride at "Miramar," just a few miles outside Trieste. It was a truly lovely place, with flowering terraces leading

down to the sea, the gardens dreams of beauty. Inside their home-palace the furnishings were charmingly comfortable, though rich. What impressed me most were the large paintings on the walls. One picture represented the Mexican delegation in those very rooms, inviting Maximilian to be their Emperor. Another painting depicted the embarkation of Maximilian and Charlotte. Here they were shown about to step from the small landing-stage below in the garden into the rowing boat, while beyond in the deep waters swung the ship which was to convey them to Mexico.

How much happier would have been their lives had they remained in peaceful "Miramar"! Truly, "unhappy lies the head that wears a crown," and they wore theirs for only three years.

Returning to the Palacio: I liked the next room very much. It is the Salon de Fumar, designed in Moorish fashion. The walls and ceilings are handsome, inlaid with tiny mirrors which imparts an effect as of sparkling diamonds. The lamps and candelabra were very pretty, and were made, they said, by a Mexican artist.

We passed through a small library, where there were more paintings of local interest, and a fine bronze bust of Napoleon the First. The Yellow Salon, where the President receives his ministers, is regal and magnificent. The walls are of golden brocaded satin; there are wonderful curtains and draperies of fine green broadcloth with rich gold

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cords, fleur-de-lys, monograms, and massive gold tassels. Here is the President's chair (of worry) with the great gold eagle and the snake heavily embroidered. I should imagine there is not much comfort in the Presidential chair of Mexico. Here again on the table are the handsome silver inkstands, once used by Maximilian. On some of the lids the crest has been removed, and "P.N." substituted, meaning Palacio Nacional. The carpet attracted attention, the national arms being wonderfully woven into the corners. Another library, decorated in red; and we meander into the large Salon Verde, where all the covers and furniture are composed of thick green brocaded satin. It is a handsome room in which the President gives audiences. There is also another small, cosy green *salon*, full of costly objects, mostly china. Now we are ushered into the Salon Amarillo—yellow room—very long and stately in its appointments. The ambassadors are received in this *salon*. I was much surprised to behold a large portrait of the ex-Emperor William of Germany. The attendant explained that the ex-Kaiser had sent it to one of the Presidents several years ago. In this *salon* one sees more fine paintings; a picture which struck me forcibly was a great canvas showing the meeting of Cortés and Montezuma. The Aztec King wears a bunch of green feathers on his head-dress, symbolical of royalty, and is pictured as a handsome, tall, fine man. Again we look upon President Porfirio Diaz on horseback, also a huge portrait of Miguel Hidalgo bearing

the flag of Guadalupe. At the bottom of the picture is inscribed the information that Hidalgo was born May 8th, 1753, and when 58 years of age was shot on July 31st, 1811.

I thoroughly enjoyed the Palacio Municipal and a glimpse of its treasures.

CHAPTER XV

Days of War

Attacked by Rebels—Senators shot and kidnapped—Robbery at
San Angel

I WAS being entertained in a charming home of elegance and refinement. My host and hostess, who had travelled over a great part of the world, had resided here for more than thirty years. I was delighted to hear their encouraging view of revolutionary developments. My host predicted that with the powerful influence of the United States ranged on the side of Obregon and the Federal Government, and considering that the rebels were short of cash and equipment, the revolution would soon end. "What about De la Huerta?" I enquired. "Oh, he will sail away on some small ship." "Has he a fortune?" "No—I should say he is not at all a rich man." "In case De la Huerta is shot or departs, what becomes of the rebel army?" I question. "Having seen many revolutions in this land of sunshine, the usual result is the rebels quarrel amongst themselves, and without money and a leader they are powerless to continue. Disbandment follows, and many retain their arms and retire to the mountains, where they

can do pretty well as they please, and continue a sort of guerilla and bandit warfare against law and order."

"It is surprising," interposed my hostess, "that the Federals have kept the northern route to the United States open. In most of the rebellions—I have seen a number—the line to America is usually the first to be closed. Now, however, everything *south* is shut off, and even our fresh fish no longer arrives since the trouble in Tampico." Another guest joined in by saying, "We are not as clever as Montezuma—he had fresh fish on his table every day."

"Really!" I exclaimed. "How was that possible?"

"Montezuma's fish was brought from Vera Cruz, 265 miles away, by fast runners. It was conveyed at night, the air being colder then than by day. The Aztec King had a human chain of fleet runners. One would cover ten miles, another would take the fish—thus it was passed on quickly through the *tierra caliente* (hot country), over the cold mountain-tops and eventually delivered at Montezuma's palace.

The palace covered many acres and had precious stones and emeralds let into the walls. The Aztecs lived in splendour, with baths, fountains, gorgeous gardens, shooting-boxes and hundreds of slaves, who forfeited their lives on the spot if their master so desired."

"I am a great believer in reincarnation," said our hostess thoughtfully, "and I have a feeling that

those victims who had their living hearts torn out and flung to the idols, have in their thousands cursed Mexico. History shows bloodshed and murder on most of the Mexican pages; even the sunsets here are blood-red." She pointed towards the windows where, sure enough, the sun was setting in deepest crimson and gold. "There!" she cried dramatically, "that is symbolical of Mexico—blood and gold." The Mexicans seem to revel in the shedding of blood. You see the trait in the bull-fights, where the daintiest *signorita* is not horrified or disgusted by the sight of blood.

"That is true," confirmed her husband. "Until the *peon* is educated, the knife is his pet protection, his arbitrator."

"Suppose what you say is true—that the victims of the Aztec rulers and the high priests cursed the country—surely these curses would have been obliterated after all these generations?" I ventured to say.

"By no means," remonstrated the hostess. "What is time and eternity? Who can measure space? Thousands of years are but a breath in the great workings of the heavens; millions of æons intervene in the evolutions of planets. Archæologists have led us to believe that this country, Mexico, named after the Aztec God of War, Mexitli, was inhabited as long as thirty thousand years ago."

"Time, space and millions of years, they give me a headache. Let's adjourn to the tea-table," smilingly

suggested our hostess. Whereupon our thoughts turned from war, and the evolutions of time, and concentrated upon the material good things of "the five o'clock."

On the morning of the 21st of January we all felt rather buoyed up by the latest news of war; 1,800 Maya Indians have arrived at El Paso, bound for Mexican territory to join the Federal forces. They are volunteers from New Mexico and Arizona, and it is said they fight like tigers.

President Obregon has departed for Penjamo to take personal command of his troops, who will advance on Guadalajara. Military operations are to start all along the line with the view to precipitating a decisive action. It has been the rule that, when the rebels encounter a large force of the Federals, they refuse to fight, and retire in scattered groups. Guerilla warfare makes more appeal to them—they dislike fighting in the open. Two days ago they captured four cars full of rifles and ammunition. This was a lucky haul for them, as up to the present time the agents of De la Huerta have not been able to purchase war paraphernalia from any of the foreign countries. This fact alone greatly reduces rebel potency, and as the oil companies refuse to hand over their taxes, derailing, holding up trains, also minor larcencies, appear to be the rebels' sole source of revenue. The great resources of the U.S. behind the Obregon Government must be a piercing thorn in the side of Adolfo de la Huerta, yet one cannot have any

sympathy for the rebel general. He has brought this trouble, not only upon himself, but upon millions of his countrymen, who will pay in taxation for the rebel folly. The revolution will put the country back for another ten years. Capital will hesitate to enter Mexico. Tourists will spurn it, with a "Revolution and bandits!" and ask for a ticket to another country. If Mexico were assured of peace, miles of trains *de luxe* would be bringing thousands of Americans with pockets bulging with cash to spend in this interesting country, avoiding the rigours of the mid-west snow and ice which holds the land in its grip for six months. Immense hotels would spring up, money would flow into the Government treasury. The country then could easily afford to set afoot more excavation work in unfolding Mexico's mysterious ruins of palaces and temples. It is a land in which the sun shines every day from November until May. Then in May the rain falls only in the afternoon about 2 p.m., just as it does in Java, where I spent last winter. They tell me that the rainy season is much more beautiful, as the dust is laid, and there is a clean freshness which we miss in winter. Furthermore, all the country is clothed in emerald-green, and flowers and fruit are seen to better advantage. Mexico has accumulated a debt of 70,000,000 pesos from last year. This sum, which must be met by the Government during 1924, does not include a fraction of the revolution expenditure. Millions are still owing to Government officials, who are from time to time paid a little on account.

Thirty-five millions of pesos are needed to cover the 1924 obligation on the foreign debt payment, in accordance with the De la Huerta-Lamont agreement. Millions are due on unpaid accounts to merchants in the city—and millions are needed for distribution in many channels.

Exmo. Senor Alberto Pani—the Minister of Finance—will have his hands full with negotiations. Mexico's cheque for \$150,000 in gold has been deposited at the treasury department, representing Obregon's first instalment on the rifles, ammunition and aeroplanes which the United States have sold the Federal Government. A friendly note has been issued by Chairman Payne, head of the American Red Cross, to President Obregon, which must have been gratifying to him, viz., that, if the necessity arose, the co-operation of the American Red Cross would be extended to the Federal troops.

The United States has requested Mr. Summerlin, Chargé d'Affairs in Mexico, to open negotiations with President Obregon to allow the cables to be utilized for commercial messages. The Mexican Government having declared its willingness, there is *now* cable communication between the two countries, which greatly aids matters. President Coolidge has protested against De la Huerta's attempt to blockade Tampico, and has informed the rebel chief that American commerce in and out of Tampico is not to be subject to any restrictions in legitimate operations. The papers report that Mexican affairs occupied the

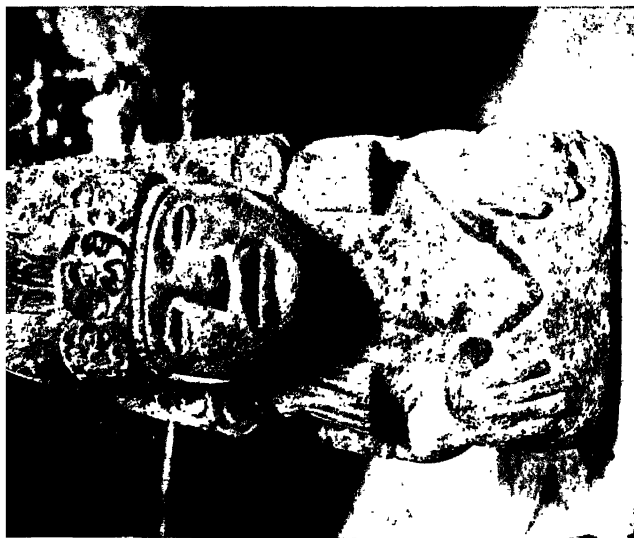
attention of the Washington Cabinet all day, to the exclusion of other important matters.

Yesterday a big mass meeting, organized by the Co-operative Union of Women, was held in one of the largest "movie houses," to protest against the revolution and to issue a plea for unity. The president of the meeting, Mrs. Sofia Buentello, said that immediate action should be taken to put an end to the desolation and ruin of the country as a result of the revolution. She stated that from official figures more than 2,000 persons had perished since the rebel movement began. Her war-cry was "The consolidation of all womanhood in the country for the peace of Mexico." Other speakers followed. The result of the meeting is expected to enlist thousands of peace advocates throughout Mexico. Woman's work in political affairs in the past has been but little recognized, but now even in Mexico women are beginning to enter more into public life, and into the consideration of the good and just government of the nation.

Our latest excitement has been the first hold-up of the Laredo train, which was crowded with well-known citizens. General Marcial Cavazos with five hundred rebels drew up at the Aragon Station on Wednesday last, and arrested the head of the station, Colonel Rodriguez taking the place of the captured man. He (Col. Rodriguez) received and answered all messages from the telegraph operators. When the Laredo passenger train arrived, the engine was uncoupled and moved along the line some distance from the



This Idol possesses a weirdly droll face, which has been damaged. In its hands is the usual receptacle for holding one or two human hearts, which the Aztecs gave to appease the fury of the Gods.



This Sphinx-like face has her turban and back covered with Aztec hieroglyphs which, no doubt, would prove interesting reading, could they be read.

other cars. The passengers were commanded to leave the train, and for this reason no passengers were wounded or killed. A military train approaching the Aragon station, the rebels surrounded it on both sides, and firing began, with frightful effect. The captain of the convoy was obliged to surrender, as the rebels far outnumbered the Federals. This Government train was composed of two transport cars, a platform heaped with rifles, cartridges, one thousand shrapnel shells, cannon material, also a battery and a half of artillery. The enemy burnt the two transport cars and took all the rifle cartridges, but the cannon, having no locks, they left. Witnesses of the scene affirm that for over four hours the explosion of grenades and detonations of cartridges made a deafening noise. Rodriguez himself ordered his men to lift the safe from its car, and they hurled it on the ground with the intention of bursting the door; but as the safe fell on soft earth this did not succeed, whereupon Rodriguez took from his pocket a fine chisel, and with the help of a hammer the safe was broken open. Inside a bag was found containing 40,000 pesos. No harm befell the passengers, who were ordered out of the dark cars and allowed to wait in the only shelter at Aragon, the station house, until the firing ceased. This occurred at 2 a.m. Two soldiers and a woman with them were killed. After some hours of waiting, a relief train was dispatched. When the rebels had collected their booty, they fled in the darkness to the hills. The passengers were eventually brought back

to Mexico City, after a disagreeable and exciting adventure.

The chief method of warfare in which the rebels indulge is burning bridges, tearing up rails, dynamiting trains, and holding them up. A young girl friend was travelling in a train which was dynamited during a previous rebellion. She said her face became yellow as saffron from the fumes of the dynamite, and it was weeks before her complexion was again normal.

In the report of the holding up of the Laredo train, it is mentioned that two soldiers, and a *woman* who was with them, met death. The public who read this announcement might fail to appreciate the significance of the woman's position. In Mexico, in the case of the privates, or ordinary soldiers, a woman of his class will accompany her man to the battlefields. It is rather an interesting and unique position which these women occupy in the army. This type of soldier will not fight unless his woman accompanies him. I have never heard of this condition in other armies. The woman marches with her man, does his cooking and his washing, loads his rifle for him, pushes him into battle, and scolds him energetically if he shows the white feather. She fills the rôle of rough guardian to him, is most certainly brave and has the endurance of a man. She remains absolutely faithful to her chosen one; but should he be killed she *at once* transfers her ministrations to a comrade of his, and performs the same routine of ministering to the needs

of the new man. It was such a woman as this who met her death beside the soldier on the Laredo train. The peculiarity of such unions, of hero worship, combined with motherly care, the woman's fearlessness of death and her sacrifice, is certainly unparalleled in Amazon records.

To-day we are told that the rebel troops under General Estrada were dispersed by the Federal forces. General Obregon sends word to General Arnulfo Gomez, head of the military operations in the Valley of Mexico, that when Estrada realized the strength of the contingent of Federals who were advancing, the rebels hunted for a refuge and evacuated their headquarters; consequently there was no battle.

The President-General asserts that a Federal column is on its way to clear out the rebel forces at Guadalajara. The people were delighted to read that this interesting town had been recovered by the Federals. Alas! it proved to be untrue, as Guadalajara was held by the rebels a full month after its conquest was announced by Obregon. The lack of veracity is truly frightful.

There has been a battle between the rebel General Cavazos (who was in command, and who held up the Laredo train) and the Federal forces under General Pedro Gabay at Ixmiquilpan. The firing lasted for seven hours, and resulted in 150 rebels killed and wounded, also in the capture of a quantity of ammunition, guns and horses. So swings the see-saw of this rebellion. Although several of the train services

have been suspended for two days, the Laredo morning train left to-day for Texas. General Francisco Serrano, Minister of War, is making his headquarters at San Marcos, a strategic point and junction. The strong Federal forces will advance on Oriental, Perote and Jalapa, and eventually on to Vera Cruz. Everyone in Mexico City is now very optimistic regarding the outcome of the war. The United States have helped enormously. Even in the streets the countenances of the people wear a brighter, more hopeful expression; furthermore, I have not seen or read of quite so many robberies or disappearances of people. Direct train service has been resumed between Mexico City and Ciudad Juarez and to El Paso. On the Mexico-Laredo service, trains came through, but were delayed for several hours. There are no trains running in the State of Michoacan at present, the entire service having been suspended. It is a satisfaction to know that you can get out of this country of revolution if you so desire, although the people who travel now take their life in their hands. They never know what may be their fate in the next moment; whether dynamite will blow them up, or a damaged bridge let them down! It must be with a feeling of thanksgiving that passengers emerge from the Mexican trains and step into safety on Uncle Sam's peaceful territory.

The President has ordered more war material from the United States, 5,000 Enfield rifles, 2,500 army Colt automatic pistols and a large quantity of pistol

ammunition. Naturally, when the rebels hold up the trains and either take or destroy war supplies, such actions create a shortage for the Federal forces. In the meantime our thoughts turn to Tampico and Vera Cruz. It is said that Washington is keeping a close watch on the situation, and will unquestionably protect the lives and property of Americans in these regions. Washington will probably make no official statement until a detailed account of the situation has been received from the *Tacoma*. The *Tacoma* is aground on the Blanquillas Reef, probably because of negligence or of false lights shown by the rebel authorities. It is a fact that the *Tacoma* is aground, and the captain, six officers, and forty-two of the crew are on board. De la Huerta's agents in Washington rather naïvely remark that "boats were immediately sent from Vera Cruz to help the *Tacoma*," and that "when the American officers went ashore, they were treated most politely, although the American Government openly sides with, and supports, Obregon."

Eight U.S. fighting ships under the American flag have been ordered to mobilize off Vera Cruz to remind the Mexican rebels that legitimate American commerce cannot be made the plaything of rebels; that Washington's warnings must be respected, and not indifferently regarded. The order has been sent to detach the fast light cruiser *Omaha* and six destroyers from the battle fleet mobilized in the Panama Canal waters for their winter manœuvres, to join the scouting fleet flagship *Richmond*, flying the flag of Rear-

Admiral Magruder off Vera Cruz. The repair ship *Prometheus* was ordered to proceed with the fleet.

This fleet is understood to be on the way to Vera Cruz waters. To the rebel craft, who are attempting to mine the harbour and blockade Tampico, as well as Vera Cruz, this imposing naval demonstration of North America will cause De la Huerta's adherents "furiously to think" and ponder on the power of the U.S.A. squadron.

The State Department at Washington has lodged a vigorous protest with De la Huerta, forbidding him to mine the harbour of Vera Cruz. It appears that this warning is late in arriving, as the rebels have already laid mines outside Tampico. This is a most despicable movement without justification on the part of De la Huerta, as ships from *all* countries are constantly calling at these ports, engaged in peaceful commercial enterprise; and on behalf of humanity one must protest against this unwarranted affront to the shipping world. It is creditable to the United States that they should adopt a stern attitude in protecting the commerce of the world from the terrible danger of ships being mined, and the consequent destruction of human lives. Consul Wood has given De la Huerta several warnings, which, if he is wise, he will not ignore. Mr. Edward Doheny, the multi-millionaire head of the Mexican Petroleum Company, stated that the rebels demanded \$400,000 from his company, and if the money was not forthcoming they threatened to destroy the entire plant, which is

adjacent to Tampico. It is an evident fact that the rebel army is in great need of funds; it is only by methods of blackmail and hold-ups that they are able to continue their chequered warfare. On the 25th of January—to-day is the 23rd—the oil companies will pay \$600,000 to the Obregon Government. The Huasteca Company will not make a payment this month, their indebtedness being balanced by the ten million peso loan made by them to the Government in November. The December production of oil has unfortunately been greatly reduced owing to the machinations of marauding rebels, and the fact that many oil pipes have been tampered with; for the present month there will be a shortage of oil, and also for local industries. News comes to hand that the rebels have murdered Mr. C. M. Underwood, of Tampico, an American citizen.

He lost his life to the rebels near Panuco. The American embassy in Mexico City has been instructed to investigate this unjustifiable outrage.

To-day, January 23rd, news comes to Mexico City that yesterday a terrible hurricane raged outside Vera Cruz. A small crew remained on board of the stranded *Tacoma*, the majority of the men having been taken off on to the *Richmond* a couple of days ago. As the storm increased in violence the lives of the men were in acute danger. By a curious stroke of chance, it afforded the opportunity for De la Huerta's representative to rescue the otherwise doomed men on the sinking *Tacoma*. De la Huerta doubtless was pleased

to be able to wireless the following: "By orders of the supreme chief, our small naval transport steamers left port to-day in the midst of a hurricane to go to the aid of the *Tacoma*. Our vessels daringly plunged into the tempest, regardless of the danger to their own lives, and succeeded in saving the remainder of the crew of the *Tacoma*, which has now completely sunk." A feather in De la Huerta's cap. In two days' time this pleasing episode was denied and the following facts were disclosed:

The American Consul, Mr. Wood, of Vera Cruz, contradicts General de la Huerta's self-announced act of heroic kindness. According to Consul Wood, during an extremely heavy northerly gale the *Tacoma* on the reef was at the mercy of gigantic seas, which continually dashed over the ship.

Captain Sparrow and three radio operators were killed on the main deck about daylight on January 21st, struck by heavy wreckage. It is presumed that the captain and his men were in the radio-house on the main deck, when a particularly heavy wave swept the structure away. Thus these men met their death in the performance of their duties. The loss of Captain Sparrow caused deepest sorrow at Washington, where he was a favourite, and considered one of the best officers of the U.S. Navy. He had a splendid record of fifteen years' service. Captain Sparrow's body was sent to Washington for burial. The *Tacoma* was completely wrecked by the hurricane.

Another adverse spoke in the wheel of De la Huerta

is placed by the U.S. post office officials, who announce they have discontinued to send any mail by steamers to Vera Cruz and Yucatan. All mail will be turned over to the Mexican Federal post office at Laredo for disposition and delivery. This act will isolate the rebel area in the south of Mexico. The rebel chief has been receiving many snubs of late. He invited Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labour, to visit Vera Cruz, and assured him that he was in no way responsible for the shooting of Yucatan's Governor, Felipe Carrillo Puerto. Mr. Gompers, however, refused the invitation. A stranger, I have no interest in Mexico's political affairs except that I certainly am on the side of law and the enforcement of law, protection, and peace, in whichever country I happen to be. I know several Mexican and English people who have been friends with General Adolfo de la Huerta and General Alvaro Obregon, and I was curious as to the real personality of each leader. A lady described De la Huerta as a quiet, simple man, whom you would never imagine able to organize a revolution. He has a splendid singing voice, and is very musical, and in fact he has a voice considered suitable for grand opera. His wife is a delightful woman, and lives very quietly in Mexico City. When she described Obregon—my friend had been his guest at Chapultepec Castle—she declared that the President was perfectly charming, a very handsome man, and a most genial personality, and although he does not claim to speak English, he understands it

perfectly and converses slightly. Madame Obregon, the second wife of the President, is a beautiful woman, and they have three lovely small children. I caught a glimpse of President Obregon in the park. He was in his car with several men, and bareheaded, which is his custom. It is said he fears neither friend nor foe; if they want to shoot him, *he* is not hiding. The President's health has bothered him for some time, the high altitude of Mexico City is most trying for his heart, and he prefers, when possible, to reside in an unpretentious house in Celaya. He is entirely democratic, simple in his taste, and a great soldier. At present all his days are occupied racing from one concentration of Federals to another on his fine Presidential train.

Word has now come through on January 29th that Esperanza, Oriental and Orizaba have fallen to the Obregonists, also that they have captured seven military trains and 2,500 rebel prisoners, and they also claim to have taken five generals. If it is true, surely it is a great victory. Obregon sends out the message: "Our troops are continuing to advance."

I taxied out to the new Chapultepec Heights Country Club. It was a beautiful day, with the sun as usual on duty. Everything seemed peaceful—workmen were mending roads, houses were being erected. There was no suggestion of revolution that I could see. The mountains surrounding the Valley of Mexico were chequered in sunshine and shadow; it being a clear day the outline of Iztaccihuatl in



TLAHUIZCALPAUTECUHTL.

An Aztec Goddess—her name means "Morning Star." She is of an Eastern type, resembling the Egyptians. Her high stone turban with its hieroglyphs is most impressive.

THE TWO CARVED FIGURES ABOVE REPRESENT SUN WORSHIPPERS.

snowy raiment was clearly visible. Outside the city limits cacti abounded in picturesque profusion. Indians with their huge-brimmed hats were tilling their gardens or carrying skins of pulque to the city in small jolting carts.

An excellent road to the club house has been recently completed, and the site, Bella Vista, does not belie its name. A member who showed me over the new and commodious club house told me that a year ago this new club was merely a sort of dream in the minds of a few men, chief of whom was Mr. Nelson O. Rhoades. The success of the project is phenomenal. The reception rooms are large, and furnished artistically with handsome and comfortable wicker lounge chairs and other adjuncts to "homeliness." On the deep verandahs are long chair swings, plenty of bright covered cushions—comfort and utility has been the main thought. Outside, the grounds are being laid out in an attractive style. There is an eighteen-hole golf course, on which work is being pushed to make the putting greens as near perfect as possible, good tennis courts, polo will be played, nor have the children been neglected—as a variety of shoots, see-saws, slides and various stimulating exercises dear to the hearts of the youngsters have been provided. As indicating the zest with which this club has been welcomed, already its membership exceeds five hundred. It is bound to become a great recreational centre.

At sunset the view is truly beautiful. You look

down upon plains which lead to the vast city, the homes of nearly a million souls. Around you the mountains, the volcanoes, whose towering heights delight the lover of nature, enjoyable without fatigue or the help of alpenstock. Thus in one short year these barren hills, with the help of water and scientific resources, have provided a golf course, whilst acres of neglected property are blossoming forth into beauty and usefulness to humanity and benefit to future generations.

CHAPTER XVI

A "Malo" (Bad) Day for Senators

A General Election threatened—Guerilla Warfare—Hold-ups and Rebels hanged

LAST night after dinner I joined a friendly group of Press representatives and some of the diplomats. They were discussing a cold-blooded murder which had taken place at noon in a street some two blocks away. I was horrified yet interested, for in the past week there had been fewer murders and robberies, and one began to hope that with the encouraging news of the revolution people were settling down to a more peaceful state. Senator Francisco Field Jurado—senator for Campeche—was riddled with bullets at 1.55 p.m. yesterday as he was about to enter his home in the Calle Coliman. His body fell in the street and was found by Mrs. Jurado who, hearing the shots, rushed from the house to find the bleeding body of her husband surrounded by a group of people who had gathered. Senator Jurado was known to have been opposed to the Regional Confederation of Mexican Labour, and recently he had received numerous threatening letters from political enemies. Several days ago, as he was entering his house, a labourer shot at the senator, missed him,

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and ran away. Yesterday a letter appeared in one of the morning papers signed by Senator Jurado, in which he attacked the labour leader and Deputy Luis Morones; he also stated that he did not intend to leave the city; that he favoured the "liberating army," and that he was ready to meet anyone, either at his home or in the Senate.

It appears that for the past few days Senator Jurado had returned to his home by different conveyances and routes, sometimes by street-car, taxi, or on foot.

After the meeting in the Senate, he walked along the *zocalo* (square) and seated himself in a *camione*. Witnesses in the *camione* affirm that they noticed a Dodge car which followed the street car on which the senator was travelling. As the senator left the *camione* a few steps from his house, the shadowing car approached—there were five men in the tonneau—two of its occupants got out and "stalked" the senator. The first shots were fired from the car, but none of them hit the intended victim, who backed up against a wall, but on second thoughts started to run; the men who were walking behind the senator then fired point-blank. As he fell, the men in the car began firing and about twenty shots riddled the prostrate senator as he lay on the pavement. The two men who were on foot are described as about 35 years of age, and were well dressed, apparently representing the upper middle class. All the assailants raced away in the car and made their escape.

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Yesterday seems to have been a fatal day for senators. According to the news this morning, many senators disappeared yesterday. *The Excelsior* reports that a band of unknown persons kidnapped Senators Ildefonso Vazquez, of Nuevo Leon, and Francisco Trejo, of Nayarit, while the whereabouts of Deputies Alberto Peralta, of Michoacan, and Ezequiel Rios Landerous, D.F., are unknown, and it is believed they also have been kidnapped. Both Senators Vazquez and Trejo were present at the morning session of the Senate, and were last seen going from the Senate at about 1 p.m. in the direction of the Avenida de Madero, since when no trace of them has been found. Naturally the families of these senators have requested the active intervention of the police. At the police headquarters last night it was ascertained that Senator Vazquez was returning home, walking along the Paseo de la Reforma about 1.30 yesterday, when, turning into the Calle Madrid, he was surrounded by a group of men. The senator was forced into a Ford car, which was waiting, and driven away as quickly as possible. His family, after anxiously awaiting the senator for the midday meal, and having appealed to the police, were informed later in the day by an unknown man that the senator was detained, but in a safe place. It is reported that several other members of the National Congress have disappeared in a like manner. What can one think of a country in which such extraordinary happenings can occur in different parts of the city and in broad

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daylight? Where are the police? It is said that eight senators are doomed, and will in time be got rid of in some mysterious manner. One is aghast at the lawlessness of a country where even senators and deputies are not able to protect their own lives. Affairs seem to get worse and worse. The Government are persecuting all senators and deputies belonging to the De la Huerta party. The assassins who murdered Senator Francisco Field Jurado are still at large, and will never be tried. For two hours the body of Senator Jurado lay in state in the House of the Senate. Secretary of Education Jose Vasconcelos, has sent in his resignation to President Obregon, saying he would not serve a Government in which the murder of a senator could be overlooked in so a light manner as that of Jurado's. It is stated that Obregon will not accept the resignation of Vasconcelos, and has telegraphed him to reconsider his decision. Much talk has arisen over this important matter.

Vasconcelos repeated that he refused to serve a Government which permitted murder to go unpunished.

Further details are to hand of the three senators who were kidnapped—Señor Senador Francisco Trejo, Senador Ildefonso Vazquez, who was an old man of 73, and Senador Lic. Enrique del Castillo. This desperate act occurred about 1.30 (on the day Jurado was shot) when the senators were leaving for their home. A Ford car stopped, several men surrounded the senators and, informing them that they must come,

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pushed them quickly into the car, where they immediately blindfolded them. The aged Senator Ildefonso Vazquez said to these bandits "But I am a senator," to which they responded "That does not matter." Seven men surrounded Vazquez. Imagine an affair like this taking place at noon in one of the principal streets! After the capture of these senators individually, they drove the cars at full speed until outside the city. After a long journey, arriving at a small house, they were directed at the point of the revolver to a little room where they were allowed to rest and the bandages taken off their eyes. The chief bandit told them he had just shot Jurado—consequently the senators expected to be murdered at any moment. After thirty-five hours of this anxiety they were released by the efforts of the Government and allowed to go their respective ways. What a country! Obregon was away with his troops, and his wife with her children has left Mexico City to go to the home of her father in another State. (We find, however, she has crossed the line into El Paso.) Business and all affairs are in a desperate condition. The great French shops are closing down, no one has the money wherewith to make purchases. One of the biggest drapery shops, which costs 5,000 pesos daily to keep going, has of late considered itself fortunate if it takes 1,000 pesos. Firms cannot long continue at such a rate.

Sanborns, the chemists and well-known *restaurants*, are said to be losing 2,000 pesos a day, and

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many of the other restaurants are closed. Practically very few people are out at night. All the bandits and past-masters in crimes who were released from prison to join the armies, and who earn from two to three pesos a day army pay, commit innumerable robberies, murders and other crimes. There is any amount of starvation and suffering amongst the poor. Countless people are missed and never heard of again, and naked dead bodies are found in the streets and gutters. Crime seems to hold undisputed sway over the city. It is said that when the troops capture a town they are permitted to do just as they like for so many hours—they can loot, use women and do whatever they please. This is to encourage the men to fight, and as most of them by heredity and inclination are bandits at heart, they don't desire *peace*, preferring this sort of life. The report is current that the Government will borrow two hundred millions of pesos from the United States to pay their employees. The poor school teachers are the worst sufferers from these overdue salaries ; some are practically starving.

This evening, upon my return from a picture show, in the hall of the Genève Hotel I saw several friends who appeared to be in some serious discussion.

Mrs. S. beckoned to me, and I joined the group. "Have you heard about Mrs. Evans?" exclaimed a friend.

"No, what about her?" I questioned.

Mrs. S. responded, "That heroic woman ; she has had such a terrible time, the rebels of bandits have

burnt most of her house. A man has just returned from there and brings this news: armed men attacked Mrs. Evans' house and set it on fire—but first, they killed all her dogs."

"That will break her heart, she *adored* those dogs," confirmed an old friend of Mrs. Evans. "It's a shame—and after Obregon promised her protection."

"Yes," rejoined Mrs. S. "The last news is that the dear soul, and several of her workers, are on the roof, that is, what's left of it after the fire—and they are defending themselves and the property. I do wish she would leave the place and come to Mexico City—but she won't. I know her, she will fight to the end."

"Surely the Government should send troops to help her," I ventured to remark. "If she is a Britisher, why does not our Chargé d'Affairs do something for her?—it seems to me dreadfully inhuman to leave a lone woman out there in the wilds to be at the mercy of a rabble of armed murderers."

"What is the use of talking—there is no justice in Mexico," sadly declared another of the group.

So the talk drifted on, and into other channels.

That night, as I tried to sleep, my mind constantly pictured the heroic struggle of that lone widow, tiny of figure, grey of hair, and her heart tormented to its depths by the loss of her beloved dogs, whom she called her "protectors." There she sat on her roof, gun in hand, and eyes piercing the distance, alert and listening for the prowling tread of would-be

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assassins. Had I been visiting this wonderful woman as had been arranged, I too in all probability would also have been with her—*on the roof*.

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(Four months after these lines were penned, Mrs. Rosalie Evans paid the price. She was brutally riddled with bullets by her enemies.)

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Two days ago at 12 noon, a *camione* was passing Guadalupe Inn, which is near San Angel, a suburb near Mexico City. The *camione* was filled with Federal soldiers who were calling for money for the pay-roll of a Government factory at San Bartolo. A carful of bandits approached. Immediately the *camione* stopped, the bandits climbed in and started shooting.

Three Federals were killed instantly, and the others ran for their lives. The bandits stole the money, 20,000 pesos, then jumped into their car, and were off. Two of the bandits are now in prison, the others have escaped. As it was Government money, more police duty has been enforced. You may go out fifty times, and nothing happens, yet the fifty-first time your life may be forfeit. The mention of San Angel recalls an experience related to me by a very nice young man holding a high position in the electric and power company. Having, with his sweetheart, taken lunch at the beautiful San Angel Inn, they started to walk into the forest. Suddenly five men,

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each wearing a short black mask over his eyes, sprang upon them, pointed their pistols at the couple, who were obliged to do as the bandits commanded. The man handed over a fine gold watch and chain, and his money, about 300 pesos. From the girl, they demanded her wrist watch. All the time one bandit held a huge sharp knife, touching the stomach of the man, and occasionally pricking him. Had he moved, the knife would have instantly penetrated his abdomen. Afterward, they began to strip him, and divested him of most of his clothes, leaving him barefooted and in his underwear. They turned to the girl and pulled her sweater off, but her companion protested vehemently, urging them to do what they liked with him, but not to dare touch her. It was a terrible experience for a girl who held a very good social position. The bandits said, "Let's kill them—it will end the job." But one wisely interposed, "No, let's be off—we've got everything they have."

Whereupon the bandits withdrew, some walking backward, with their pistols pointing at their victims.

There they stood, bewildered, this young man and girl, he in an embarrassing position, she half fainting with fear.

But woman-like, her brain acted the quicker. Having left her small runabout car at the garage of the San Angel Inn, she told him to hide under some bushes until her return, while she went to get it. On the return home she took the wheel, and the man crouched in the bottom of the car to conceal himself

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as much as possible. He told me that at the house where he lodged the front door was always on the latch. Nemesis, however, decreed that at this fateful time it should be closed. He rang, and was obliged to wait in his unconventional garb until his landlady admitted him, much to the confusion of the girl and himself. This simple rural outing had cost him 300 pesos, besides his jewellery and clothes, whilst the girl had relinquished a cherished watch. Such are the thrilling adventures so easily encountered in Mexico to-day.

El Desierto, or Desert of the Lions

One of the prettiest motor runs outside Mexico City is ten miles to the south-west, where the Carmelite monks in 1606 established an ecclesiastical retreat and called it El Desierto. One gets weary, week after week, shut up in the city. If you suggest going outside, you will hear all your friends say, "Oh, the rebels are there, you will be shot—don't go." No matter where you suggest going, that is the chorus which greets you.

Mrs. Conway and I agreed to risk whatever was to be risked outside, for her car is swift and comfortable. We passed Indian villages, with thatched roofs and *adobe* houses; and several pretty girls with long braids hanging down their backs looked up from their washing and gave us a smile. We had with us the chauffeur and two vigilant black dogs, one's name was Rags and the other's Tatters. Bright-eyed boys

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wearing monstrous straw hats, quite a yard across, stared at us. Old men with a thousand wrinkles and a *sarape* (blanket) thrown over their shoulders limped along on knotted sticks, blear-eyed and ugly, and black pigs waddled across the road grunting because they had to hurry. Every village possessed a public washing-place where the women were to be seen bending over the stone bins, rubbing and rinsing, also recounting the gossip of their absent neighbours. Outside, the thick prickly cactus created a natural fence, besides supplying pulque to the thirsty Indians. We pass through miles of desert and cactus, while the blue mountains approach nearer and nearer. The air stimulates one like wine, the sky is blue and flecked with soft white clouds. Trees begin to replace the dry soil, every mile the vegetation changes, dry burnt grass now gives place to a refreshing green foliage. Onward and upward we climb, for our destination is two thousand feet above Mexico City, which makes our ascent 10,000 feet above sea level. Pine woods surround us and countless wild flowers; while vistas of distant blue realms, running water, towering mountains clothed in a variety of greens and pines, give us an intoxicant balsam to breathe and make life almost divine. What air! What views! What a glorious place for the monks to have chosen! My ears are ringing. "It's the height," said Mrs. Conway. "I don't feel the altitude," I replied. Just then we turned a corner and drew up at the ruins of El Desierto. The officer in charge of the Parque

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Nacional del Desierto de Los Leones, with some dozen men all armed with rifles, approached our car. They looked none too friendly. The officer explained: "Last night the rebels came and stole eight horses and eight mules from us, also our saddles and equipment. We were outnumbered, there is no one within miles—and it was after midnight. We were fortunate not to have been killed." The group of armed men looked worried, although they tried to smile. We were on the fringe of the war. The country we had passed through is particularly adapted for guerilla fighting, as thousands of men could hide in the forest gorges, awaiting their opportunity. This was their method of warfare during the last rebellion. The Señor Othôn Salcedo, the director, very kindly showed us about. It certainly was entrancing on the top of this mountain, as far as nature was concerned. The Carmelite monks were wise in their selection of a site. We read that Don Juan de Mendoza y Luna, Illustrious Marques de Montes Claros, Viceroy of New Spain, laid the corner-stone of this monastery, January 21st, 1606. Judging from the portrait of this viceroy which hangs in the Museo Nacional, he was a handsome, refined-looking aristocrat. He was painted wearing a black velvet biretta, his tunic of similar material. In his hand he is shown holding a lace-edged handkerchief, and around his neck circled a fully pleated ruffle of finest white lawn. As you enter through the arch to the ruins, you pass the foresters' pretty quarters, consisting of one-storied

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rustic bungalows built around a *patio*. The window-
ledges held boxes of pansies and forget-me-nots, and
the *patio* was laid out in gardens of sweet peas,
periwinkles, roses, violets and honeysuckle, forming a
sweet blend of colour. We turned to look into the
empty stables—clean straw, but not a quadruped left.
One felt sorry that the men had suffered such a loss.
The director had parted from his favourite horse,
and worried at the possibility of the animal being
abused and neglected.

The walls of the monastery were enormously thick ;
the stone remains of cloisters and neglected gardens
running wild, were extremely artistic. There were
underground cells where wicked monks were incar-
cerated for repentance. This monastery resembled
Meddenham Abbey, on the Thames, if one may
judge from their motto, " *Faite comme vous vou-
drez* " (Do as you please). History indeed records
that some of the friars expended more devotion upon
the purple goddess of Bacchus than upon their
prayers. Many of these cells for the recalcitrants
were entirely dark, quite the place for hermit peni-
tents. Imagine these barefooted friars in a kirtle, a
rosary in their hands, contemplating and praying for
pardon in deepest humility. There still remain
labyrinths of unroofed cells flooded with sunshine,
while jasmine and flowering creepers decorate the
ancient crumbling walls, and wild myrtle with blue
blossoms now carpets the cells where bare monkish
feet have trod. My attention was drawn to a deeply

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shaded walk, made almost dark by the thickly grown pine trees. One can picture the tonsured monks in long flowing robes of brown, their rosaries swinging from their girdles, taking their daily constitutional and murmuring their prayers.

Although their chapel was in ruins, the charm of the architecture remained in the broken arches and altars. Altogether El Desierto is well worthy of a visit. One can take a tramcar to within a mile of the ruins. It is a favourite picnic place when peace reigns, but on Sundays and holidays should be avoided. On the way down, lovely views opened out, giant pines threw their shadows, birds sang in sheer joy to Mother Nature. Just as we were coming downhill, at a fork in the road, some ten men wearing sombreros and each holding his rifle, suddenly appeared. They put up their hands and signed for us to stop. But the car was going at great speed and we spun past like lightning. We smiled, bowed and waved our hands to whoever these armed men were, and most fortunately for us they grinned. Had they been in bad humour, a rain of bullets would have stopped us. We arrived safely back in Mexico City, and our friends looked their disapproval, murmuring something about "risking life like that."

CHAPTER XVII

Leaving Mexico

En route to Laredo—Safety at last

I HAVE lived in Mexico City for three months, during which period, with the exception of the first two weeks, revolution has engrossed every one. I had hoped that the trouble would soon be over and travel resumed, as my intention had been to become acquainted with the entire country. But no one knows when the rebellion will finish, or to which side victory will eventually come. The chances seem best for Obregon if his party is loyal to him, although the least stirrings of the zephyrs of malice may find him deserted and treacherously betrayed. The willingness of the United States to help the Federal Government has proved a great asset for Obregon. On the other hand, many of the old Spanish-Mexican families cordially detest the United States of America for the cession to Uncle Sam in 1848 of the vast territory of 522,955 square miles of Mexican soil, as represented by the rich lands of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. The aristocrats of the old régime do not regard with favour any interference of North America in Mexican political affairs.

When I was at the cinema a few days ago, there was thrown on the screen a picture of the U.S.A. battleship *California*, one of the largest and most magnificent vessels in the world. Behind me were seated some Mexicans who loudly hissed at the representation. The intensity of the ill-feeling which is manifested towards the Americans is shared in many a Mexican family, and this hatred would seem to tempt numerous citizens to extend their sympathy to the rebels.

People assert that not even Obregon himself can foretell which side will win. Certainly De la Huerta's party needs money, but is in possession, at the time of writing, of part of the richest oil lands and the principal ports, Tampico and Vera Cruz. All the southern states are rebellious, in fact the entire country is up in arms. Every day the trains are being dynamited and robbed. Travel is fraught with danger, even if one desires to journey to the frontier. In many parts of the country the junctions are held by the rebels.

In Mexico City and its environs, one is brought into touch with all sorts of horrors—murder, abduction, knifing, shooting, the disappearance of men and women without reason, without clue to their whereabouts. Every morning naked bodies are recovered from ditches. Senators are kidnapped in broad daylight. There was the tragic case of Senator Francisco Field Jurado, whom the rebels riddled with shot just as he was entering his home. Purses are snatched and inoffensive pedestrians knocked down without provocation. Near to my hotel a few nights ago a young

married lady, blonde and good-looking, had an alarming experience whilst walking to her house. A car drew up, and of the two men who left it one snatched her bag, then both tried their hardest to bundle her into the waiting car. The woman, however, screamed to such purpose that some men rushed to her assistance. Had she not been rescued one shudders as to her possible fate. In all probability she would have been driven to some den on the outskirts of the city. Here the men would probably question her: Had she husband or family who could pay ransom for her? If so, they would spare her life until the money was forthcoming. Then she would be set free. If no money reached them, the unfortunate captive would have been used by all of them—and killed. As a rule, they despatch their victims—they tell no tales! This class of bandit does not realize the sacredness of life. Naturally with crime so terribly rampant, no one entertains, people do not venture into the streets except to purchase the necessities of life. Shops are deserted, for times are hard. The Mexicans frankly have no money to spend, and the incidence of the new taxes will add to their poverty. It is, as ever, the people who pay for revolutions, either in land or in money. This they are beginning to realize, and are sad.

The only amusements are the cinema shows. Performances begin at 4 p.m., and by 6 o'clock it is dark. When you leave the movie show you are fortunate if able to secure a blue or yellow taxi. The companies

running these cars are supposed to employ drivers whose characters are considered to be above reproach. It is, however, not always possible to find one of these cars, although there are legions of Fords patrolling the streets with "*listo*" (hire) signs displayed. All these cars have two men on the front seat, or one man and a boy. How often have I stood on the pavement looking at car after car in the hope of picking out a driver whose face did not bear the imprint of the assassin! These cars are a great danger, especially if you happen to be alone. You enter, there are two men, both armed. You are driven in the desired direction, when instantly a gag is put over your mouth, and you are taken to some vile den where you are robbed and your clothes taken from you. In the course of a previous revolution a very old Spanish aristocrat, a friend of mine, was so treated, and found it necessary to pin newspapers over her nakedness before venturing home.

One boon, however, has been vouchsafed legitimate motorists: A few days ago the police raided the *camiones*, the small, rickety stages which are operated by motor power. The fare is 10 centavos, and the *camiones* have an unvarying freight of greasy-looking, unwashed people. They invest pedestrianism with no little element of peril, for the native driver is frequently under the influence of pulque, and is the most careless and selfish road-hog imaginable. The *camiones* rush madly down streets, jostle and damage beautiful cars in their mad career, and, with never an

apology, speed on. The Government have commandeered three hundred of these vehicles for conveying troops to the battlefields.

After three months of rebellion one becomes depressed, in fact depression is written on every face you see. You breathe it in the very atmosphere. People are apprehensive as to what will happen next, and when the Sword of Damocles will descend, blighting them and their future. Prices are very high. You pay much and receive precious little in return. Aeroplanes soar over the city, lights are extinguished, water ceases to flow, shots ping through the air. Why? Every one offers a different version: rebels have cut off the water and power—rebels are just outside (which is true). “Two or three men were shot under your windows last night”—so the rumours float along. I therefore decide to consult some of the prominent English and American men who know Mexico, having lived in the country for many years. One and all, they advised me to leave Mexico *while* I could, as the trains might stop running at any time. They declared they wished *they* might get away, but personal interests forbade it. The general opinion then was that the war might last a year, or that it might end any day. *When* the revolution is declared to be over, comes the Presidential election to cause further riots and unpleasantness. Should General Obregon win, he may possibly remain in the Presidential chair, but as his period of office has expired, to do this would be unconstitutional. It should be remembered, how-

ever, that General Porfirio Diaz was re-elected again and again and ruled Mexico for thirty years. It was the most peaceful and successful reign the Mexicans have ever enjoyed. Before the rebellion, Obregon's candidate for President was General Pluto Elias Calles, but now it would seem the populace of Mexico City do not want Calles and are emphatically against him. Rumour has it that Calles is an extreme radical, and that he has pronounced Bolshevich ideas—which characteristic has helped considerably to bring about civil war.

General Angel Flores is well spoken of as a likeable chief of the nation. It is, however, asserted that he would form an independent party in which Obregon's interests could not develop. On the other hand, the Presidential successor may be a "dark horse," a man unknown to publicity, a great officer popular with the army. "Quién sabe?" (Who knows?), as they are so fond of repeating. Whatever happens, unaccompanied travel for a woman will not be safe, for a year at least. If the rebels are defeated they will retire to the mountains and carry on guerilla warfare from these strongholds. Human life will not be safe for a considerable time, as the bandits will reappear and despoil the unhappy traveller. The revolution has put Mexico back ten years, so wise men tacitly agree. President Obregon enabled Mexico to enjoy the blessings of peace for three years, although he ascended a throne stained with the gore of Venustiano Carranza. People were beginning to enter Mexico to

taste of the pleasures of travel within its borders, to spend the winter in a beautiful sunny climate and view the stately ruins of temples and palaces. Money began to be invested in this rich, sunny land. Under Obregon's administration property appeared secure, the country was progressing, and fifteen millions of dollars was sent to bankers in New York to help discharge some of Mexico's obligations. Now it will take a long time to evolve law and order from the chaos of to-day. The Government are deeply in debt, their employees are never paid in full—for months, not at all—and the rebellion will cost millions of pesos. People who have invested their money in Mexico, in such securities as railway debentures, bonds, and what appeared at the time to be first-class propositions have received no dividends since 1913. Every one is naturally dissatisfied, and unless the Government can secure a large loan from the United States, it looks as if Mexico will be bankrupt. Millions of pounds of good British money lie dormant in this land of sunshine. The oil and mining concessions yield the Government handsome royalties, and it is generally agreed that Mexico, properly developed, would become one of the richest countries on the globe. If peace could be assured for fifteen or twenty years, the country would advance by leaps and bounds. People and money would, as it were, irrigate the land. Peace, progress and enterprise would glorify Mexico beyond recognition.

As I do not care to be cooped up in Mexico City

under the present dismal conditions—and there appears to be no possible chance of travelling over the country as I had originally intended, or of writing a book on the marvels and beauties of Mexico—I decide to leave. In my travels, which have several times circled the world—the Press claim that my travel record is over one million miles—no disappointment so keen has ever awaited me as this revolution. For once, fate has not permitted me to accomplish my purpose and adhere to my carefully laid plans. Other dangers with which I have had to contend have been wild beasts, swamps, fevers, impregnable forests, cannibals and mosquitoes. My revolution experiences had hitherto been limited to the fag-end of a rebellion in 1910 at Rio de Janeiro, and now three months of Mexican strife. The trains are being wrecked and held up nearly every journey. People are obliged to wait several days until the Federals reconstruct the bridges and lines which the rebels have blown up and torn up. Friends inform me that three well-known gentlemen are leaving to-morrow night for Laredo, Texas, the nearest frontier town. These friends will see me off at the station and introduce me to the men travellers; and I resolve to be on that train. If we are dynamited, as so many trains have been lately, there will, at all events, be four Britishers to share that unenviable experience. Delight filled my heart as I began to pack, buy the tickets and say “Adios.” Some very dear Mexican friends I leave

here, also not a few in Anglo-American circles. How glorious is the prospect of being within reach of the land of the Stars and Stripes, to be able to speak and be understood, to walk about in freedom without the ever-present dread of having your purse snatched, or the feel of cold steel between your shoulder-blades ; to be able to raise your window-blind without the apprehension of attracting a shot. Surely these are blissful dreams, worth the big risk of getting out of Mexico. . . . News has just arrived that the Federal troops are advancing nearer to Vera Cruz. A tremendous battle lasting seven hours has been fought in the Metlac canyon. The rebels were commanded by General Guadalupe Sanchez, and the Federals were under General Urebeljo. This canyon forms a natural fortress. The fierce Yaqui soldiers, who fight like wild men, took a prominent part in the battle, in which seven thousand Federals and five thousand rebels were engaged. The Federals captured the town of Fortin, which is six miles from the railway junction of Cordoba, a strategic point. The Obregon army having been victorious are continuing their march towards Vera Cruz. Amongst the wild rumours which are continually in circulation is one to the effect that General Angel Flores had transferred his allegiance to the De la Huerta party. For a brief space of time this announcement caused quite a flutter of excitement. Later the indignant soldier replied by wire "that such a malicious statement

was absolutely untrue." General Flores holds the offices of Military Commander and Governor of Caliacan.

This is a surprisingly droll country, to be sure. The man who killed Francisco Villa, the bandit rebel chief, Jèsus Salas (I *do* wish they would not call their murderers by a name so divine), has been pardoned by Obregon. After shooting Villa, Salas was sentenced to serve twenty years in the state penitentiary at Chihuahua. It may be recalled that Obregon lost his arm in one of Villa's battles. Now they will give Salas his liberty and a commission, and he is to lead a volunteer army corps against De la Huerta. To be condemned to twenty years' imprisonment in Mexico does not necessarily mean great degradation, for you may be out of prison and in the Presidential chair in a surprisingly short time !

I attended a very smart "at home" the other day, many of the guests bearing ancient Spanish titles of which we have heard since the days of Cortés. A charming aristocrat of the old school, Dom P—— laughingly told me that he had been in prison five times before they had confiscated his lands. At one time he was counted to be the richest man in Mexico, Several gentlemen I have met at various times have assured me that they had been led out, placed against the wall ready to be shot, but fortunately the order to fire was not given. It seems to be regarded by these people as quite an amusement to tickle the ribs of their victims with the points of their bayonets.

Some say Obregon is short of cash and wishes to dispose of Lower California to the United States for one hundred million dollars, and that the Minister of Finance, Señor Alberto Pani is endeavouring to arrange the transaction. If such transfer were accomplished, it would give to the United States of America coaling stations and unique military privileges along the Pacific coast. Such propaganda and *canards* are to be accepted at their face value. Certain it is that we have been fed on announcements and contradictions of this character ever since the trouble began.

Tampico has been placed under martial law, as the recently appointed Federal governor was kidnapped and threatened with death by the rebels, in revenge for the shooting of the labour leader in the Workmen's Council. The rebels swear they will yet have the life of Governor Quintana.

The night before I left Mexico City, the Laredo train, by which I am travelling, was held up between Torreon and Chihuahua, near Jiminez. The rebels were under the command of Hipolito Villa, brother of Francisco. They dynamited train No. 8 and overturned several cars. The railway authorities were completely taken by surprise, as they had no idea that rebels were in that section. Imagine the fright of the passengers, innocent victims of this political strife. After the explosion, when bits of iron and fragments of wood had ceased to fly, the armed rebels surrounded the train. The Presidential guard on the train ordered

the Federals to open fire on the rebels, and showers of bullets rained from the contending parties. The panic-stricken passengers dropped on the floor or crouched under the seats, glad of any protection from the flying glass. Finally, Captain Augusto Hernandez, after resisting with all his might, but finding himself greatly outnumbered, was obliged to surrender to Villa, the rebel chief. No harm would come to the passengers or *their* possessions, Villa declared. Meantime the rebels were hauling out the bags of money which was intended for Mexico City, representing 22,000 pesos (a peso is 2s. 2d. English money). After six hours of painful anxiety the passengers mounted a rescue train and continued their interrupted journey. The rebels then dug spurs into their horses and vanished with their spoils.

Not a very rosy outlook, then, for travelling over the same line and country to-night at 7 o'clock. All preparations are complete, and if the train departs, I shall be with it. If one must face danger, then one must see it through to the finish. "Don't be afraid" has always been my principle. In the afternoon I paid some farewell visits. Some friends threw up their hands in horror. "You will be shot," they said. "You are foolish to risk your life." Others sympathised, remarking "Oh, it's all right. Maybe as the rebels attacked last night, they will be dividing the booty and drinking pulque as *you* pass by." It was, in fact, rather a strange experience, this last day of mine

in Mexico City. I felt as if I was attending my own funeral. It was quite possible that to-night about midnight, when the train would be in the danger zone—one bang, and the passengers would be blown into eternity!

I have just received one piece of authentic news from El Desierto, where Mrs. Conway and I motored the other day. General Gomez, Commander of the Valley of Mexico, has caught some of the gang of marauding rebels who have been molesting travellers, and who stole horses and mules from the forest officers at El Desierto. They belonged to the armed party who had held up their hands for us to stop. Had we done so, all our personal possessions would have been taken, and our lives as well. Fortunately, my friend's car was of 75 h.p., and we were on a steep downhill gradient. And so it happened that the car which the bandits doubtless envied *could* not have been stopped at the moment. In the struggle which took place between this gang and the Federals, a few of them got away, but three were captured and hanged on the trees by the roadside. It must have been a gruesome sight. I am glad I was not on the road that day. I have heard of another robbery in which the bandits forced their way into a house the moment the door was opened. The ruffians drew their pistols on the owner, Señor M., and his wife, demanding to know where their money was hidden. The victims told them: behind the pictures hanging on the wall. The bandits appropriated the money, about two

thousand pesos, which this poor, hard-working couple had saved, tied husband and wife back to back and discussed in Spanish whether they should be done away with or permitted to live. Whereupon the leader signed with his fingers that they were not to be shot. The bandits threw the bound couple on the bed, and heaped bed-clothes, pillows, carpets, in fact everything they could find, upon the unfortunate people, and then decamped with their spoils. Nearly strangled and smothered, it was some time before the helpless couple could extricate themselves. The woman lies ill as a result of the severe physical strain, and is a sufferer from nervous prostration. These robberies are of daily occurrence in and around Mexico City, and rarely are the culprits brought to justice. It was stated in the papers that last month, on account of so many evil characters having been liberated from the prisons in order to fight, over a thousand crimes had been reported, and so far the criminals had not been located. Even some of the police have been recruited from this undesirable class. It is true that one policeman held up a man on his own account, but queerly enough the "guardian" of law and order was in this case found out and punished. As the Government have not paid their employees for fifty days, the police, like every one else, must have money to exist upon, and to a gaol-bird a little hold-up on his own account was evidently regarded as the most natural thing in the world !

President Obregon has issued a proclamation of

thanks to the Government employees, commending them for their patience, and giving them a small instalment of their dues for their maintenance. This is a wise move on the part of the President, because if relief is withheld from these oppressed people there is danger of their forming allegiance with the rebel side. After all, the character of the Mexican is notoriously changeable—a few losses on Obregon's side, and they would without hesitation desert the Federal cause for De la Huerta's side, if they thought he would win. The President needs continual and startling victories if he is to keep the public on his side. The fact that he can purchase war supplies in the U.S.A. has enabled him to have the whip-hand over De la Huerta, as the rebels must either capture ammunition trains or purchase their arms in Europe. In their case also, lack of capital has handicapped their power. There are scores of Mexicans who at the present time are sitting on the fence like vultures, saying nothing but watching eagerly. And so it will happen that which ever side wins the war, these vultures will flop over to the side of victory, declaring their "mucho amigo" and their fervent patriotism and, of course, demand nice easy Government appointments.

However, Alvaro Obregon knows his people, and realizes the multitudinous demands which will be made by his partisans on the treasury in the event of his becoming Military Dictator of Mexico. Many citizens consider this to be Obregon's ambition. The

President is a fearless soldier, a picturesque figure with his one empty sleeve and his young son of sixteen by his side.

Anything may happen in this beautiful, weird, cursed land of Mexico, where nearly every national hero has been shot. Triumph and power are of but short duration here—then the firing squad !

CHAPTER XVIII

Adios—Mexico

A momentous Train Journey—Laredo—Tlascalan Indians—
Customs Inquisition—America at last!

AFTER bidding many good-byes at the Genève Hotel, long before seven p.m. I was at the station and on board the train. It was very dark. Closely I scanned every one who entered the Pullman, where I had an upper berth. It seemed to me that the passengers looked worried.

Purposely I chose a top berth, as I thought if there should be any shooting I would not run the risk of splinters of glass, forgetting, however, that bullets would have penetrated the fragile, brittle wood of the car. Mr. Conway kindly appeared, and introduced me to the three Britishers who were travelling north. Then other friends came to say "Adios." Very much I regretted leaving my dear Mexican friends, feeling that probably we should never meet again. They have been so uniformly good to me, and were my first friends. Señora de R——, the pretty bride, had tears in her eyes. We had journeyed by the same ship from Plymouth, and travelled together from Vera Cruz. The country then had been peaceful, now the black vultures of war fly over beautiful

Mexico, and no one knows how long before the blessed peace will come again. The final farewells were said, the train jerked out of the station into pitch blackness and then stopped for quite ten minutes. I presume we were all wondering if the rebels had stopped us. A little boy three years of age, dressed as a sailor in blue suit and cap, looking most serious, marched down the aisle announcing, "I'm an Injun, I am." That broke the tension, and we all laughed. It was good medicine for us. Needless to say Frankie (otherwise "the Injun") became the pet of the car. I have the greatest respect for the conductors, engineers and firemen; they run great risks and are the first to be shot. Indeed, many engineers have lost their lives, hold-ups have been so numerous lately. These splendid workers take a stiff risk on each journey. The lady opposite me was an American, very smart and charming. It was fortunate to have some one to talk to, and she told me that she was to occupy the berth under mine. The three Britishers had a drawing-room and were closeted within. I would not care for one on this trip, for if the rebels attacked you would either be isolated or locked in. "If in danger, stick with the crowd." There were very few travelling. Frankie's father and mother, who were bound for Los Angeles, a pleasant missionary off to China, a nice young man from Texas who had been mining in Southern Mexico, and another man. Dear Mrs. Gore, proprietress of the Genève Hotel had insisted that I have some special chicken sandwiches, very

daintily packed in a pretty basket, with oranges on the top. I invited the American lady, Mrs. F., to share my supper. We chatted while the train plodded along. When it became time to retire, every one said we had better lie down fully dressed, because the rebels might arrive at any moment. One of the hold-ups, which occurred on the previous week, happened at 2 a.m., and the rebels cut the electric wires and ordered every one to leave the cars. I had brought some matches and two candles, which I put in the little string hammock of my berth in case of necessity.

Every one related different experiences of the revolution. At last there was no excuse for sitting up, and I climbed into my berth. The train jolted terribly, the engine whistled incessantly, the Federal guard made a din as they patrolled the cars from the roof. The reason why this line affords such rough travelling is that the rebels are ever tearing up the rails and destroying the road. Then a repair train comes, and they work quickly to enable trains to pass. It therefore happens that the laying of the sleepers and riveting is invariably a "scratch job." I never expected to sleep for a moment. After my prayers, I said: "Into Thy hands, O God, I commend my body, soul and spirit."

I fell sound asleep, and never woke until morning. Mrs. F. said she had not slept so well for several nights. We all smiled at each other at breakfast, glad that one night had been passed in safety. Now only one more night before we are due at the frontier.

While at breakfast we stopped at such a queer village, typically Mexican-Indian, called Bocas. We are in a deep wide valley with tall blue mountains barricading us on each side. They tell me there is a lot of mineral wealth near the foothills. The Indians who live here have the poorest huts it's been my lot to see: old slabs of corrugated iron simply stuck in the sandy soil, and *adobe* dwellings no more spacious than 12 feet square, and perhaps eight or ten people sleep within.

They poured out of these huts, the men muffled up in their *sarapes*, the women in shawls, and most of them with babies slung to their backs. Groups of fowls and several black pigs were before each hut, and here and there a starved-looking dog. One wonders how people can exist in such a primitive state, without comfort and barely sufficient shelter. This is a big village and fully a hundred Indians have collected. *Borros* (donkeys) heavily laden with *alfalfa* are coming down a hill, on the summit of which stands a very ancient-looking church, which might have been built in the days of Cortés. It has two picturesque towers, and a dome constructed of tiles. All the decent Indians are extremely religious.

We now pass into a land of desert and cacti of many varieties. It is the dry season, but when the rains arrive the cacti are covered with small yellow flowers. The desert in bloom must be a sight most lovely. Rich veins of gold and silver are hidden amidst the blue hills yonder. The mountains are austere and desolate in their grandeur. For miles there is not a

habitation, only mesquite-covered prairie. They say that up in the mountains there are small lions, tigers, leopards, boars and wildcats, but no one comes to shoot them. They observe that the Mexicans seem to prefer to shoot each other!

The meals on this train, the National Railways of Mexico, are really quite good, and we can still have a bottle of wine. It's wonderful the kind attention one receives from the porters, waiters and conductors, because under present conditions they cannot be entirely tranquil in mind, and most of them have families. From Mexico City to Nuevo Laredo, the frontier town, by this route is 1,292 kilometres, or 803 miles. Laredo was the name of a Spanish nobleman of the eighteenth century. One has to pass through the states where the rebels are thick. All baggage is bound up by a thin tin ribbon and sealed. By the time we reach Nuevo Laredo we shall have descended one mile and a half from the altitude of Mexico City, for Nuevo Laredo is 459 feet above sea level—a difference from 7,500 feet. Nuevo Laredo, a city of 10,000 souls, is noted for the immense quantities of Bermuda onions and cabbages it exports, also *alfalfa* and Egyptian cotton. I remark that when we stop at the different stations there are very few women and boys selling eatables, whereas on the Vera Cruz line, coming up, there were multitudes of people offering all sorts of things. Probably the coming of war is the cause, and food is not so plentiful. Valley, mountains and cactus continue all the way. We pass

Saltilo, where the finest *sarapes* are woven. There have been two or three train attacks here. As a rule, the rebels come down upon you when you are at some small station, and where there are only a few scattered huts. At Bustamante we saw some of the Tlascalan Indians, whose ancestors were with Cortés, and fought with him against the Aztecs. I have been trying to look out for a horned toad, of which it is said there are many in this desert, as well as plenty of lizards. The reason why we see no birds, they explain, is because of the sailing-hawk, who destroys them. There is not much life in this mesquite scrub, but there are long-eared rabbits, prairie-dogs, and coyotes higher up in the hills.

We arrive at Gomez Farias and have half an hour to wait. Gomez Farias was a great-grandfather of some of my Mexican friends, a good President I believe, who never collected his salary but did his work for patriotism only.

Gomez Farias is a most uninteresting station, consisting of only a few scattered stone huts. We got out and walked about. A tall ugly Indian tried to sell me some inferior *sarapes* at a huge price. I looked around at our Federal guard, whose duty it was to protect us.

Really, I never saw such villainous faces as theirs. They were dirty, their hair was long and tousled, and fierce and savage was their aspect. Two rows of cartridges they wore slung across their chests. Surely the rebels themselves could not have presented a more frightful cast of countenance !

As I stood watching these soldiers, a shudder ran up my backbone. How awful to be taken captive by such a crew! I could imagine the fate of that poor girl, the waiter's sister, whom the soldiers took and who was *never* heard of again.

This being a favourite spot for raids, we kept gazing towards the hills to see if any mounted rebels were approaching.

Only a few days ago this very Laredo train was held up here. One of the Pullman passengers, who had been on the train, described how it was done. As soon as the train stopped, forty armed rebels under General Francisco Coss had appeared and assaulted the engineer and uncoupled the engine. This they always do, to make every one helpless. Five men pointed their guns at the engineer, while the remainder went to the express car, broke open the safe, and stole all the money.

Then General Coss entered the Pullman, and told the passengers that they need not fear anything—but that he and his men were going to destroy the lines. My informant said General Coss then ordered the locomotive to be overturned. This done, they tore up a portion of the rails. Then, taking the money, they mounted their horses and rode off towards the north. The unfortunate passengers were in a state of abject fear. There was no place to retire to—the tiny Indian houses, dirty and very likely full of vermin, did not attract them. Besides, every hour they expected the Federals would send a relief train. For

a long sixteen hours they waited at this little station. They could, it is true, have waited in the cars, but how monotonous! The Indians sold them *tortillas*, thin meal cakes, made and flattened by Indian hands.

When the relief train came, it took some hours to repair the railroad and take the overturned locomotive away. The night must have seemed interminable. There was no light, so that the rebels or the Indians could have robbed them of their personal valuables and baggage. The gentleman described it as a terrible and unforgettable experience, and this time he was leaving Mexico for ever.

Mrs. F. informed us that in other rebellions the rebels used simply to slit bags and the bottoms of trunks and help themselves to every one's clothing. But, in justice to the rebels, I have not heard of that being done on this occasion. Picture the unhappy engineer being surrounded by revolvers, back and front. What about *his* nerves?

Our half-hour having expired we climb into the Pullman, take our places, and all talk together now, like one big family. The time is shortly after noon, and they say that if we get through the next twelve hours safely we shall arrive all right. From this section until we are past Monterey is dangerous. We are in the State of Coahuila, the third largest of the Mexican states. We settle down with patience. I notice we have passed a tiny station named after Montezuma. The scenery becomes very monotonous.

All this destruction of railway material must cost

the Government a fortune. My attention has been called to a freight train and an open truck full of rails, rivets and iron pieces, to repair tracks torn up by the rebels. I had already noticed several of these repair trucks. A safer way for the train service would be to have a guard train back and front, to convoy passengers and the express cars that carry the Government funds. I presume the cost would prove fabulous, and very few people are using the trains now, only those who do so from necessity.

Little Frankie is a perfect toy sailor boy, and amuses every one. He is very serious and old-fashioned. I gave him three chocolates, yet he wants more, although most emphatically he affirms "they will make me sick."

We are all weary of this journey; the train bumps and the engine whistles continually. Queer-looking trees are now appearing, from which bunches of spiked cactus protrude, resembling outstretched arms. Every stone hut has a tiny garden in front, even if only two yards long and wide—somehow they find water for the flowers, which are their pride. Usually a bird in a cage hangs over the door. It is remarkable that this class of Mexican loves flowers and children, although they have the strain of savage cruelty in their characters. Occasionally oil tanks are descried in the distance. This is a rich lead section, and herds of big goats pause and gaze as the train rushes by. Darkness again enfolds us, and we wonder how this night will deal the cards of our destiny. As we are

due at Nuevo Laredo about 5 a.m., and Monterey at midnight, a few more hours will see the end of our apprehensive journey.

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After a sleepless night, what with noise, stops and whistles, the train jerked into the station of Nuevo Laredo at 5.30 a.m. while it was yet dark. Safe—with the law, protection and civilization of the United States almost within touch! Every one breathed a sigh of relief and was grateful to Almighty God. Then began the bustle of the Mexican Customs officials, who open every piece of baggage and search for archæological antiquities, which are forbidden to be taken out of Mexico. When the Mexicans had done all they could to bother the passengers, we climbed back into the train to cross the bridge over the Rio Grande River. I felt I could have got down and kissed the bridge which carried me to safety—half of this bridge belongs to Mexico and half to the United States. I heard an amusing story as to this very bridge. On one side Prohibition is the law, and on the other it is not. The police who patrol the bridge for each country found a drunken man asleep, his head in the United States, his feet in Mexico. A great controversy arose between the police as to which country should take him, and after much argument they concluded that his home must be on the Mexican side as his feet were inclined in that direction.

We are now in Laredo, Webb County, Texas. Our Customs, health and immigration troubles now begin,

and Uncle Sam demands a stiff examination. First we were ordered into the vaccination room ; poor little Frankie never whimpered at the scratches made on his little arm. My scar was obvious—so I passed quickly. On this border, many diamonds are smuggled through, and for some, to me, unknown reason the very disagreeable, aggressive female inspector imagined I had diamonds concealed. She was most persistent in her insulting and degrading personal examination. They told me that this official is greatly disliked. Mrs. F. said the last time she crossed this virago made her take her hair down. All this unpleasantness is needlessly trying, especially after the horrors of Mexico, and in the early morning before you have had coffee or something to fortify yourself. Next came the immigration and passports officials. Here also such a number of intimate questions, signing of papers, and finally paying eight dollars entrance fee, which they refund when you leave the country. I could not help contrasting how much more smoothly and more politely these laws are carried out in England. Mrs. F. and I drove to the Hotel Bender, where we enjoyed an excellent American breakfast with buckwheat cakes and other national specialties. We had to wait here until noon, when our train went on to San Antonio, Texas, my destination, a journey of about seven hours. Although we escaped the rebels, a part of our train was not so fortunate. By the noonday papers we learned that a portion of our train, which was taken off at Monterey, on a branch

line, had been dynamited. A bomb stopped the train, several cars were overturned, and some 2,000 rebels under General Hipolito Villa surrounded the train, which had a guard of 100 Federal soldiers, as it was conveying money and ammunition. Brisk shooting began, and several men were killed. The Villa crowd secured 30,000 pesos in silver, one machine gun, 50,000 rounds of ammunition and a quantity of rifles. As soon as the rebels had looted all war supplies and money, they tore up the track and disappeared.

Again I felt doubly thankful.

When I arrived at San Antonio and taxied to the St. Anthony Hotel, it was 7.30. Across the street, visible from my window, was a brilliantly lighted church. The evening service was in progress. How sublime sounded the hymns as the immemorial melodies floated to my ears! I had heard more shots than hymns. I raised the blind on a bright starry night; the illuminated church showed a large stained-glass window, which portrayed Our Saviour in the wilderness. Then I fell to my knees and thanked God for a safe deliverance from the terrorist wilderness of Mexico.

